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HARPER'S BAZAR

March
1929

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL BY NANCY HOYT

"Bright Intervals"

MISS DORIS NILES is now appearing in concert tour from coast to coast with her distinguished company of artists

WHEN THE KING COMMANDS

The glamour of old Spain . . . the perfume of many flowers . . . music melting into romantic memories!

A dancer . . . provocative red heels in a swirl of silken skirts . . . lace mantilla enhancing the charm of coral lips and dusky starlit eyes . . . royal enthusiasm and applause . . . and then—the king's own compliments!

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You may be sure such conquests do not depend upon skill or grace alone; the flower-like *charm* of delicately beautiful make-up completes the magical appeal!

And Miss Niles, premiere danseuse, makes no secret of her reliance upon Tangee lipstick to perfect the *charm* of her personal make-up.

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Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set — All six items and the "Art of Make-up." Address Dept. H. B. 3, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

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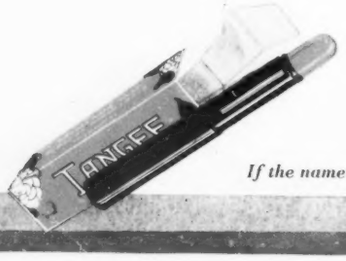


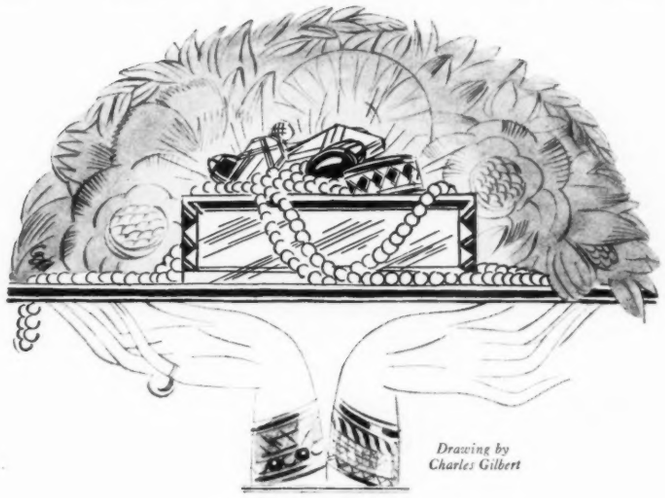
TANGEE

If the name Tangee does not appear on the carton and gun-metal case, it is not Tangee.

HARPER'S BAZAR

Number 2597
63rd Year

MARCH
1929



Drawing by Charles Gilbert

Paris Spring Millinery

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Charles Hanson Towne, *Editor*

APRIL is always one of the most thrilling months of the year from the fashion standpoint, and in the April issue, Marjorie Howard and Baron de Meyer will describe for you the newest models in the spring collections. . . . In New York, Kathleen Howard will have several pages of suggestions for the traveler in the way of luggage, clothes and accessories. . . . A brilliant new serial, the reminiscences of the Duchess of Sermoneta, will begin in April, and the two novels, "Bright Intervals" by Nancy Hoyt and "High Walls" by Arthur Tuckerman, will be continued. There will also be a varied selection of short stories.

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Happy Days

Blossoms, blue birds, spring joys and the returning sun tell of the approach of Easter. The season demands self-expression—gifts, compliments and social services.

For the social side of Easter we commend the sealed-up sweets in that famous metal box containing

Whitman's Salmagundi Chocolates

Happily likened to flowers for their beauty, purity, fragrance and charm. Each piece in the Salmagundi assortment is a loving expression of good taste.

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F. H. Horvath

SOCIETY GOES TO WORK

A LADY from the West who recently visited New York after an absence of several years was struck by the service she received in several small but smart shops. "Everyone was so polite that it quite surprised me," she said. "I noticed the difference at once—no weary salesgirls nowadays, crabbed and cross. Everyone seemed to be a thoroughbred."

And everyone *was* a thoroughbred. For since the War, the idle woman, the waster, the parasite—these have almost vanished. Women have seen the stern necessity of getting into the rush of things, as never before: into offices, into shops, into what used to be slightingly referred to as "trade." Those who had capital opened shops of their own; and if a native taste and a background of solid culture were assets, these were most certainly utilized; and into business was brought a new radiance—the radiance of enthusiasm and hospitality and breeding.

Transmitted to those who visited the shops, this feeling evoked a warm reciprocal goodwill. No longer need anyone feel surprised over this state of things, however, for evidences of a similar feeling are in every city where the doers are striking out for closer contact with the world of affairs.

Society, so-called, no longer has the appeal it once held for thinking men and women. The days when the climber had to be, literally, an acrobat to "get in" are practically gone. Just to dine out, and dance, and be entertained by dreary "entertainers" is insufficient. Not that a little nonsense now and then is not still relished by the wisest men—and women; for one will see the doers, after their day's labor, glad of a glimpse of the land of fun and frolic.

But one notices that they go home earlier than they used to do; for there is work to be done on the morrow, and staying up till two and three o'clock in the morning is no longer possible if one's nerves are to be steady at the shop.

Marjorie Oelrichs was one of the first to go seriously into business. Her success is well known. Many have followed her—Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Robert McAdoo and Mrs. Edward S. Cowles, Agnes Porter Wright, Mrs. Wiltbank, Natalie Slocum, Margaret Phelps, to mention only a few, and several ladies of title who have found business not only more lucrative than pleasure, but truly much more fun.

Mrs. R. T. Wilson has a fascinating antique shop, on East Fifty-fourth Street, which she calls the House of Ships, and where many of her own and friends' household goods are displayed.

After the last holiday season, Mrs. George Howard, with whom I happened to be lunching, told me an amusing thing. A friend gently upbraided her for going to Palm Beach for two weeks at Christmas, thinking she had abandoned New York at the best season one's shop can have.

"She didn't guess until I told her," said "Mudge" Howard, "that I had a place in the Lido of Florida where I went every afternoon of my stay, and worked hard until six o'clock. And New York was not being neglected, even for a moment. My friend had seen my name in the society columns and pictured me as wasting the whole day down in that sun-drenched spot. Half the time I was not at the functions mentioned. Of course, I wasn't. I couldn't be, and keep my conscience clear—and my pocketbook filled."

Another doer, you see. Another of the growing pageant of women who find delight in creative work, and an outlet in the world of business for their wonderful surplus energy.

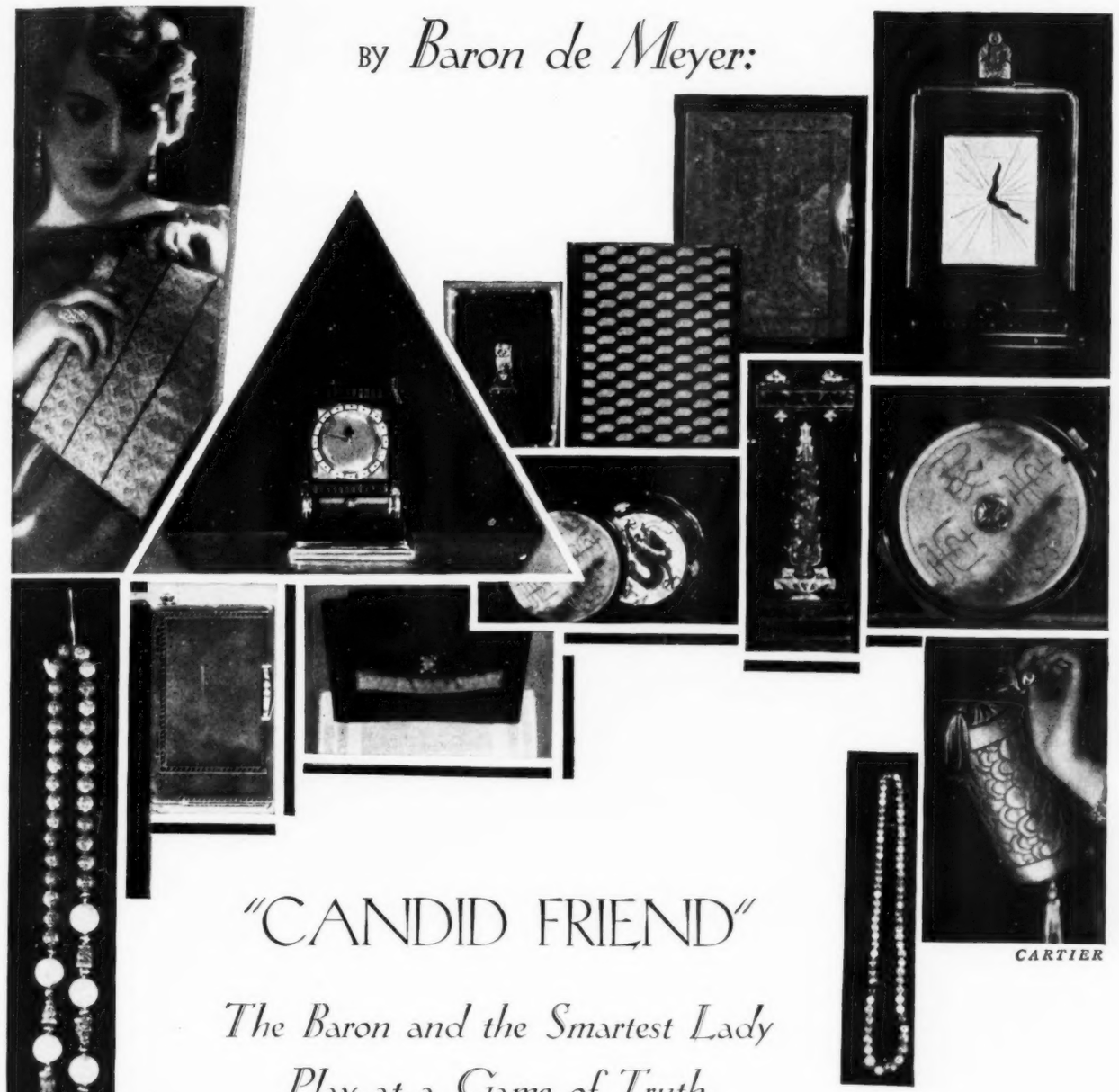
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

GOUPY

A Metal Brocade Jacket in Beige, Gold and Brown, Brown Satin Skirt

DEMEYER

BY *Baron de Meyer:*



CARTIER

"CANDID FRIEND"

The Baron and the Smartest Lady Play at a Game of Truth

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

BARBARA and her new husband, passing through Paris, are stopping at the Ritz on their way South. Barbara tells me that she finds March, and especially April, far the best months for the Riviera. She says her journey from London was most irritating, as she systematically mislaid either her passport or her jewels. Jack, the new husband, is very silent, but shows good breeding in good clothes. A true Britisher. I am to dine with them to-morrow at Ciro's at 9 o'clock, a party of eight.

Next evening: Seated between Barbara and a very smart woman, the Hon. Mrs. Ex. She was born French, but is married to an Englishman. She somehow prefers living in Paris.

Barbara at once starts conversation. "Is what you say about English dressmaking in the February issue of Harper's Bazar what you really think? Didn't you find London restaurants 'divine'? And don't most Englishwomen nowadays wear good clothes?"

My reply is that quite a number do, though I wonder why so many of the clothes I saw in restaurants should have had an air of "last year" about them. And why some should be of the kind I imagined had ceased to exist. A few of these rather out-of-date garments, however, had been old Paris friends! They seemed to call out to me:

"See, since we are no more quite *à la Mode*, we've become eminently suitable for 'true ladies'. Too much Paris chic is hardly considered good form in England."

Barbara laughs and says the "voice" may have been right, that many of the really smart Paris models were not suitable at all for British "gentlewomen".

Barbara now looks about her, and finds the noise bewildering. I explain that Ciro's on a Friday night is generally crowded.

"How different from Sovrani's in Jermyn Street," she says. "I like Sovrani ever so much better."

"Yes, it's more restful. I was surprised, however, to find the busiest hour to be between seven and eight."

Barbara explains it's because of the many theatre parties.

"Even so," I reply, "it's an hour earlier than Paris, and quite two hours earlier than Spain."

"What else impressed you during your stay over there?" Barbara wants to know.

"For one, the remarkable beauty of the Anglo-Saxon race. Also, most Englishwomen's attempt to do their hair in a style which, up to quite recently, might have been considered becoming, but is so no more."

"What on earth do you mean?" (*Continued on page 79*)

WILSON-LONDON

DESMEYER

Gown of Gold Brocade, Black Chiffon and Spangles in Various Shades of Green and Red

JENNY

DEMEYER

Short and to the Point Is an Evening Frock of Black Velvet. Snowy Ermine Bands It

ALEX

Ostrich Feathers Curl their Way into Favor on a Black Hat Worn by Mme. Henry Bernstein

DESMEYER

"That few women, nowadays, wearing their hair parted in the center of the forehead, especially in dark wavy bandeaux can possibly expect to be considered smart. To try to combine a Madonna-like appearance with modern chic is something no woman should ever attempt. It is bound to be a failure."

Barbara's reply is lost to me, because of the din and noise about us.

A moment later, a welcome respite, the band ceased to play. Then followed a memorable discussion, or rather a lecture by my hostess, on the subject of sports clothes which is full of illuminating sidelights, an attempt to explain the difference existing between the French and the English points of view.

"All woolen day clothes," Barbara starts by saying, "seem in France nowadays to come under the heading of sports clothes, *Robes pour le sport*, the *T* not being sounded. Why should all up-to-date day clothes be given that name, I wonder? They never, by any chance, serve for any kind of sport.

"You should particularly bear in mind that 'sport' is an English word with an entirely British meaning. The French expression *faire du sport* might possibly be differently interpreted in France than it is in England, or could it be that the English term is merely misunderstood by French people, therefore misapplied? I wonder which it is?

"Golf and tennis, for instance, for which Paris houses specially design *pour le sport* clothes are games. They, therefore, cannot come under the heading of sports, at least as the term is understood in England.

"Were golf and tennis sport, what should we have to call shooting, salmon fishing, sailing a cutter, or flying an aeroplane? Sport is only really sport when an element of danger intervenes, while the principal merit of games lies in acquired personal skill.

"The fact is, we don't in England call clothes for either sport or games anything but country clothes, merely making an exception for garments especially designed for the moors or for yachting. We call those shooting or yachting clothes. Their smartness resides in their being serviceable for a purpose, their decorative quality being nonexistent. They are clothes quite out of the question for town wear, in England at least.

"What I'm trying to convey is that we do not consider your French clothes—the ones Paris calls *pour le sport*—at all adapted to what their appellation might lead us to expect. We may find them delightful for a morning's shopping in town, or for lunching informally. They may also be useful in places such as Cannes or Biarritz, but they are not suitable at all for any of our English country activities, be they sport or games."

"Why, how severe you are! You seem to hold me responsible for what undoubtedly has been a misunderstanding from the first. You should know that the appellation *robe de sport* is in France merely used for want of a better term. It stands, of course, for the kind of unpretentious gown post-war days have made popular and marks the difference from the more formal and dressy clothes which in prewar days were the only ones known and worn on all occasions during the day.

"As a matter of fact, the younger generation has no sartorial prewar memories and has never known anything except what, in France, has come to be known as *robe de sport*."

The Hon. Mrs. Ex, the lady on my other side, now shows signs of impatience. She conveys to me that my conversation with our hostess has lasted long enough. She soon claims my undivided attention, especially after I hear she is in the habit of reading all I write for Harper's Bazar, and tells me she longs for an opportunity to find out just how I go about it, collecting suitable material.

Baron de Meyer *ALEX*

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes in a sailor Hat of Taffeta, Blossom Trimmed

"By attentively observing people about me," I reply, "and forming my own conclusions. At present I propose to pay attention to all you are going to tell me to-night, and remember every word of it for future use."

"And how, if we don't talk about fashions?"

"But we are bound to, you and I, it's inevitable; in fact, I am expecting you to disclose to me all your most guarded secrets. To start with, you will tell me by what means you've become known as the 'smartest woman in the world'?"

"Am I really? How jolly."

"Well, everyone repeating it makes it sound true. Won't you confide in me and tell me how it's done?"

"I haven't the faintest notion."

"Then let's play at the new game I've invented. We pledge ourselves to speak the truth and nothing *but* the truth. I've named it the 'Candid friend'. It helps to find out about oneself and others. I generally play it to discover what makes up a woman's smartness. Yours, in this instance. Let's find out why you should have been named the smartest woman in the world."

Mrs. Ex begins:

"Well, I suppose I am accorded a good figure."

"Not especially so. I never heard it praised particularly. However, you possess what is nowadays considered far better: the silhouette of a schoolboy. A sharp outline. A surprisingly well covered back, for anyone as slim as you, and good arms."

Mrs. Ex pursues, "I've at times been given to understand that I'm tolerably good looking."

"Undoubtedly so! Modern good looks, however, the kind devoid of beauty. Your cheekbones are too high, your mouth too large, and your eyes far too roguish. As to your nose, it's very much on the uphill grade."

"*Indeed!* What's wrong about it? Haven't you, only recently said that women with upturned noses and small amusing profiles were the only ones having any claim to chic? My motto ever since has been, 'Amusing and chic', rather than beautifully dull."

"You need not worry, there is nothing dull about you."

"Don't let's waste time. I am impatient to hear of my bad points," says Mrs. Ex.

I continue: "I notice your hands are not particularly small, but they have what is called 'character'. As to your fingers,

they are much too long and bony."

Mrs. Ex says that most modern fingers are shaping themselves that way because of the size of rings. "Imagine the ungainly aspect of monumental stones, weighing some forty or fifty carats, on dainty little hands, Victorian and dimpled."

"As a matter of fact, no woman places her feet on the ground as you do—your gait is a poem."

"Do not forget the game as we are playing, the truth and nothing but the truth."

"Am I likely to forget? Only the fun of the game consists of surprises, pleasant as well as unpleasant!"

"And what is there to say about my hair?"

"It would be unfair to pass any judgment; nothing but a lacquered surface being visible. The way you pull what I suppose is hair back from your forehead and ears might easily pass as the most unbecoming style in the world."

"I am not surprised to hear you say so; only, styles which are trying are supposed to increase woman's smartness."

"Quite so—unless they destroy it. The mass of short curls standing out from the back of your head inclines me to believe you possess a great deal of hair. No one, however, can be positive about it, for you don't merely disguise quality, but have a way of misleading one as to quantity."

"You wouldn't wish me to appear with a solid mass of curls, when only an absolutely flat head makes the new crimped short haired *chignon* possible. Last summer, up in my mountain camp, I left my hair perfectly natural. It stood out all over my head. Besides, not being touched up, it became the dullest of mouse colored browns. I admit I was positively pretty, though of course horrible to look upon. Thank heaven, there was no one to see me!"

"There is one of my maxims on chic: It suffices, in order that the right people should think one chic, to emphasize one's defects to the degree of being a freak to the wrong ones."

"This reminds me of my complexion— What is there to say about it?"

"That your skin must be in excellent condition."

"Why?"

"Because only a beautiful skin texture could stand the amount of make-up you seem to apply."

"The fact is," says Mrs. Ex, "I have a natural color and use nothing but white, some blue, and a soupçon of mauve, never any flesh colored powder. As to my eyebrows, they are so fair, as to make shaving and repainting them on to the skin almost an obligation. My eyelashes, well, you can see for yourself, there are plenty of them!"

"Did you say you objected to sunburn effects? Had quite given them up?"

"Yes, since I discovered my dear friends, Tommy, Dickie, and Harriet, had taken to it with a vengeance. What else remains to discuss, since only my defects seem to interest you? Why are you so surprised?"

"Don't you realize that only what the great uninitiated have a way of calling one's 'defects' are of any interest and worth considering? Cleverly treated, as you treat them, not improved upon beyond recognition, they have, in a world peopled with beautiful and well-dressed women, been the means of making you stand out from the crowd.

"But studying what you have realized were your doubtful points and taking pains with them, you have made your defects become much more attractive than any of your naturally good ones. Those you did not find worth while bothering about. You furthermore have been particularly clever in getting your person into perfect shape before you considered clothes. Wise, too, in deciding that with so accentuated an individuality as the one you planned for yourself, nothing but the most exaggerated simplicity would (*Continued on page 152*)

CHERUIT (Madame Wormser)

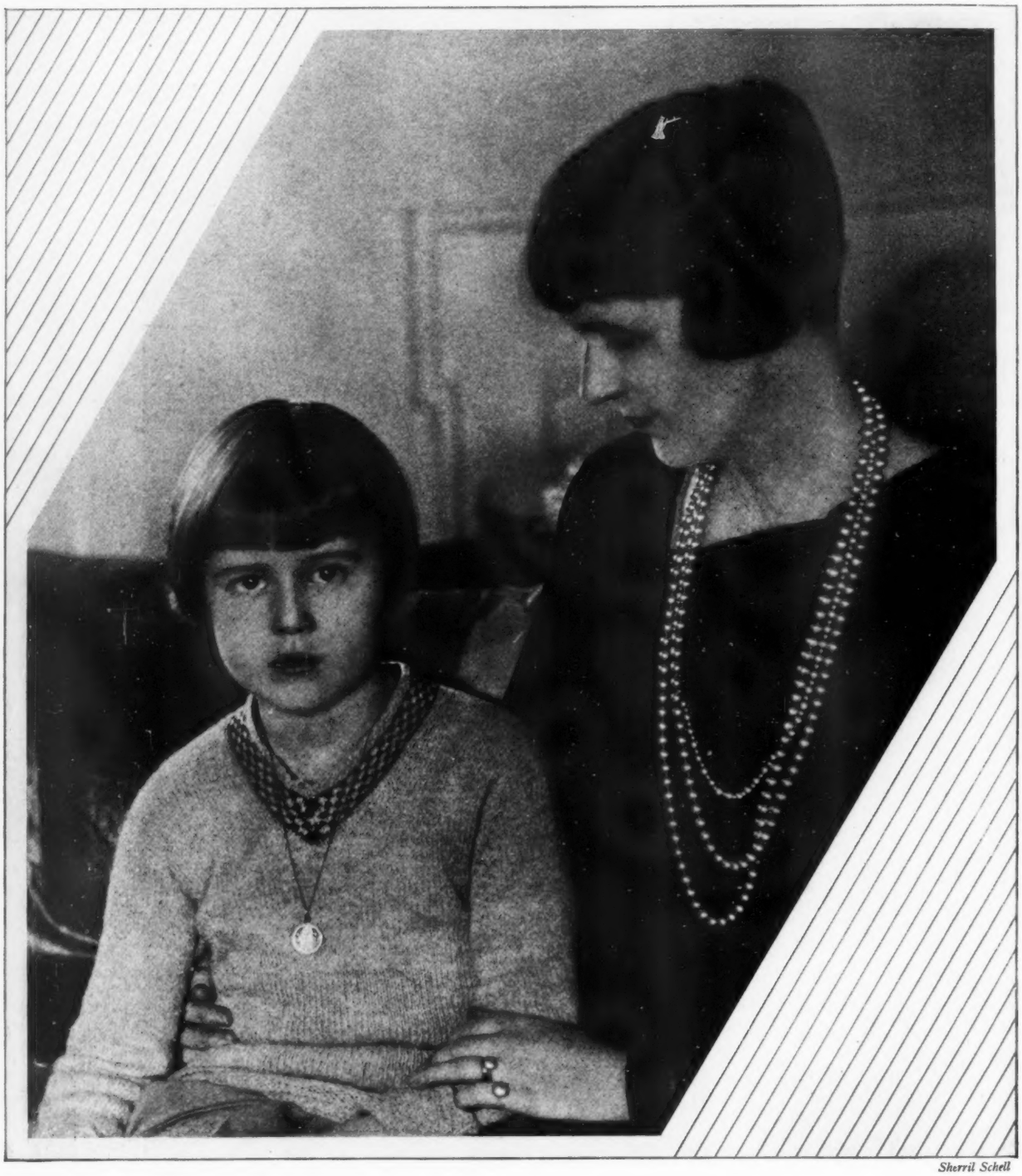
Madame Wormser Smothers Ciré Satin in Black Tulle Clouds

DEMEYER

CALLOT

DEMEYER

Lines of Subtle Beauty in a Gown of Mauve Crêpe and Pink Roses



Sherril Schell

MRS. WILLIAM H. VOM RATH

who was photographed with her young daughter, Miss Marie vom Rath, was, before her marriage, Miss Cecilia J. May, one of the talented children of Mr. Henry May, of this city, Washington and Southampton, Long Island. The vom Raths have a charming country house at Glen Cove and add much to the social life of the younger married set in Gotham and down in the District of Columbia. Mrs. vom Rath is a niece of Lady Bagot and a sister of Mrs. Harry S. Black, Mr. Gerald de Coursey May and Mr. Henry de Coursey May. Her mother, the late Mrs. May, one of the grandes dames of Washington's "cliff dweller" circles, was, originally, Miss Isabel Coleman.

A New Novel by Nancy Hoyt:

"'There you are,' said Lydia, and there, indeed, they were, shining as nothing but real pearls can shine."

BRIGHT INTERVALS

Beginning the Sparkling Adventures of a Young Modern who Set out to See what was Around the next Corner

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

THE throb of the ferry steamer's engine was a steady pulse beating in the silver silence which lay over the Solent. Eastward from Portsmouth in The Needles and north and south, a veil was thrown which was not quite fog or mist, but a pale, sunless radiance, in which some objects seemed more clear and others were half hidden by the soft pink and pearl color of sea and sky. Amidships, where the pontoons for the automobiles lay, the boat side was low, so close to the water that Lydia, sitting on a broad gunwale, felt she could dabble her fingers in the smooth water which flowed by like gray silk and swirled into the streaming wake of white foam which trailed the ship like a court train.

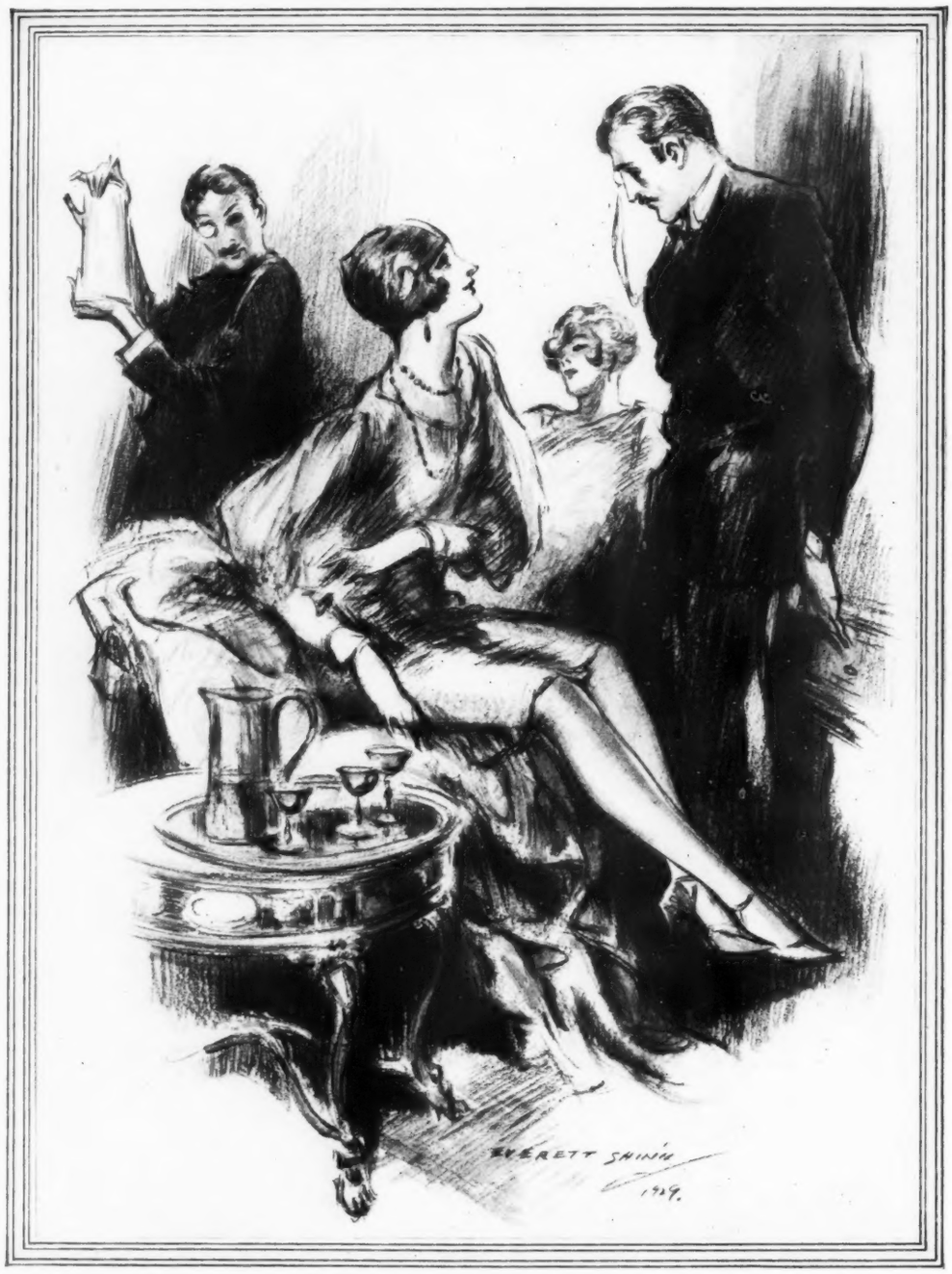
The placid outline of the Isle of Wight faded and was replaced by the sloping lawns of Southampton water. Smooth as oil and tinted like the lining of a shell was the sea on either side. The little boat shook with the heart-beats of a noisy oil engine, and plowed steadily toward its goal. Silently out of the scarfs of fog, the giant beauty of an Atlantic liner slipped into view and sped past them, the vermilion funnels slanting backward as if she were a thoroughbred with her ears laid back for the long race to New York.

Lydia's heart thundered in her ears above the engine's noise. Passengers were leaning over the rails of the towering promenade deck, regarding the fussy little boat with tolerant amusement. Through an opalescent mist, she saw a lady looking down at her, smiling a little, or perhaps crying. At first the figure was only a smart young woman in black, then she saw that the girl's eyes were also in mourning, delicately shadowed with mauve. She had a queer, subconscious tremor, a feeling that the figure staring down at her was herself, a tired, grown-up self, setting out on a long journey. One of the hands folded on the rail was raised for a moment in a gesture of salute. Then she remembered that lack of breakfast and Scottish ancestry were quite enough to explain a flash of second sight. It was not a talent she encouraged. Clutching her handbag with its precious railway ticket more firmly, she made for the small saloon below decks and, by the time the boat reached Southampton dock, she had consumed a large enough quantity of tea, buttered toast and marmalade to fortify her for the epoch-making journey to London.

There it was, an inch and a half of white cardboard. For that slip between her fingers, the *Duchess of York* had chugged patiently across the Solent. The oily steel cylinder panted at Southampton West. The sun had begun eating up the harbor mists and painting the trees with an unreal green as pretty as a picture post-card.

She stepped on to the gangway and felt that small, hot bulb of feeling within her, which might be her heart or soul or just an exceptionally sensitive collection of nerves, suddenly

(*Copyright, 1929, by Nancy Hoyt*)



"It appeared he was Swedish and a Count. He became fixed as the Swedish Nightingale in Lydia's mind."

squeezed. She was drunk with escape, tense anticipation, and a lively and passionate desire to know what was coming round the next corner. She needed very badly the steadying effect of the tea and toast, which had so far failed in their duty of weighing down her strangely light and exuberant body.

"Going back with me on the six-thirty trip, Miss?" asked the Captain, leaning over the bridge and waving an arm in shabby blue serge to a seaman on the deck.

Going back? Back to the Isle of Wight on the return trip? How could anyone fail to read the import of that ticket? Surely one could see in her face that she was bent on no Southampton shopping tour of a few hours! She pointed at her two valises, called good-by with triumph in her voice, and sprinted up the covered way toward the promised land.

WITH the possible exception of one cherubic page boy, overgrown and bursting from his scarlet and gold-buttoned jacket, but still a page and not yet a spotty under-porter, there was not one human being in the hotel for whom Lydia had felt anything but hatred.

This hatred might have extended even to her grandfather, who had been unnecessarily annoying about his kipper for breakfast. However, her grandfather was not at the moment within the hotel precincts, but careening gently along the Parade in his pony-drawn bath chair, so that she was able to retain both filial respect and her wholesale indictment of the hotel and its occupants.

She loathed the musty black mohair housekeeper, who grudged her a sour "good morning"; she loathed the three dozen statues in plaster, painted to imitate bronze, which lined the dark corridors; she detested the group of aged and acrid dames who infested one corner of the lounge, and even more she hated the rich, red, fruity cluster of retired colonels who were gathered after golf for a little serious drinking and Yankee-baiting in the sunniest corner of the veranda. The knowledge of their anti-American bias which blossomed forth more strongly in a series of disapproving grunts after each successive drink and mustache-sucking, might have driven her to an excessive passion for the United States had not the Evans child approached her at the moment. Lydia, clutching a novel and a newspaper, found her passage to the garden blocked by the ten-year-old Bernice, who asked her if she wanted a companion.

"No," she said flatly.

"Don't you like littul chuldren?" asked the

infant Evans. "My motherr said you had a turribly mean look in your eyes. Wouldn't you like a littul sister? My motherr said she wondered was the old man you're with your husband; she wouldn't be one teeny bit s'prised if he wasn't, 'n maybe not your father *either*. Why don't you like chuldren? Wouldn't you like for me to be your littul girl?"

"No," said Lydia, and the Evans child, sticking out an incredibly long, thin tongue, made for the dining-room where the head-waiter might provide more sympathetic companionship.

THE people who lived behind the high hedges of the hotel grounds were either in a state of decomposition, ripe as a Camembert, or mouldy with dry rot; else they were of a raw greenness like the Evans child, or the English schoolgirl who ran through the gardens on the coldest mornings offensively waving a bathing suit and a towel. Lydia had seen herself crumbling slowly into age like the youngest daughter of the reddest and juiciest retired Colonel, who, between spasmodic attempts at brittle vivacity, was as lifeless and shaky as a wasp's nest.

Convinced that this watering-place was her life-long fate, she told herself dismally that she had attained the monstrous age of twenty and accomplished nothing. She thought of her mother and her two aunts, the glittering trio who had composed the beautiful Stephanyi sisters. At twenty, Alexandra had danced the Agamemnon chorus on the ruins of Carthage and disappeared into the desert for six months with a young and yet famous explorer, and as if this were not dashing enough, had come out of the wilds of Africa hung with tawny lion skins, full of ideas for new primitive dances and married to the hereditary Prince of Starmtadt-Hoburg, a pleasant fellow with a monocle.

At twenty, Elizabeth had sung *Louise* both from the open window of her Montmartre studio and from the stage of the Opera Comique, and had fought through a barrage of bouquets and lovers to the safe arms of Simon Arbuthnot, who may have been solidly British but was also at that date unbelievably good-looking, extraordinarily rich and very amiable.

Nor had the Aunts Alix and Lissa overshadowed Mamma, the exquisite Athene, who at twenty was calmly roaming the yet untainted hills of Anacapri, costumed only in a white silk tunic, sandals and pure intellect, quite unaffected by the fact that the world, large, noisy, unpleasant place, was praising her "Lament for Persephone" to a degree which would have involved anyone with less aloof integrity in the fuss.

And there was she, Lydia, daughter of Athene and niece of Alix and Lissa, who at twenty (a twenty which was so nearly twenty-one that one shivered at the thought) had not accomplished a thing. She had gone for strolls on the cliffs, changed books twice a week at the lending library, walked to the pier to see the boats arrive and amused her grandfather by diabolically accurate imitations of the hotel guests. This last was rather a low accomplishment, for only by a certain amount of discreet eavesdropping could she learn enough of their speech and convictions to imitate them. But surely the good God, the pleasant, much-called upon *Bon Dieu* of her deceased French nurse, and not the bearded Supreme-Being, the super-English Gentleman of St. Anthelm's Church, would forgive a little harmless eavesdropping in one whose amusements were so limited. It was, for that matter, eavesdropping which brought her to the gangplank, up whose boards her long legs swiftly fled.

Having escaped the Evans child and the still worse infliction of old Lady Harrop, who wanted to talk about certain fungoid growths which afflicted the human race in general and herself in particular, Lydia had found a corner of the garden where, protected by a high ilex hedge, she could enjoy the sunshine and her novel in peace. Curious horrors which were necessary adjuncts to the gardens of a marine residence of the 'seventies were carefully preserved by the present owner, who had turned the place into a hotel; doubtless he considered they added interest to the hand of Nature. There were a pergola, three rustic summer-houses with stained-glass windows, a gazebo, a weather-vane, a number of leprous plaster statues beginning to peel like convalescent fever patients, two German gnomes in painted wood, and other divertisements.

It was a shame, Lydia thought, patrolling the garden with a contemplative eye. For even the ache and urge to escape which smoldered somewhere between her chest and tummy, even the hot desire for life and experience could not deny that the garden, save for these painful frills, was charming and the view over the water really beautiful.

HAVING checked up on the familiar aspect, she found nothing changed except the position of two iron benches, wrought of Brobdingnagian sweet-peas and painted liver color. Lazily sinking into her chair, she was about to go on with the novel when her ears pricked up at the sound of two new voices. They seemed to come from the summer-house on her left, which was discreetly buried in the hedge as if for amorous dalliance. One could imagine Albert and Euphemia coyly resting there after a hard game of croquet, but the present voices must have shocked the little chalet.

It was a fight. To Lydia's mind there was no doubt that it was a fight, and what a one! A plaintive, semi-public school voice, thickened by emotion and Jewish ancestors, struggling to down husky and compelling curses of the American vernacular, very thinly veneered by an English stage accent of female gentility. A deep voice, that of the (*Continued on page 130*)

"Content to lie on the broken sofa, playing with the little dog, Lydia wondered what curious power Camellia possessed."

AGNÈS

When it comes time to wear large hats, this is the type that Agnès proposes. It is made of a new thin baku in palest leaf-green, with an edge of chiffon. It is symmetric, and its only trimming is three triangles sewn on the side.

PARIS CREATES HATS FOR SPRING

Toques, Turbans, Bérets and Flexible Exotic Straws

By MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

WHETHER March comes in like a lion or a lamb, he will be welcomed with millinery. We can wait with equanimity for new clothes until after Easter, but there is something about the longer lightness of March days that seems to demand a new hat. Paris prepares for this universal feminine desire by creating new spring millinery long before she thinks of new spring costumes. After the collections have been shown, and even more surely after the smart Parisiennes have made their personal selections from them, we shall have a modification of millinery to suit the new ideas adopted in our coats and dresses For the two are interdependent to the last degree. It is an axiom that no hat, however charming in itself, can be considered a success unless it definitely completes the silhouette of the costume with which it is worn.

So in this article I am showing you what their

Bag from Tonnel

TALLIEN

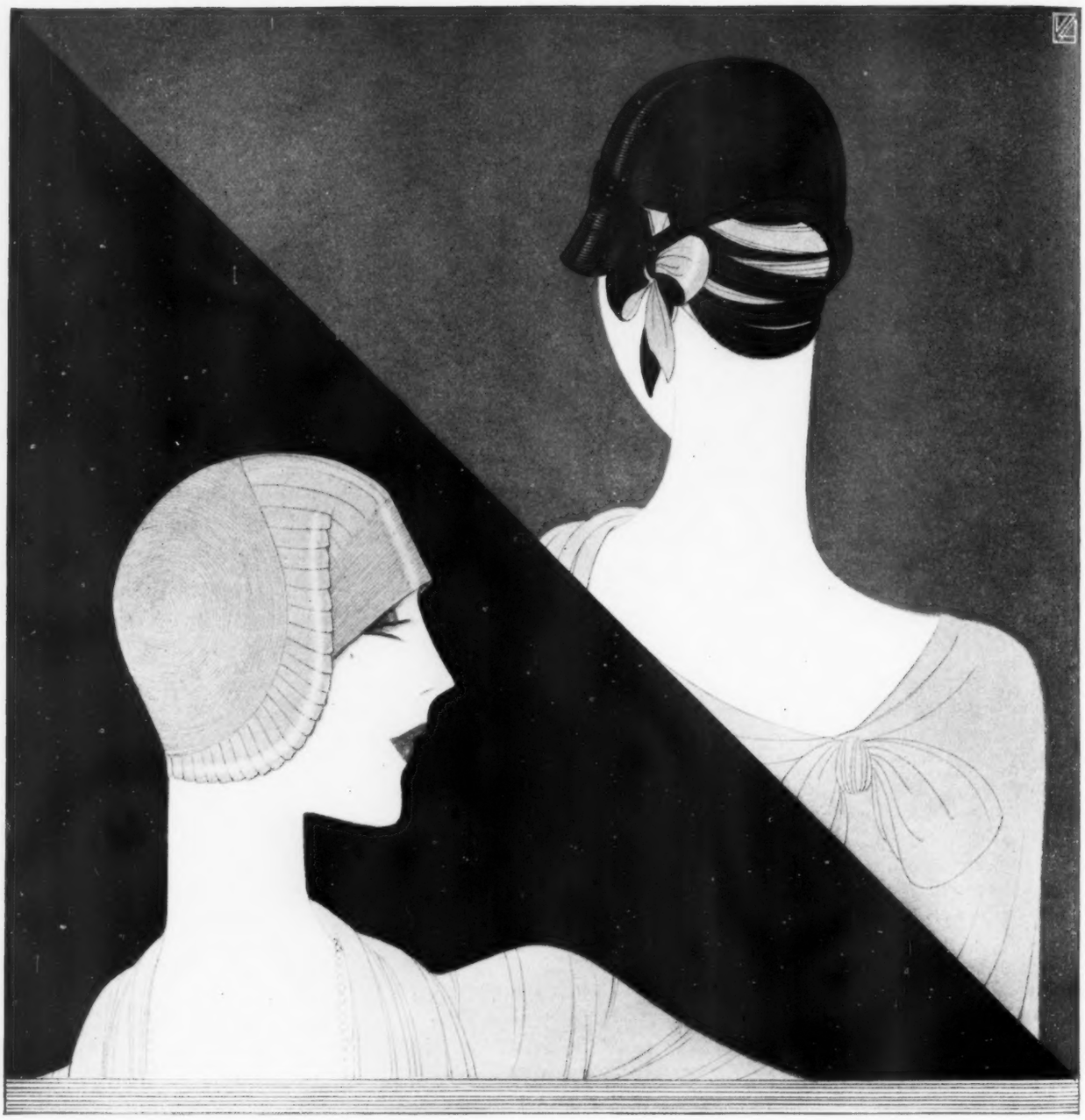
Here is a spring hat of medium size, which Madame Tallien says she designed for a tall woman. It is in shiny black straw, called "luciole," new this season, and is trimmed with two bunches of violets, one black and one white.

Bag from Tonnel

creators call "first hats"; that is, headgear designed to give you a feeling of anticipation of spring, rather than its realization; something novel enough to be interesting, without in any way breaking with tradition; something to freshen the effect of your existent wardrobe, rather than a point of departure for your new one.

The strongest impression left by the collections of these first hats is the use of exotic straw exactly as if it were felt. The fundamental ideas of the winter millinery—turban, toque, and béret—are interpreted from new angles, and interpreted in flexible straws instead of in supple felts.

Maria Guy shows her béret made spring-like by the use of gray-beige straw, inset with a plaited band of matching gauze. Marie-Christiane folds supple baku into plaits over one ear, exactly as she folded felt this winter, and adds an incrusted grosgrain knot for novelty. Agnès takes a fine Panama in natural color, swathes it close across the forehead, and cuts it to come down on the neck in the back, almost in the fashion of a sou'wester. She makes her new turbans of straw braids in various combinations of color. Reboux translates her felt shapes into new shiny mixed straws, red, black and white. One could repeat examples indefinitely. These hats are all small, fitting the head as closely as possible, and many of them are asymmetric, coming down much more on one side than on the other. Some are entirely brimless in front, with a brim in the back. Some are even on the two sides. In larger hats there is a marked tendency toward the symmetric brim, which, however, is far less apparent in these small models. Many still uncover a good deal of the forehead. This is a dangerous line, successful in rare cases. It does not seem to go with modern clothes, demanding rather the bare shoulders, and stately sweeping skirts



MARIA GUY

Maria Guy has done a great deal with the béret lately, and this is her newest version, in gray-beige straw, trimmed with an inset band of matching gauze, plaited. She will make this béret in any color.

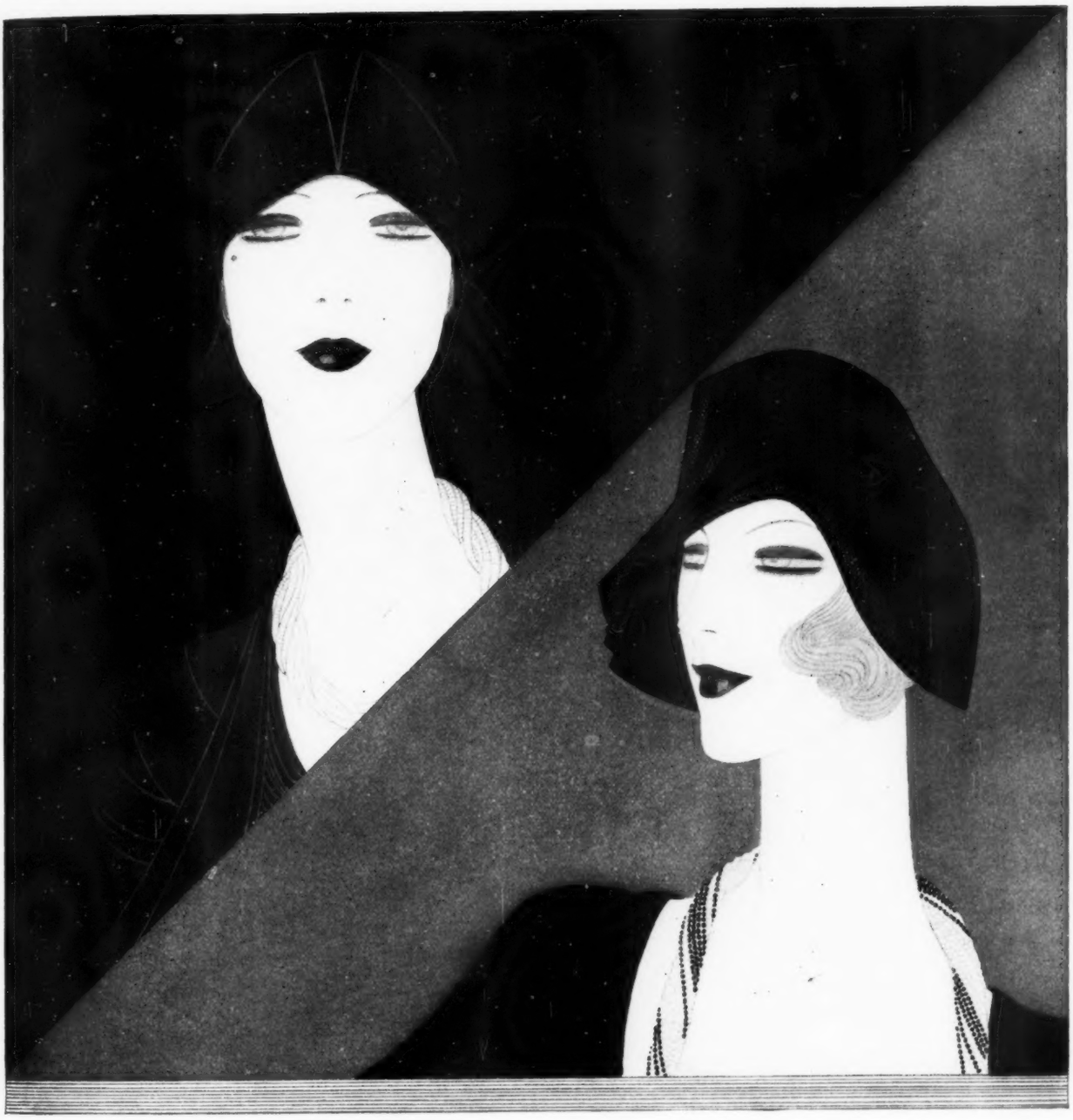
Maria Guy has revived the "Niniche," which forms an amusing contrast to the sophisticated woman of to-day. But it has an odd charm, in shiny navy picot straw and heavy satin ribbon of navy and yellow.

of a Beatrice d'Este. A point running up over one eyebrow is more often becoming; in fact, it is so good, that many milliners are retaining it in their spring models. Many shapes are cut off sharply across the eyebrows, just above them.

In spring materials, the flexible straws are leaders. They have names as exotic as themselves. Baku and ballibuntl have become familiar to us by repetition; but when I am asked to remember and differentiate between yova, yedda, azoud, hankau, and bangkok, I prefer to lump them altogether under the adjective "exotic," and let it go at that. Then there is the sisol family, with para and mara sisol (I nearly wrote them with capital letters), all of which have one characteristic in common, a linen weave. This year has added "luciole," a very shiny straw of the picot family; and "damina," an invention found at Agnès's, which shows a fine straw, like a thread, sewn in a Chinese matting pattern on a chiffon foundation. This is done by hand, and I should think was guaranteed to wear out any eyes that try to do it for long at a time. In addition to all these varieties of straw, there are the braids, woven of horsehair and wool, of felt and straw, of narrow ribbons, of twisted cords, or string, all of which are used for turbans. All kinds of things have been done with horsehair. At Reboux's and others I find a fine black and white check horsehair cloth; at Tallien's a colored horsehair cloth, semi-transparent, used for toques and turbans like a felt. Marie-

CARTIER

An old Persian brocade bag in red, black and gold, mounted in black onyx, with corners of diamonds and coral. From Cartier.



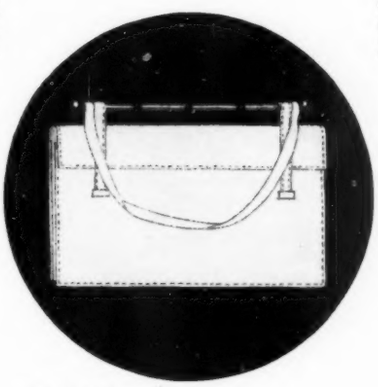
MARIE-CHRISTIANE

Marie-Christiane makes a hat entirely in black grosgrain, cut up into two points in front, and coming down on both sides. One side is like a Dutch cap, the other resembles the headgear of the Toreador.

This hat was suggested to Marie-Christiane by the black jersey Chanel frock that she herself wears. It is in a new exotic straw, turned and molded like felt. The necklaces shown are by Madame Lina Mouton.

Christiane has many fine crin shapes, some trimmed with grosgrain, which is quite one of her favorite garnitures. At Maria Guy's I see horsehair cloth in a new color, very dark red, almost black, which she calls "Prince Noir." It recalls those very deep carnations and dahlias which are called by the same name. She shows a wide symmetric hat of this material in this new color; the trimming consists of an embroidered bow on one side of the crown, with long ends running out onto the brim, all done in long satin stitch in silk of blended shades of red.

New this year is an all-silk baku, used by Marie-Christiane and others. She has a little hat, like a cut felt, in this material in bright canary yellow. At most houses, one finds



CARTIER

A Cartier bag of white unborn calfskin, which has a new mounting, a bar of coral, set with rings of onyx and diamonds.

rough, coarse straws, which the French call "paillasson," used for wide-brimmed summer hats, with exotic straws and crins. The only fabric of importance, so far, is grosgrain. It is often combined with other materials, and Reboux shows a toque entirely of caramel grosgrain; while on this page Luza has sketched a little grosgrain hat, reminiscent of a Dutch cap, one side of which curls over like a Toreador's headgear, while the other is cut into points like the *coiffe* of the Island of Marken.

But the combination of regular dress fabrics with felts or straw in hats is a feature of the season. Agnès makes a series of sets of hat and scarf using fine straw, felt, or sometimes other materials such as leather, the hat inset in all sorts of designs with the stuff, and the scarf

YTEB

Silk suits promise well for spring. This model from Yteb is of black crêpe satin, made with the brilliant side out, trimmed with bands of the dull side. The skirt is in three tiers, and the coat is three-quarter length. The blouse is string-colored crêpe satin, effectively combining the two sides of the material.

Yteb uses mauve orchid crêpe de Chine in this one-piece frock which looks like a two-piece. The skirt is plaited: the blouse is trimmed with rows of stitching.

YTEB

matching. She uses many Rodier woolens, and printed crêpe scarfs and handkerchiefs in this way; little printed and "faconné" (woven design) silks; and even tweed, combined with straw or felt in a novel manner. Reboux shows a charming little cap of wool jersey, in dark red, trimmed with inset curved bands of gray, dull dark blue, and red, half an inch wide; running up to a point in front over one eye, with a scarf made of seven strips of the same three colors sewn together to make a striped fabric.

Felts, of course, we always have with us. There is nothing especially new to say about them. I note a tendency to use two colors at Reboux's, leaf green and black, putty and deepest blue, pale old rose and chocolate, in the newest. Sometimes they are slightly draped. Tallien likes to tie a knot in the felt itself. Other milliners shirr it slightly, often right in front or a little to the side. I also note a tendency to balanced shapes, the same over both ears, in the best toques worn at present. But every few days see a new one, and the end is not yet—far from it.

As to trimming, it is still rudimentary, as you may see by the six hats on the preceding pages. Some houses are experimenting with flowers. Reboux puts a row of tiny gardenias and their leaves across the back of a little white shape, low on the neck. Agnès uses a flat red daisy, of enormous proportions, which she sets at the back of the crown of a black parasisol hat, with a brim wide at the sides. She makes a charming toque of white daisy petals, with a scarf in white crêpe to match, tied at the side with one huge flower. Maria Guy shows a little shape in fine white straw, rolled up over the forehead, coming well down on the neck at the back, its edge fringed with hyacinth petals, curled upward like gigantic eyelashes, blue and white.

Tiny little feather "fancies" are used occasionally by all the milliners. Maria Guy puts a few curls of blonde ostrich tips at one point of a blonde baku hat, down over one ear, where they look like curls. She does another trick with curls which is more amusing. Under the brim of a little hat in shiny black picot straw, tipped on one side, she puts a bunch of short twisted "ringlets" of black grosgrain ribbon, hanging over one ear! On page 88 Luza has sketched her amusing interpretation of the eighteenth-century "Niniche," which she has adapted to cropped hair in a very original way. Talking of odd shapes revived from the past, what do you think of the taffeta sailor worn by Mrs. Fellowes in the photograph of her by Baron de Meyer on page 79? Here and there is a trace of the perennial tricorne influence, or its cousin the "bicorne." In the Tallien hat, on page 87, I feel a reminiscence of the famous gray hat of Napoleon.

THAT, I think, is about all I can tell you about the "first hats" of spring. You will find that you can wear any of the types here sketched, as long as it remains fresh enough, with no fear of its looking out-of-date later in the season.

Drawn with the Marie-Christiane hats are two necklaces to which I want to draw your attention. One is in rondels of old rose porcelain, fastened with three loops on each side of small round shiny black

beads. The other is a twisted strand of several strings of white artificial pearls and shiny black beads, fastened with square cut onyx. They are made by Madame Lina Mouton, and shown at Marie-Christiane's with her new hats. Madame Mouton also makes delightful big chiffon handkerchiefs, for the daytime, in three prettily blended colors. I do not see the chiffon handkerchief as often in the evening, though at St. Moritz it was carried by some of the smartest women; it looks pretty, in bright colors, run through the belt of a sweater costume.

The moment of writing is not a very interesting time for clothes, for when this issue is published, the spring collections, with all their new ideas, will have been given to the world. So I have concentrated on millinery, for this number, rather than on models. However, on these two pages, an artist new to Harper's Bazar has drawn some afternoon clothes, advance models from the spring collections of Yteb and Lucile Paray. The suit from Yteb illustrates several points which will be prominent in spring fashions; the silk costume, the three-quarter length jacket, and the blouse of a different color. These semi-tailored ensembles in silken materials are interesting the best designers. Among the best are Vionnet's lovely crêpe de Chine coats, often cut with large, important ties in front, which are done in one color, over a small-print frock in two colors. She uses both dark blue, and a bright middle-red crêpe for coats of this character, the prints being blue and putty, and red and white respectively.

THE putty georgette gown from Lucile Paray illustrates the revival of this fabric, which has been under rather a cloud of late years, but which is rapidly emerging. It appeared first as an evening fabric rivaling chiffon itself; and its use is now extending to the afternoon mode. The well cut scarf section, which makes a cape, or a scarf as one will, is a characteristic feature of this designer, and a very pretty one. It gives a finish to a gown which makes it suitable for street wear, later, without a coat, and so extends its service in that practical, modern way that even the richest women appreciate nowadays.

On page 126 and 127 are some Last-Minute sketches. Some of them are worn at the moment on the Parisian stage. I want to draw attention to the little evening cape worn by the Comtesse de Ségur (Cécile Sorel), on the stage of the Comédie Française. In the search for an evening wrap to wear with the long-at-some-point evening gowns, which bid fair to keep their evening popularity, this little cape is the newest suggestion. It is worn, as you see, negligently over one shoulder, and offers to a smart woman that opportunity for individuality in the wearing of her clothes, which she always welcomes. Newer than a shawl, just as many different things may be done with it. It is perhaps a good solution of what is admittedly a problem. But one must have height to wear it well.

On page 98 and 99 Charles Martin has drawn a series of coiffures with earrings. I wonder if all women realize what a help to beauty and (*Concluded on page 160*)

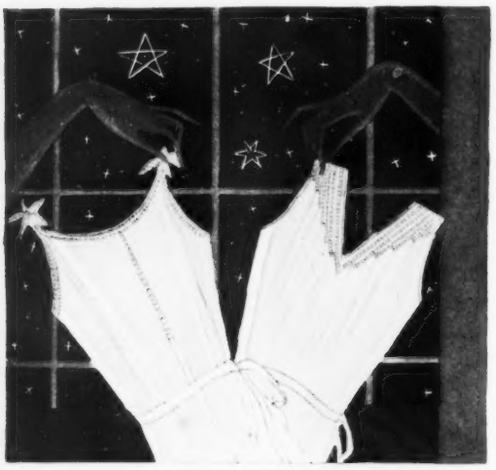
Lucile Paray has a frock in cravatte silk in several colors. The background is slate blue, the stripes dark blue and rust. Over all is a powdering of irregular white dots.

LUCILE PARAY

LUCILE PARAY

A characteristic frock from Lucile Paray is this string colored georgette. There is a diagonal volant, cut circular, from one hip to the other, with godet fulness at the left, where it is held by a cut crystal buckle. The feature of the frock is the scarf collar, which may be worn in a number of ways.

A chemise and culotte of pale pink crêpe satin for sports wear, using two sides of the material—dull and brilliant. The shiny part is mounted into the dull part with embroidered zigzag stitch.



Lingerie on this page from DRECOLL-BEER

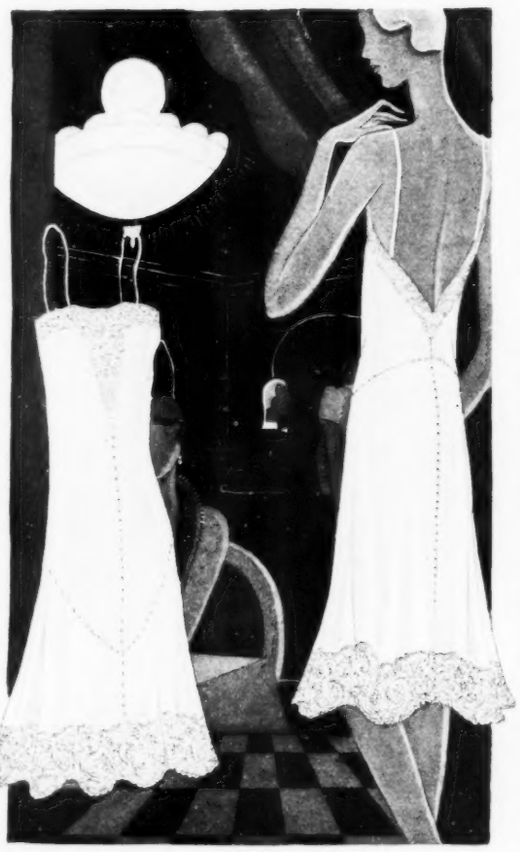
ENTRANCING FRENCH HANDWORK

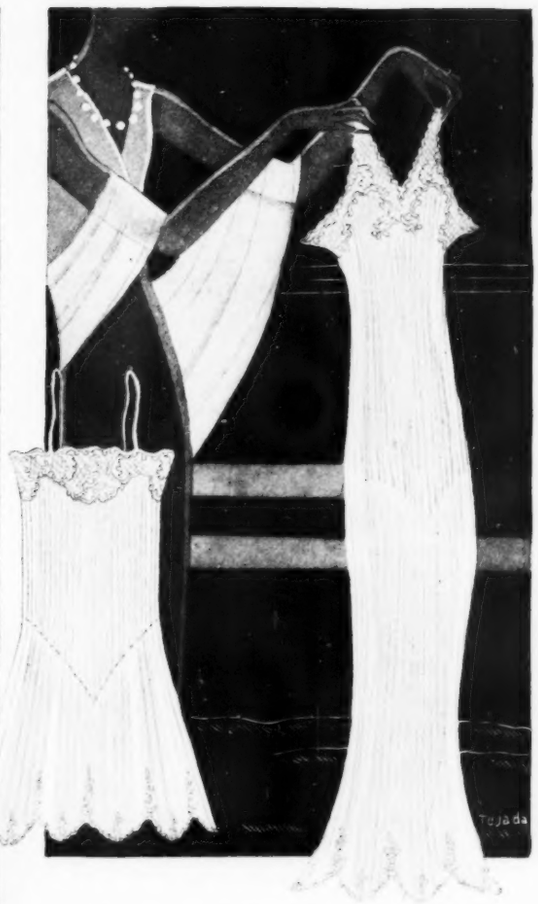
Two nightgowns, the one at the right in pale sky-blue crêpe de Chine, with alternating bias bands of blue and white crêpe, put together with a ladder-work hemstitching done in white silk twist.

At the left a nightgown of pale pink crêpe de Chine. The decoration consists of a large flower in drawn-work stitches, and tiny bias bands of crêpe alternating with bands of slightly darker tone.

A combination that is particularly good under a gown deeply décolletée under the arms, as many of them are. Of palest flesh crêpe satin with inset bands of string-colored lace crossed under the arm.

A lingerie ensemble consisting of nightgown, matinée, chemise, culotte and brassière. The chemise is identical with the nightgown. The material is crêpe turco; the lace dyed a pale mauve tone.





A combination in pale pink triple voile, the lower section cut circular. A nightgown in string-colored crêpe turco with embroidered tulle lace.

Lingerie on this page from
ANNEK

LINGERIE OF COBWEB TEXTURE

A combination of flesh crêpe turco, whose lower edge is cut in concave scallops lace-edged, with deep points of the lace. The neck-line is straight across the front, with low décolleté at the back.

An evening combination of pale pink crêpe turco incrusted with lace. The small bunch of flowers, cut out in the same lace and used as incrustations, is a new and very pretty embellishment.

A nightgown of pink crêpe with set-in front outlined in double "point turc," with pin-tucks at the shoulder and decorated with incrusted flowers of half transparent georgette: a pretty effect.

Another nightgown of palest pink triple voile trimmed with incrusted flowers and leaves of crêpe satin, used with the shiny side showing. Lady Abdy directs the fortunes of the house of Annek.

A Story by Amory Hare:

"On his return to Italy and to her, he fell upon his clay with a kind of exaltation. He was like a man in a dream until the figure was finished."

POOR DEVIL

An Incident—with News Value—Which Happened Between the Night and Morning Editions

Illustrated by Clara Elsene Peck

What can be bought for the price of a penny!
Battle and murder, and beauty—if any.
Ruin and bankruptcy, death and defeat,
All for a penny are sold in the street—
Fire and catastrophe, fame and delight
All for a penny are cried in the night!
Buy on the highway whichever you choose—
But oh! the poor devils who furnish the news!

"PAPER, mister? Paper! Paper, Lady?" The figures hurried to and fro, and Jimmy Jones stamped his feet, trying to keep warm. He had had a good day, so far, for an old man who had forgotten his glasses had mistaken a dime for a penny, two women had not waited for their change, and a third had bought a paper, paid him a quarter, smiled, and disappeared inside the Museum.

The late light of afternoon had begun to dim the long reaches of the galleries. The crowds were thinning into a few groups whose whisperings echoed strangely in the impenetrable tranquillity. As the silence increased with the disappearance of the last of the visitors, one became aware of a new predominance—the subtle power of immobility, the insistence of inanimate things. Plato and Cæsar, Hannibal, Socrates and Alexander, gazed down in placid taciturnity which, as it grew prolonged, carried with it a gradual sense of awe. There they were at last, for all their strivings, caught in a single attitude, forever; and at their backs, rank upon rank of other great ones, done into stillness, seemed to press forward upon the mind with a withdrawn, yet belligerent, determination.

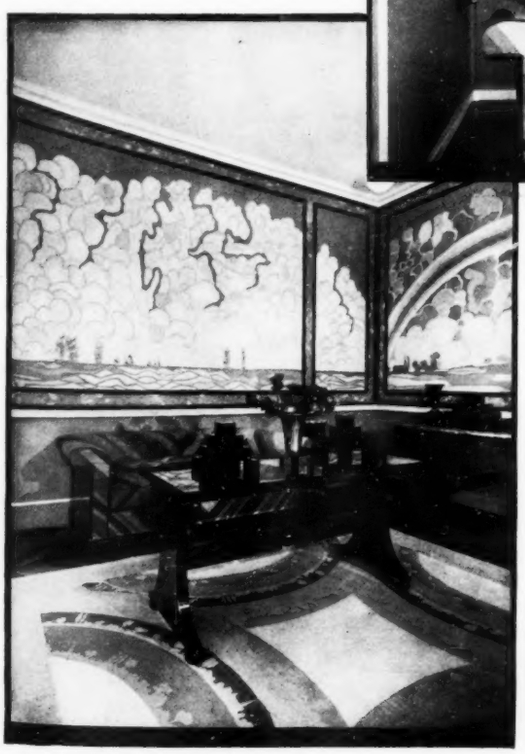
In a small gallery to the left, a collection of modern sculpture was on exhibition for a month, a proportion of which represented the work of the late Cecil Deane. Only one example of his art bore marks of any distinction. But this, the figure of a young faun, in bronze, seemed to leap with a shy yet vital joy which the medium could not subdue. The whole figure expressed eternal and ecstatic motion. The slim, arched back was bent as if in jest, one knee drawn up and the other tapering to a foot which was a miracle of structural beauty. Before this figure a woman had been sitting for the better part of the afternoon, and now, realizing that the hour for closing was at hand, she rose as if made restless by the imminence of her departure; but (*Concluded on page 150*)

STRIKING FRENCH INTERIORS IN THE MODERN MOOD BY BOICEAU OF PARIS

Photographs by Scaioni

(*Below*) *Boiceau creates an exquisite room by the use of this wall decoration on a green linen foundation, consisting of flat embroidery in many tones of gray. There is a matching carpet in the same tones of gray and apple-green. The table is in deep chocolate wood, and its ornaments are a bronze vase and cubes of wood. The sofa is covered in tapestry bands of gray, green, chocolate and pale rose.*

Another part of the green and gray room shows a "vitrine", or cupboard, which is made entirely of glass, mounted in metal, and finished by a marble top. The decorations of cubes of exotic wood and bronze vases match the table ornaments.



(*Center*) *Boiceau designs a new type of wall decoration for a dressing-room, bathroom or boudoir. The walls are painted, and are inset with panels under glass. These panels are done on a background of natural colored brown holland, and the design is achieved by brilliant toned flowers in flat embroidery and cut leather, either colored or silver. They are framed in flat bands of silver leather, appliqued on scarlet. Each panel is different. The arm-chair is in shaded tapestry bands.*

What Brutes Men are

Bertie bawls every day in his bath. Sensitive Bertha suffers in every pore.

Clarence is a clumsy clown who smothers the coffee cups with cigarette ashes. Clarissa could shriek when she sees him.

Horace is one of those horrid husbands who have to be asked to admire Henrietta's new frock. If he only knew, there won't be any profits to add up when he's paid the bill for the dress that he'll be asked to admire later.

Norman drives Nellie to madness, no less! All she asks is a little manly jealousy.

Hubert is one of those bookworms who read the stock market reports in restaurants. How Helen suffers!

DRAWINGS BY
FISH

No wonder We Divorce Them!

Why does he bring her diamonds? Can't he see she is weary of jewels, and wants flowers! Flowers! Just flowers!

Heartless Wilfred has forgotten their wedding anniversary. Wilhelmina will not risk being so upset again.

No one knows the agony Agnes endures when she hears Alfred again and again and again tell the same stupid stories.

Richard is a radio fan. Even the children's bedtime stories fill him with raucous and insufferable joy.

Oh, the contempt Eva feels for Edmund! After dinner he sleeps, and if she insists on his going to the Hanah Club, he will only do it again. And, horrid to tell! Edmund snores.

FISH

EARRINGS PAST AND PRESENT

A new way of arranging growing hair is to swirl it all to the right side, parting it to the right in front. The ends are curled back over a comb in a rich, flat curl. This type of head can wear a modernistic earring, like the one drawn, in silver and lacquer.

For the classic type, who wears her dark hair long, the earring may be derived from the past. The period from 1840 to 1860 is particularly rich in amusing earrings. This one is engraved crystal, set in black enamel with the delicate workmanship of the period of 1850.

The sportswoman wears her hair short, with only a few flat curls over the ear to break its sleekness. Her earring should be in character. Here it is two balls, one gold and one black onyx, one worn behind the ear and the other just in front of it.

SYMMETRY OF THE COIFFURE

Madame Agnès wears her hair drawn back smoothly from her forehead, with the entire back of her small head covered with flat "snail-shell" rings, laid in rows. With this coiffure, she wears a Dunand earring in red and black lacquer on gold, in triangular form.

The woman whose neck is short can add appreciably to the effect of length by the way she cuts her hair, and by her earrings. The hair in this case is curled up in the back, while the earring is a long, thin line, a cord of dark gold, with odd, golden tassels.

Madame Jean Charles Worth is letting her blonde hair grow, and wears it in a mass of curls in the back. Her classic profile can stand a large, brilliant earring. This one is of finest workmanship in turquoise and diamonds, with black onyx to bring out the design.

A Story by Ring Lardner:

"'Mrs. Shelton,' called Mrs. Dittmar to the other table, 'does your big man play goulashes?' 'Oh, yes,' said Mrs. Shelton."

CONTRACT

In Bridge We Are Permitted to See Ourselves as Others See Us

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

WHEN the Sheltons were settled in their new home in the pretty little suburb of Linden, Mrs. Shelton was afraid nobody would call on them. Her husband was afraid somebody would. For ages Mrs. Shelton had bravely pretended to share her husband's aversion to a social life; he hated parties that numbered more than four people and she had convincingly, so she thought, played the rôle of indifference while declining invitations she would have given her right eye to accept. Shelton had not been fooled much, but his dislike of "crowds" was so great that he seldom sought to relieve her martyrdom by insisting that they "go" somewhere.

This was during the first six years of their connubial existence, while it was necessary to live, rather economically, in town. Recently, however, Shelton's magazine had advanced him to a position as associate editor and he was able, with the assistance of a benignant bond and mortgage company, to move into a house in Linden. Mrs. Shelton was sure suburbanites would be less tedious and unattractive than people they had known in the city and that it would not be fatal to her spouse to get acquainted and play around a little; anyway, she could make friends with other wives, if they were willing, and perhaps enjoy afternoons of contract bridge, a game she had learned to love in three lessons. At the same time Shelton resolved to turn over a new leaf for his wife's sake and give her to understand that he was open for engagements. Secretly hoping, as I have hinted, that Linden's denizens would treat them as if they were quarantined.

Mrs. Shelton's fears were banished, and Shelton's resolution put to a test, on an evening of their second week in the new house. They were dropped in on by Mr. and Mrs. Robert French who lived three blocks away. Mrs. French was pretty and Shelton felt inclined to like her until she remarked how fascinating it must be to edit a magazine and meet Michael Arlen. French had little to say, being occupied most of the while in a petting party with his mustache.

Mrs. Shelton showed Mrs. French her seven hooked rugs. Mrs. French said "Perfectly darling!" seven times, inquired where each of the seven had been procured and did not listen to the answers. Shelton served highballs of eighty dollar Scotch he had bought from a Linden bootlegger. French commented favorably on the Scotch. Shelton thought it was terrible himself and that French was a poor judge, or was being polite, or was deceived by some flavor lurking in the mustache. Mrs. Shelton ran out of hooked rugs and Mrs. French asked whether they played contract. Mrs. Shelton hesitated from habit. Shelton swallowed hard and replied that they did, and liked it very much.

"That's wonderful!" said Mrs. French. "Because the Wilsons have moved to Chicago. They were crazy about contract and we used to have a party every Wednesday night; two tables—the Wilsons, ourselves, and the Dittmars and Camerons. It would be just grand if you two would take the Wilsons' place. We have dinner at somebody's house and next Wednesday is our turn. Could you come?"

Mrs. Shelton again hesitated and Shelton (to

quote O. O. McIntyre) once more took the bull by the horns.

"It sounds fine!" he said. "We haven't anything else on for that night, have we, dear?"

His wife uttered an astonished no, and the Frenches left.

"What in the world has happened to you?" demanded Mrs. Shelton.

"Nothing at all. They seem like nice people and we've got to make friends here. Besides, it won't be bad playing cards."

"I don't know about contract," said Mrs. Shelton doubtfully. "You've got good card sense, and the only time you played it, you were all right. But I'm afraid I'll make hideous mistakes."

"Why should you? And even if you do, what of it?"

"These people are probably whizzes."

"I don't care if they're Lenz's mother-in-law."

"But you'll care if they criticize you."

"Of course, I will. People, and especially strangers, have no more right to criticize your bridge playing than your clothes or your complexion."

"You know that's silly. Bridge is a game."

"Tennis is a game, too. But how often do you hear one tennis player say to another, 'You played that like an old fool!'?"

"You're not partners in tennis, however."

"You are in doubles. However, criticism in bridge is not confined to partners. I've made bonehead plays in bridge (I'll admit it), and been laughed at and scolded for them by opponents who ought to have kissed me. It's a conviction of most bridge players, and some golf players, that God sent them into the world to teach. At that, what they tell you isn't intended for your edification and future good. It's just a way of announcing, 'I'm smart and you're a lunkhead.' And to my mind it's a revelation of bad manners and bad sportsmanship. If I ask somebody what I did wrong, that's different. But when they volunteer——"

It was an old argument and Mrs. Shelton did not care to continue it. She knew she couldn't win and she was sleepy. Moreover, she was so glad they were "going out" on her husband's own insistence that she felt quite kindly toward him. She did hope, though, that their new acquaintances would suppress their educational complex if any.

On Wednesday night this hope was knocked for a double row of early June peas. Mrs. Shelton was elected to play with French, Mrs. Cameron and Mr. Dittmar. Mrs. Cameron was what is referred to as a statuesque blonde, but until you were used to her you could think of nothing but her nostrils, where she might easily have carried two after-dinner mints. Mr. Dittmar appeared to be continuing to enjoy his meal long after it was over. And French had to deal one-handed to be sure his mustache remained loyal. These details distracted Mrs. Shelton's mind to such an extent that she made a few errors and was called for them. But she didn't mind that and her greatest distraction was caused by words and phrases that came from the other table, where her husband was engaged with Mr. Cameron, Mrs. Dittmar and the hostess.

The French cocktails had been poured from an eye-dropper and Shelton maintained perfect control of his temper and tongue. His polite reception of each criticism was taken as a confession of ignorance and a willingness to learn, and his three table-mates were quick to assume the rôle of faculty, with him as the entire student body. He was stepped on even when he was dummy, his partner at the time, Mrs. Dittmar, attributing the loss of a trick to the way he had laid out his cards, the light striking the nine of diamonds in such a way as to make her think it was an honor.

Mrs. Dittmar had married a man much younger than herself and was trying to disguise that fact by acting much younger than he. An eight-year-old child who is kind of backward hardly ever plays (*Continued on page 142*)

"Mrs. Shelton's fears were banished, and Shelton's resolutions put to a test, on an evening of their second week in the new house. They were dropped in on by Mr. and Mrs. Robert French who lived three blocks away."

St Moritz And Riviera Indoors And Out

Three lovely visitors at St. Moritz, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Michael Arlen and Mrs. T. O'Brien, are shown here in some of the latest creations of Chanel, Patou, and Augusta Bernard.

Mme. Hally Smith is shown at The Palace, St. Moritz, in a smart new gown from Lanvin.

This ensemble from Irene Dana in pale yellow and dark red was seen coming out of Ciro's.

On the promenade at Monte Carlo was seen this Molyneux costume of black coat, ermine trimmed, and black and white georgette gown.

Madame Agnès is shown at St. Moritz wearing her amusing black astrakhan cap, topped by a pert bow made of the softest felt.

Two photographs by R. E. Coleman

Palm Beach Sunshine And Sandy Beaches

Mrs. Frank Jenkins of New York, pictured at the Breakers Casino at Palm Beach wearing a tailored suit of white crêpe de Chine.

Photographs by Acme

Miss Louise Van Alen of the New York colony at Palm Beach sponsors the vogue for the sleeveless jumper for motoring.

Mrs. C. Egerton Warburton of Philadelphia, snapped at Palm Beach wearing a yellow silk frock and brown sweater.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Neville of New York and Philadelphia are seen on the tropical sands of Florida, basking in the sunshine.

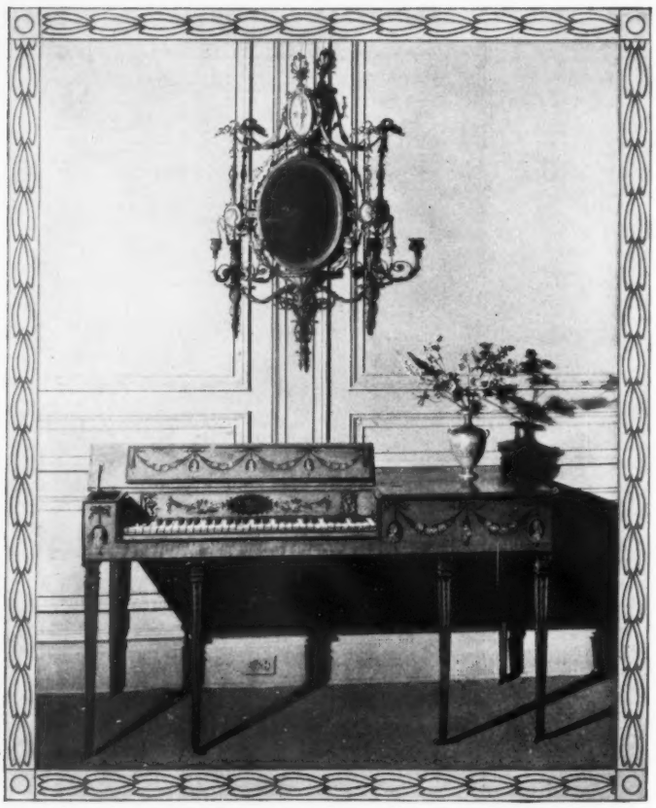
Mrs. Charles M. Amory, formerly Mrs. Raymond T. Baker, pictured at the Florida resort in a jersey suit with cardigan coat.

Mrs. George Sloane, prominent New Yorker, takes her dog out for an airing at the Southern resort.

POLITE GAIETY OF

It Brings a Smiling

BY CURTIS

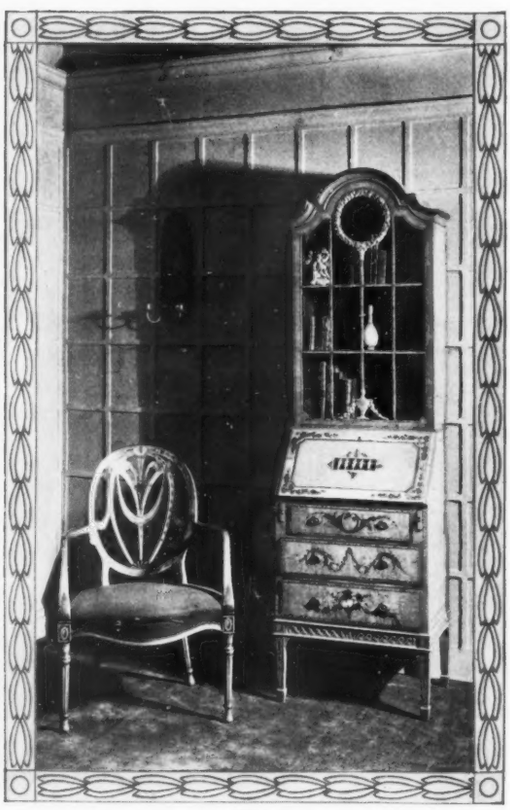


An original late eighteenth-century spinet of Sheraton model in a satinwood case decorated in the manner of Angelica Kauffmann with floral wreaths and classical medallions. From Rose Cumming.

PAINTED satinwood is the Frenchest of English furniture. It has that polite gaiety, that sophisticated suavity, that subtlety which is essentially Parisian and which give it a right of entrée into backgrounds that are partly French in inspiration or feeling.

In such a room a satinwood "Carlton House" desk with panels on each end painted in dainty classical or allegorical groups—"Lady Hamilton as Venus with attendant Cupid" or "Mrs. Siddons as Thalia with the other Eight Muses," done in the light inconsequential manner of the closing years of the eighteenth century in England, makes a charming and practical piece. A small scale secretary-bookcase or bureau-cabinet in satinwood with a light chair, matching in color and decoration, will be found to be eminently usable as well as ornamental. Painted blue panels, in simulation of the blue jasperware plaques made by Flaxman for the Wedgwood factories, may adorn the front. Discreet touches of gilt and gay floral scrolls bring a sense of spring and flower gardens indoors. Old rare books, the books one cares most for, look their best when seen in such a setting. Old china, Chelsea or Bow, Sèvres or Meissen, seem as if created for such a frame.

Another major decorative piece in painted satinwood is the circular commode. This was described by one of the very important English cabinet-makers, Sheraton himself, as being especially happy when placed under a large glass at the end of an important room. The century and a quarter that has passed since then has confirmed his judgment.



Modern secretary-bookcase and chair in satinwood with painted decoration reminiscent of the Flaxman Wedgwood plaques. From the Hampton Shops.

Photographs by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Painted satinwood china-cabinet with matching chair from W. & J. Sloane, modern, both in the "three feathers" pattern adopted by Hepplewhite in honor of George IV. when Prince of Wales.

PAINTED SATINWOOD

Elegance to the Formal Room

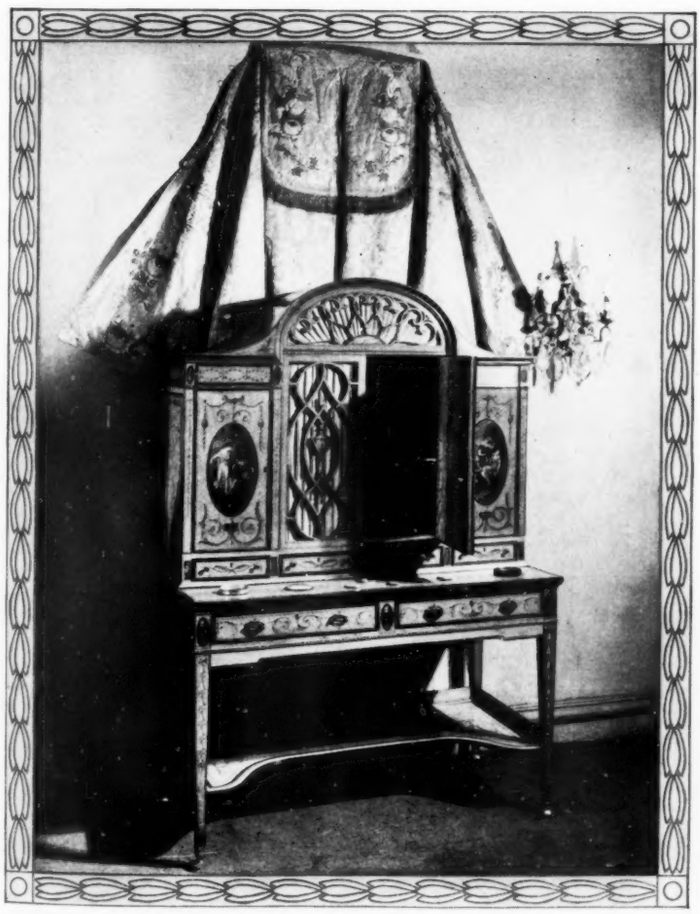
PATTERSON

Original painted satinwood was created in a very short period—practically the last quarter of the eighteenth century. That was the time when Robert Adam, creator of the Adam Style, was not only architect but interior decorator. He designed marvelous painted walls and ceilings in the classical manner, with painted medallions done by a group of Swiss and Italian artists who specialized in that sort of work. Adam also designed the furniture, and this furniture came to have painted medallions in harmony with the ceiling pieces as its distinguishing characteristic.

Angelica Kauffmann has given her name to the group. She was a very charming person, in fact if malicious contemporaries may be trusted, over-consciously so. She was the heroine of several piquant episodes of the period, was painted twice by Sir Joshua Reynolds and was a foundation member of the Royal Academy (one of the only two women members of that august body). She was a person to seize the popular imagination. So most painted satinwood is called "after Angelica Kauffmann," though it may have been after original medallions by Cipriani, Pergolesi, or Rebecca.

There is very little original painted satinwood on the American market. Its production was limited to about one generation, and during that period it appealed only to the wealthiest and most sophisticated class in England. As a consequence to acquire one of the more practical pieces resource is had to modern reproductions. These in themselves are beautiful specimens of cabinet-making, and need no apology for introduction into any household offering a sympathetic background.

Carlton House desk in satinwood with painted panels in the manner of Cipriani. A modern piece from Louis L. Allen.



Satinwood bureau-cabinet from the New York Galleries, modern, with painted panels of classical and allegorical subjects and scroll decoration in the manner of the school of Angelica Kauffmann, Cipriani, Pergolesi, et alii.

Painted satinwood commode, modern, from the Hayden Company, in a style suggested by Angelica Kauffmann originals done for Robert Adam.

"SHE stood drawn up unsteadily against the doorway, with a wild and grotesque dignity, as if she were commanding me. Clearly she was thinking, 'Look at me. You are a man. You will seldom see such another beauty . . .' as if she had never understood that she was nothing any longer but a raddled shrew."

By Louis Bromfield:

A ROMANTIC LETTER

Which Had an Unexpectedly Ironic Interruption Before it Could be Completed

Illustration by James Preston

Fontainebleau.

DEAR ELENOR:

I have not written to you in seven years and I am writing now, not because I have anything to say but because the mood is on me.

It is the *triste* season here in Fonta nebleau, when the palace is empty and the old carp swim like ghosts beneath the carpet of dead leaves on the great pond. The town is empty and you can walk for miles along the *allées* of the forest without seeing a soul or hearing a sound, not even a bird, for there are no birds in the forest of Fontainebleau. It is a Fontainebleau you have never seen, in January, when one goes there to be alone for a day or two.

All the afternoon until twilight I have been wandering about the palace with an old guide who has been a friend of mine since I came here as a boy on the grand tour more than forty years ago. He takes me into closed, forgotten, forlorn corners of the palace where others have never penetrated. Somehow it gives the palace a kind of reality for me, as if I looked into the past and all its ghosts in a way not permitted to others.

The glamour has clung to my damp clothes like the scent of rotting leaves in the forest where Francis the First led all the court to hunt. It has dimmed, even annihilated, all the dreariness of this cold, pretentious, vulgar little hotel salon where I sit writing. The glamour makes me forget all the machine-made chairs and imitation tapestry and factory-turned cornices. It is the salon of a shabby little hotel without any beauty save in its name. They call it the Pavillon Dorée. The Pavillon Dorée! What a lovely name for a place with a room like this.

Let me describe it to you. There is an ornate ebony piano which is hung with ball fringe and makes atrocious sounds (I have tried it). There are three muddy paintings of the forest in autumn, done, I think, by the proprietor's daughter, and four or five pieces of furniture in the gilt and sateen of Louis Philippe, and on a hideous painted mantelpiece, also adorned with yards of ball fringe, there is a doll dressed as *Marguerite* at the spinning-wheel, covered by a glass dome. The wall-paper was designed by a madman with layer upon layer of funeral wreaths printed in bloody magenta. The very inkstand of imitation bronze is a writhing and twisting monstrosity. I am too old, Elenor, to ignore such a room, but old enough to have the patience to bear it. At least I am alone here.

Outside in the slow rain there is an old hunting dog who keeps baying and baying, as if he saw somewhere far off in the shadows of the encircling forest the ghosts of those other dogs who hunted there four centuries ago. I was thinking to-day what a sight it must have been with the hounds swarming into the oval court of the palace on their return from a hunt, surrounded in the light of torches by all the glittering court—the torches and the hounds, the color and the glitter and the sound of metal striking metal as the horses tossed their heads. All this beneath the eyes of the ladies who looked down on the spectacle from the long open gallery. The shadows dancing on the gray and rose walls of the palace. . . .

I am beginning to feel old, Elenor, and more sentimental than ever. I'm having a debauch of romanticism. I don't get on with this new generation. I can hear you smiling and saying, "Here is Walter being literary again." Sometimes I think I ought to have been a writer. I'd have enjoyed it. Do you remember when I used to write poetry? In those days Browning and Tennyson were great poets, though I'm told there are some who don't think them great shakes in this day. Nobody writes on great themes any more. They're all small, mincing themes full of "pity and irony" . . . as if it were ever difficult to be ironic. Well, times change and the mark of the generation sticks. We're marked when we're young. Still, I can't think that life has changed much. I can't quite believe in all the sordidness and tragedy and sex of these youngsters. In the long run life is a pretty cheerful affair and most of us come to the end of it easily and happily. Isn't that so? Your life has been pleasant, and mine. And think of our friends, the boys and girls we grew up with. No, life isn't tragic and bitter and if it is, why should we go on writing that it is? That's where the romantics are right in making something better than life. Some would say that because I've never had to work and have never married that I've run away from life. At least it's always been for me a happy, romantic existence.

When I came in from walking in the rainy twilight, I said to myself, "What a pity it is that I haven't someone here who would enjoy all this as I'm enjoying it." I suppose it's a sign of old age when one begins to like resorts out of season. I thought, "Well, if there is no one here to enjoy it with me, I will write to someone. There is nothing else for me to do in the long evening alone in the Pavillon Dorée." So that's why I am writing to you—because I thought that you were the best person in the world to have here with me. And then it occurred to me as well that it was your birthday.

And now since I've begun this letter, I find that after all I'm not alone in the hotel. I've just heard voices. There are two people dining in the room beyond the salon—a man and a woman and they have brought with them a gramophone. Imagine that! Bringing a gramophone to Fontainebleau in the *triste* season. The thing has begun to scratch and shriek, drowning out the sound of the old hunting dog baying in the rain to the spectral hounds of the forest. It is one of those jazz tunes. I think in Paris they call it, "Yes, sir! That's my Baby." How bored they must be with each other to bring a gramophone down to dinner!

And now it's stopped abruptly, cut off in the very midst. The woman, it seems, doesn't fancy the tune. From the sounds, I should say they were our country people, Americans of the sort which gives all of us a bad name outside our own country. The woman has just cried out, "My God! Why must you play that thing? You know how my nerves are to-night!"

The man hasn't answered her. He seems to have humored her (*Continued on page 158*)

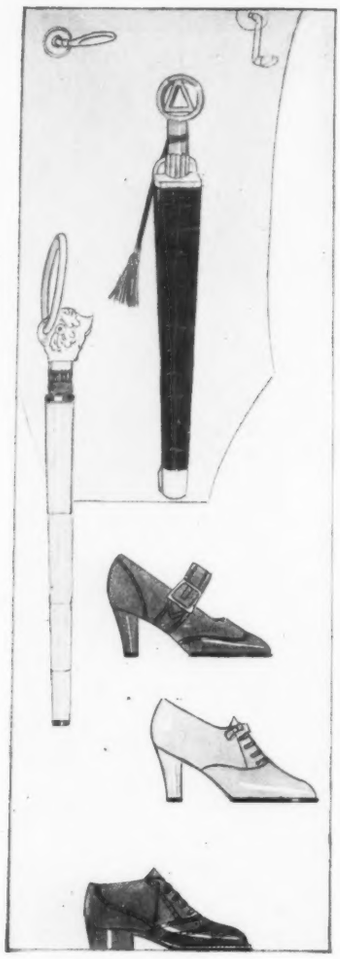
THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

By IRA DIMOCK GLACKENS

THE children play in the Luxembourg
With Punch and Judy come back again,
And the merry-go-rounds are whirling by
With horses that plunge and rear in the rain.

And the boats set out to sea by Pierre
Have floated home to the fountain-rim.
The marble queens on the terrace stand
And look with cold looks down at him.

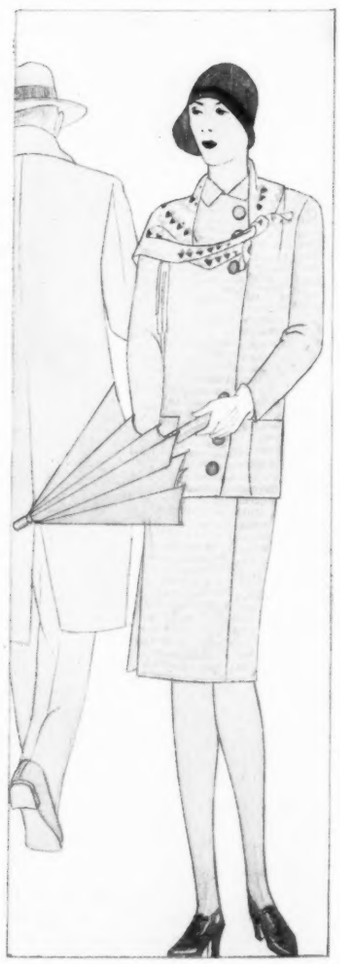
Dusk creeps over the black wet trees
And the flowers nod as the shadows come,
While from gate to gate at closing-time
The guard walks past with his tapping drum.



A most ingenious invention is this alligator umbrella case from B. Altman. The second umbrella, in a folding case, gives the appearance of a smart Malacca swagger stick. An amber colored ring through the parrot's nose forms the handle. From B. Altman. A one-strap black suède shoe from Lord and Taylor is trimmed with gun-metal leather, has a gun-metal buckle and an all-leather heel. A plain brown calf Oxford with an all-leather heel is most practical for the wet day. From Lord and Taylor. An excellent walking shoe for the rain is this low-heeled Oxford of brown calf from B. Altman.

From Franklin and Simon comes a very gay raincoat in bright red rubberized crepella, with a narrow string belt. The scarf collar and cuffs and inserts in pockets are of red and white wool material. The hat is of maiching felt.

This Lady Angela Forbes two-piece suit is made of a brown mixed tweed. The coat is collarless and has patch pockets. The skirt is wrap-around with inlaid plaits at the right side. Matching felt hat and jersey scarf. Lord and Taylor.



Dobbs makes an attractive wet-weather coat in a brown and tan rough English tweed. Pin-tucks underneath the belt in front give a slight fulness. It has raglan sleeves and V shaped set-in pockets. The matching felt hat has a wide brim turned down all round.

BITS OF COLOR ON RAINY DAYS

These Clothes are Chic and Practical

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

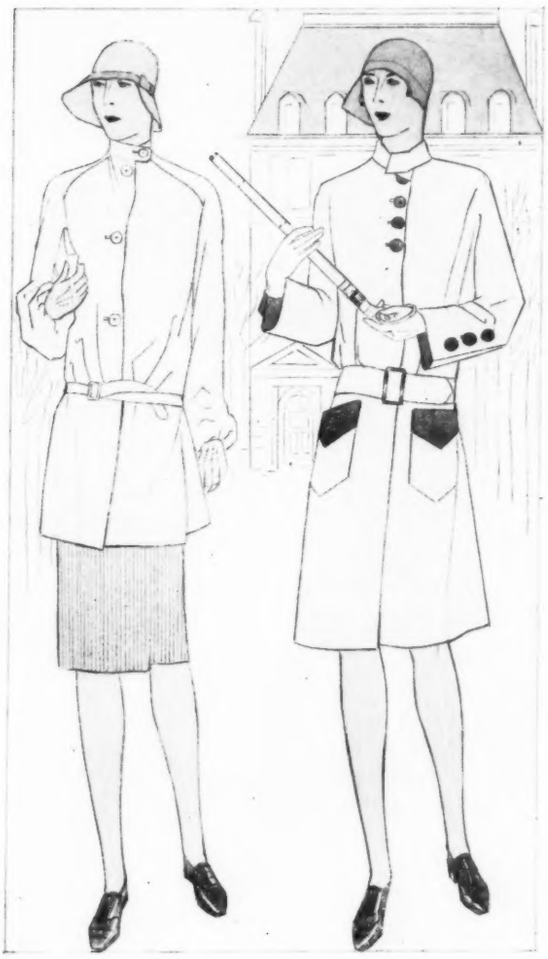
IT IS not at all necessary to be gloomily dressed just because the day is gloomy. In fact it is more important to be smart on a rainy day than it is on a sunny one, because you may thus form a bright spot all by yourself, and add distinct cheer to your surroundings.

I wish you could see these rainy-day clothes in color. The red coat, most suitable for young women, flashes like a scarlet tanager through the rain-drops. The tailored coat, with the long zip fastening, prevents that wet triangle of skirt in the front; there is nothing which may flap open and form a leak in a downpour.

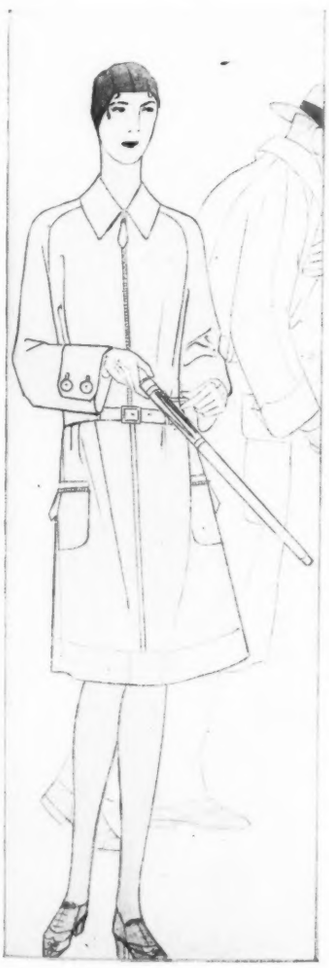
The lady in the silver gray golf coat defies the Scotchest of weather. She is conscious that her temper will be unruffled by rain-drops trickling

This rubberized case, imported by Abercrombie and Fitch, is made to fit over your purse. It matches the golf coat pictured below. The "Oyster Watch" is guaranteed to defy the elements. Made of untarnishable chromium, it is waterproof and dustproof. Abercombie and Fitch. Saks-Fifth Avenue makes a smart umbrella with a zipper case in colors matching the zipper raincoat. A good rainy day pump from Vida Moore is made in brown Teglov calf with all leather heel and trimmed with perforations. For the wet day in the country Vida Moore makes a heelless calf shoe with crêpe soles

For the sportswoman who cannot be deterred by the weather, here is an extremely good raincoat for the golf course. Of pale gray silk lined with blue rubber, it is light and will not hamper the swing of the arms. Abercrombie and Fitch.



Very British looking is this imported raincoat of rubberized linen from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Every opening is made waterproof with zippers, even the patch pockets. Raglan shoulders and close fitting neck give a trim tailored look.



Red is used for the buttons, trimming and lining of a tan rubberized India cotton raincoat from Altman. The set-in sleeves, standing collar and wide buckled belt are all youthful details. The use of bright colors for rainy day clothes gives them new interest.

up her forearm as she swings a lusty drive, for the close-fitting elastic at the cuff will protect her. Her morale is perfect as she sets out for the links. The dark blue waterproof lining of the coat will, she knows, keep her warm and comfy till the eighteenth hole is played.

The other clothes are all suitable for wet days, especially when smart shoes are worn with them. Vida Moore specializes in heavy, yet attractive footwear for either sport or street wear.

A wet umbrella is a veritable nuisance in a town car, or has been until the practical contrivance drawn opposite was invented. Now its wet folds no longer menace your knees, if it is safely placed in the rack specially made for it. The other umbrellas are very swagger in their un-umbrella-ish-ness. Malacca has an eternal chic; witness the continued use of it for canes by well-dressed men, and the idea of turning an umbrella into a stubby, smooth-surfaced malacca swaggar stick is a clever one.

Lipstick, change purse, compact, comb, and all those scraps of paper with precious notes on them found in every woman's bag—all the cherished collection may remain intact in your best antelope envelope, if you will just slip the waterproof case, drawn above, over it on rainy days. The suède will be protected from raindrops, and you will not have had the annoyance of shifting all your pet furnishings from bag to bag.

Pigskin gloves are not nearly as inclined to become soggy as suède ones, and they are now made in slip-ons, which look extremely well with tweed clothes.

The wrist watch shown above can stand any amount of wet weather; you may even immerse it, if you will, and it will still tick on.

There is pleasure to be had from a quick walk on a wet day, if you are dressed for it.

This Glenconner sports outfit from Best typifies the tendency toward light-weight woolens. Of five-ounce tweed in mustard color, it is complemented by a jumper of grège wool lace trimmed with bands of the yellow tweed forming a vest.

Very useful is this ensemble in four pieces, a copy of Chanel, comprising skirt, cardigan, long coat of black and white mixed tweed, and white shantung blouse. The coat has shoulder yoke and scarf collar. From Lord and Taylor.

A Chanel ensemble of light weight tweed in beige and brown mixture, with flattering collar of natural lynx, the soft white edge framing the face. A blouse of yellow angora has a brown monogram and a band of inlaid pin tucks at the hips. From Bonwit Teller.

IN THE SPRING THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Vionnet combines a coat of tan and brown tweed with a frock of banana colored jersey and establishes a relationship between the two by using the same banana crêpe for the coat lining and incrustations on the dress. Bergdorf Goodman.

This unusual tweed suit is designed by Hawes-Harden. The collarless coat has a deep shoulder yoke, closing with one button. The blouse of bright red wool crêpe, cut like a waistcoat, is edged with red and white striped cravat silk.

Bruck Weiss imports from Molyneux an ensemble of soft woolen material, taupe in color, with basket weave. The single-breasted finger-length coat, slightly pinched-in at the waist, is cut with a simulated vest. The natural colored jumper has woven gold polka-dots.

LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF TWEED

COATS STRESS A TRAILING LINE

Black lace fashions a charmingly feminine frock from Kurzman, the flounced skirt just escaping the floor, the deep circular cape almost covering the arms. At the left hip a huge red rose gives a touch of color.

An important evening ensemble in a blue imported chiffon print from Jay Thorpe. The skirt and long coat both trail a bit on the ground. The coat has scalloped edges, wide bell sleeves and a scarf collar.

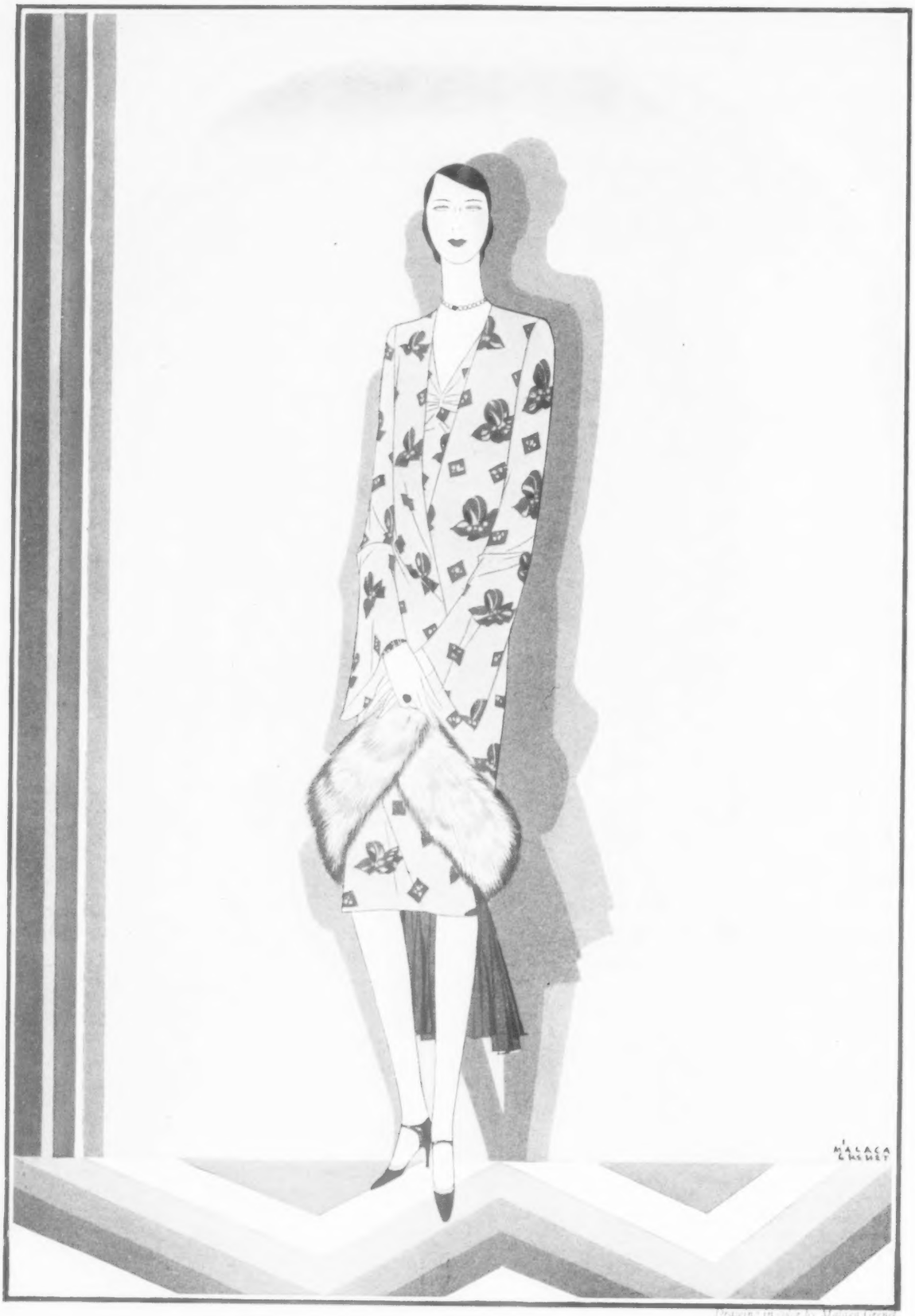
Bonwit Teller imports a black velvet evening coat collared in ermine from Lelong, with two long, loose panels posed at the back, hanging straight from the shoulders in points below the hem-line of the coat.

SKIRTS ASSERT THEIR FREEDOM

A new departure in evening gowns, well adapted to restaurant dining, with deep décolleté and long sleeves. This black lace frock from Bergdorf Goodman is an exquisite example of a useful type of evening frock.

For the woman who loves a short, straight skirt, there is this evening ensemble from Molyneux, of Pompeian red crêpe Elizabeth imported by Thurn, with low-necked, sleeveless frock, plaited skirt and loose coatee.

The smartest women will wear this delightful black chiffon evening gown from Frances Clyne, the beauty of which lies in its simplicity of line. A pointed yoke of flesh chiffon surmounts the trailing black panels.



Drawing in ink by Malaca Grest

CHIFFON, LAME, AND FOX FUR

FROM HATTIE CARNEGIE

Drawing in color by Madam Grès

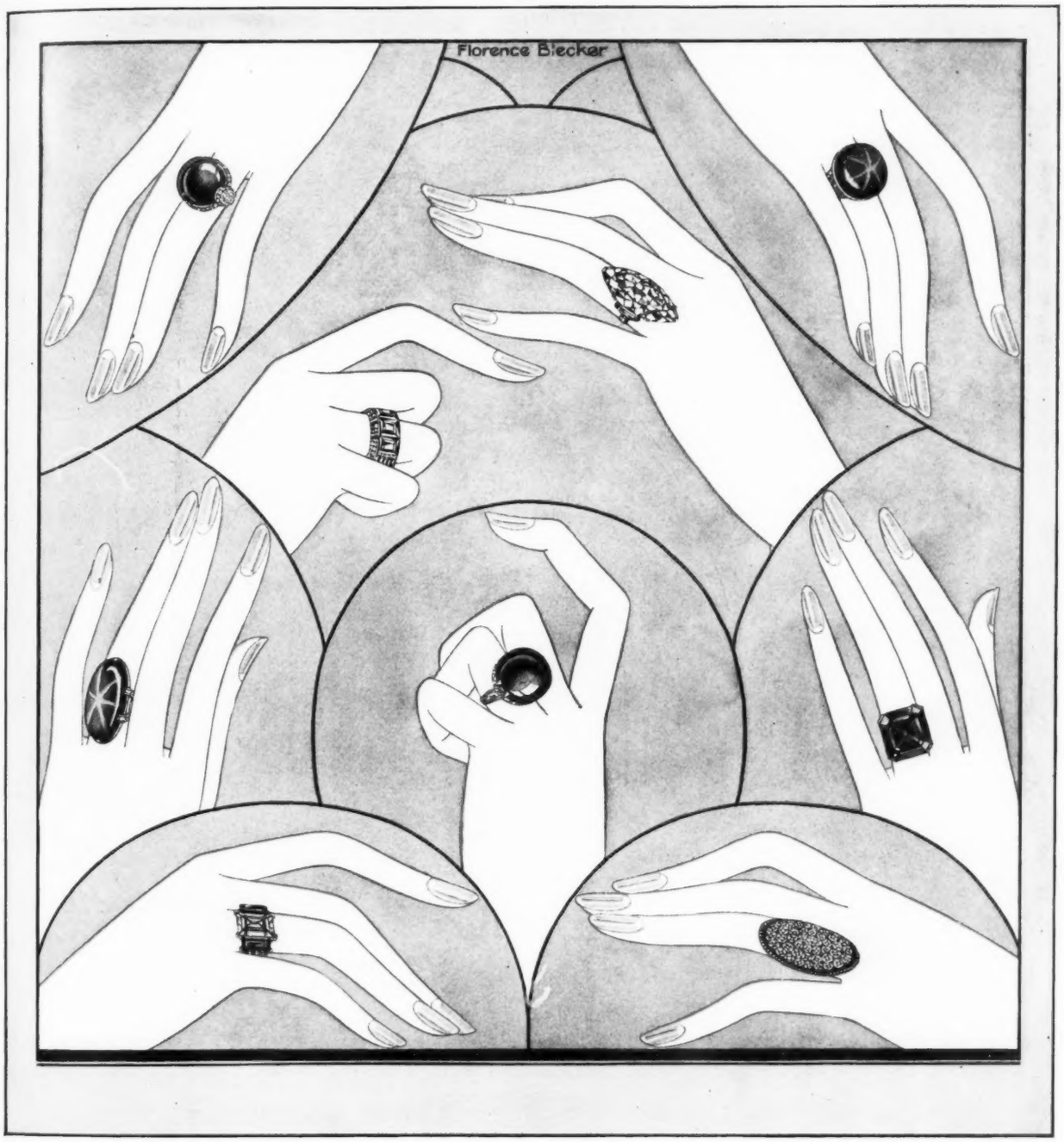
CHANEL'S SATIN AND TULLE

FROM HERMAN PATRICK CAPPÉ

SHADOWED EYES ARE UNFORGETTABLE

SO LET A CURVE FRAME YOUR FACE

A hat of plain black baku from Réboux, its edge of braided black velvet, dips deeply at one side. The lace frock may be had in either black or beige. Madame Lanvin has cut it extremely décolletée and matched it with a jacket. Both hat and frock from Saks-Fifth Avenue.



THE LARGE SINGLE RING

SO DEAR TO WOMAN'S HEART

A single glowing ruby mounted with tiny diamonds and baguettes. Black, Starr and Frost.

Oval in shape this exquisite star sapphire from Dreicer has a mounting of diamonds.

Two profoundly blue sapphires flank a single diamond, square cut and smart. Kirkpatrick.

High set with intricate diamond workmanship, Mauboussin offers three square diamonds.

A huge diamond, beautifully set and cut, is an unsurpassed ornament to the hand. Mauboussin.

The mystery of a black pearl, diamond set, is in this single entrancing ring. Marcus.

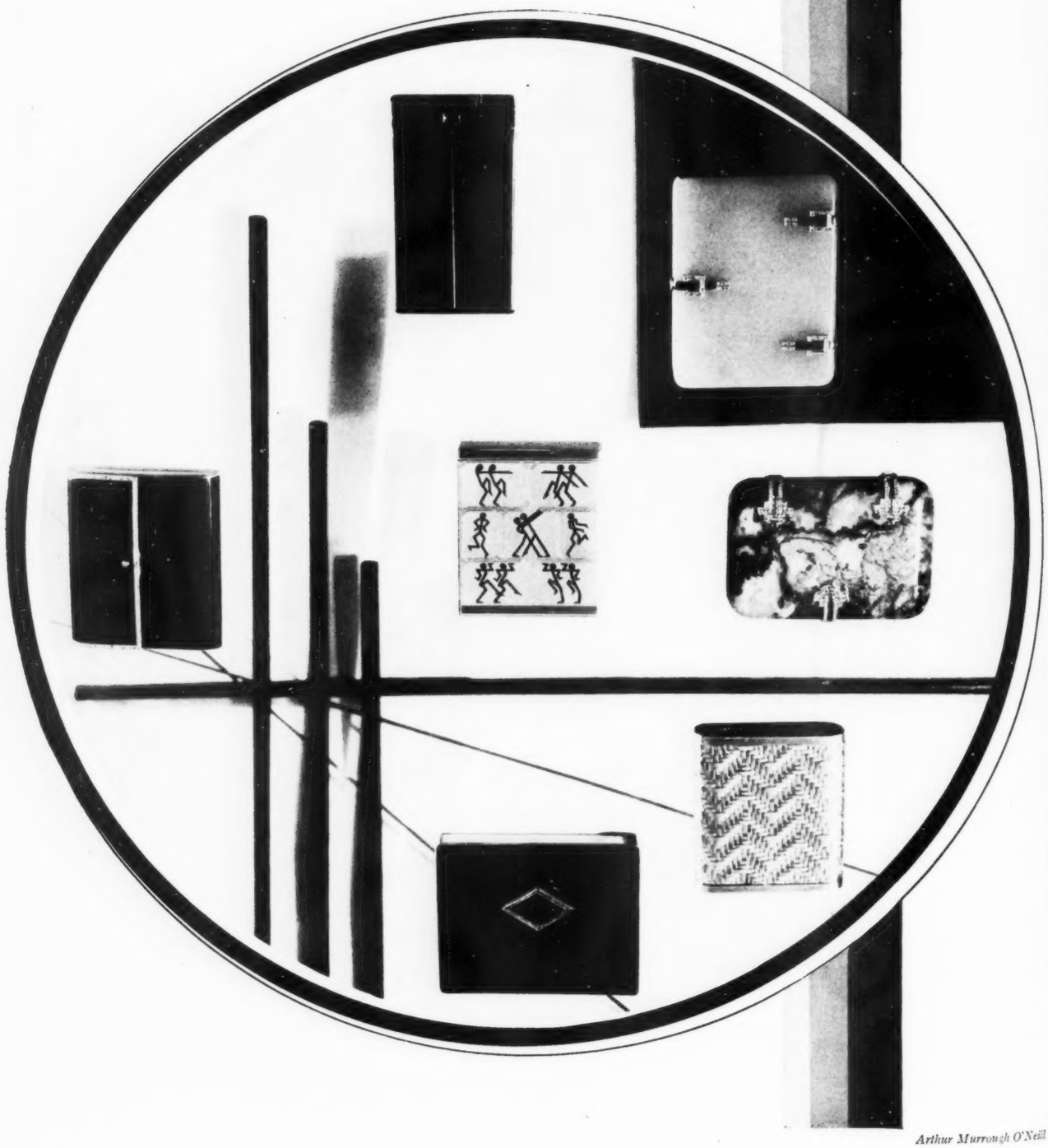
From Brand-Chatillon comes a star sapphire round in shape, and set with tiny diamonds.

For the woman who loves emeralds against her white hand, this one from Udall and Ballou.

Ancient chrysolite, mined in Peru and set in gold, forms this fascinating ring. Mrs. Bruce.

FOR THE SOPHISTICATED SMOKER

Colorful, compact and chic is this purplish-blue enamel cigarette-case with black enamel top and sapphire clasp. It has the added attraction of containing a tiny mirror and comb. From Charlton. A most distinguished case, very light in weight, is made by Black, Starr and Frost, in amber, with hinges and clasp of blue enamel and rose diamonds. From T. Kirkpatrick comes this unusual black enamel case, stunning in its simplicity, envelope shaped with a border and clasp of marcasite. Fantastic little dancers in black enamel express youth, joy and jazz in a most enchanting manner on a gold case from Brand Chatillon. Ravishing in its subtle coloring and gorgeous in its use of materials is this grayish-blue moss agate case with clasp and hinges of rubies and rose diamonds, from Mauboussin. A smart little case is made by Marcus in red, yellow and green gold woven into a zigzag design. Paul Flato makes a charming and delightfully ingenious case in black enamel which is just as attractive when opened as closed, the diamond shaped ornament of jade-green enamel and marcasite being attached to the lower half of the case.



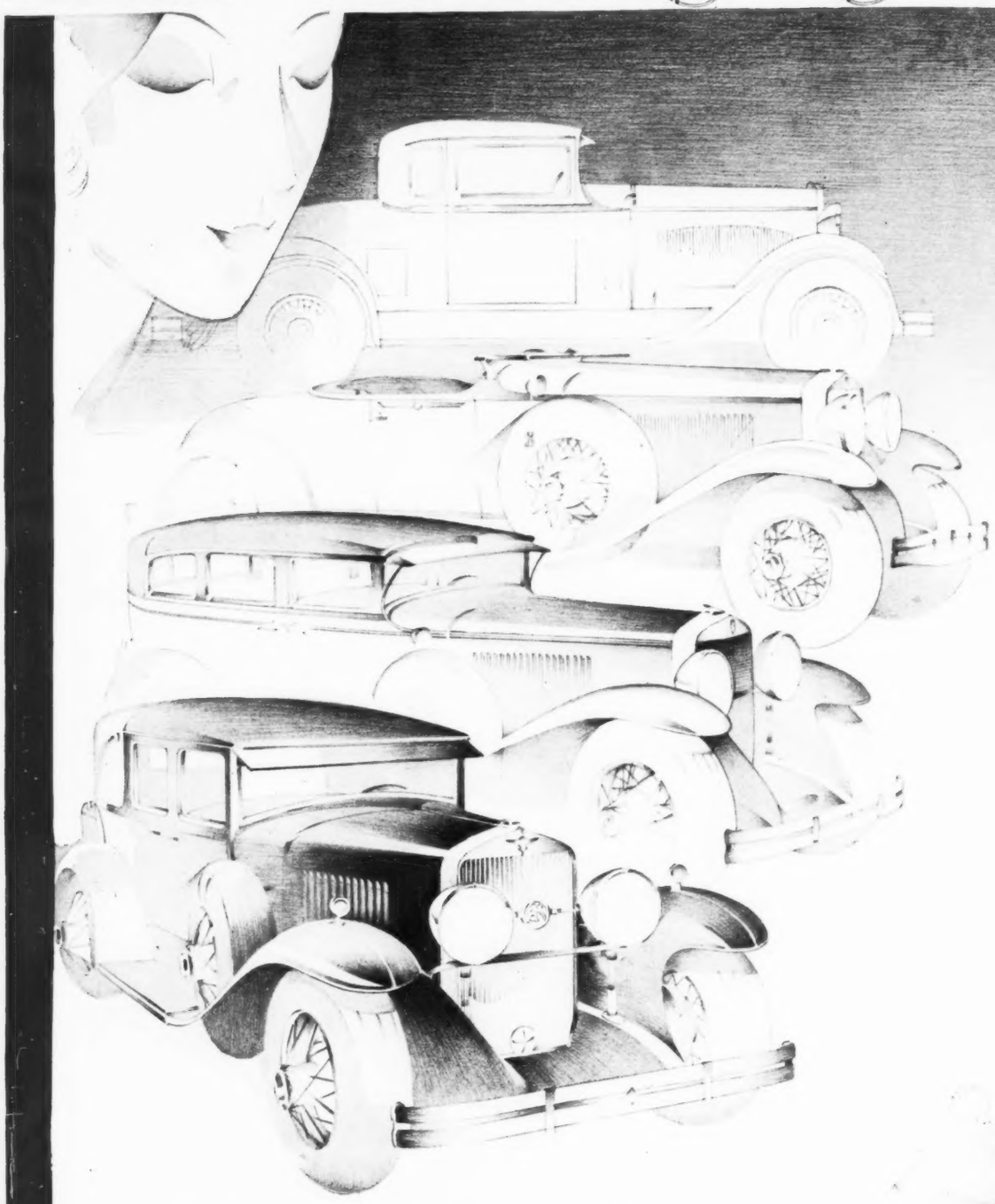
Arthur Murrough O'Neill

NEW AND DECORATIVE

Charlton makes a decorative powder-box in white enamel with a deep sapphire in the center surrounded by jade. A tiny gold box bordered with black enamel and having a huge onyx ring for a handle is a distinctly unique container for powder. From Paul Flato. Just below this is an excellent little compact for the evening bag, made by Black, Starr and Frost, with a delicate flower design in gold on green enamel and a clasp of rose diamonds. In the center is a smart and practical case containing a tiny perfume phial, as well as powder and lipstick. It is black and green enamel with a rectangular ornament of marcasite. From Lebolt. A feathery design of Chinese character is exquisitely wrought in blue and green enamel on a thin square gold powder case, from Mauboussin. A good-looking compact with lipstick attached is made by Udall and Ballou with a center décor of jade surrounded by marcasite. From Brand Chatillon comes a chic little black enamel compact with green enamel corners and an ornament of marcasite. C. W. Schumann makes a handsome and very complete vanity-case in mottled blue enamel.

Drix Duryea

NEW SPRING CARS



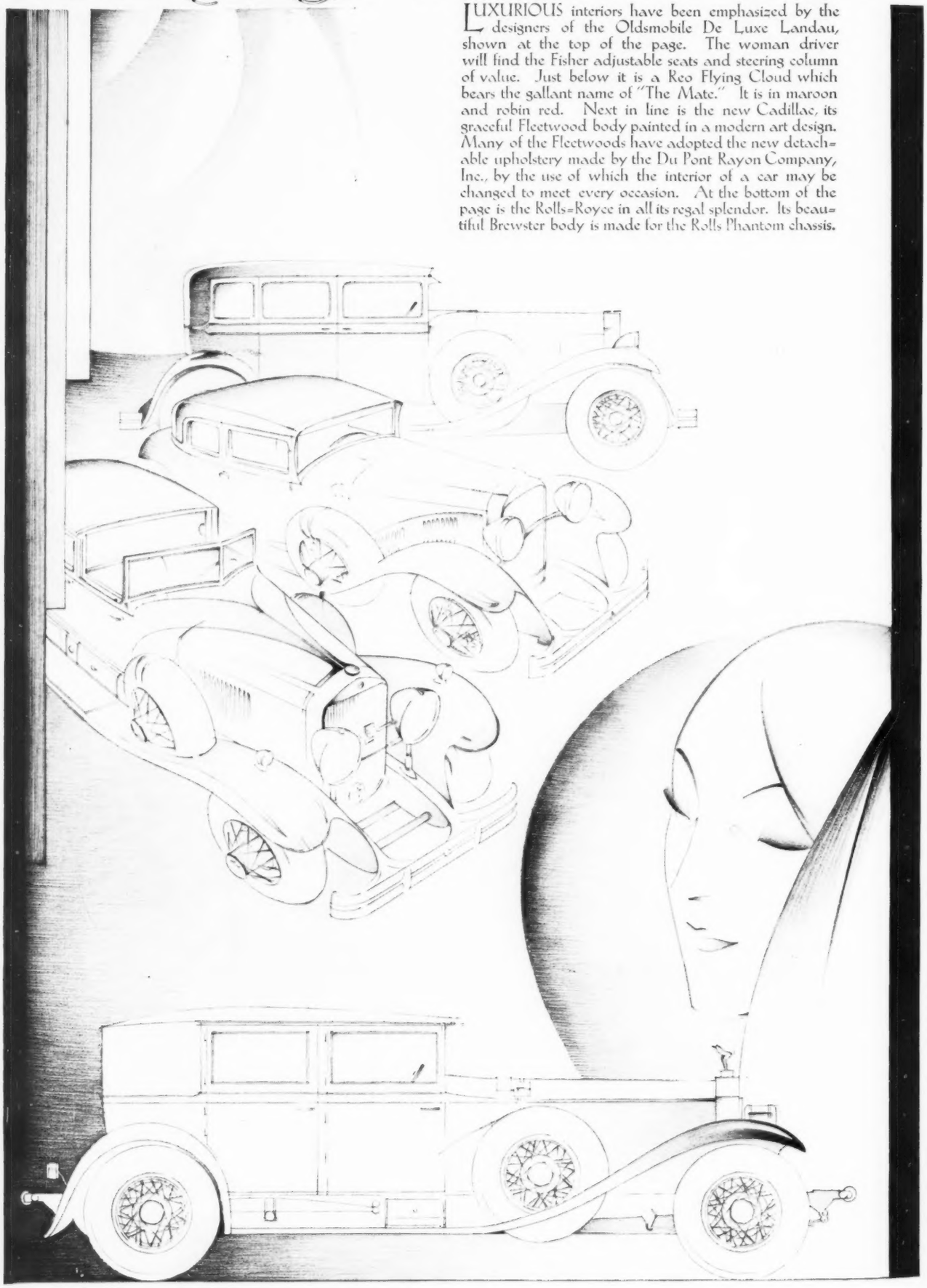
THE New Six Dodge coupe has low, sweeping, graceful lines, as one may see by looking at the top car on this page. These lines are further accentuated by the original body striping, the slender radiator profile and the Mono-piece body construction. The present-day love of out-of-doors activities is typified by the two-passenger Hupmobile sport-ster shown just below the Dodge. The top is removable and the wind-shield folds forward, giving the entire ensemble an impression of swift action. The Graham-Paige five-passenger two-door sedan, next in line, is an excellent car for all-around use. Its four speed transmission is an interesting point, giving an increased pulling power and acceleration ordinarily obtained in second gear but with the silence and smoothness of high gear. Below it is the collapsible cabriolet built by Fisher, which is one of the best additions to the La Salle line. It is built on ultra smart Continental lines and should prove a widely practical car.

TEMPT ENTHUSIASTS

THE long, distinctive lines of the Duesenberg lead off this page. Extremely modern in appearance, with fenders, headlights, bumpers and radiator of original design, the Duesenberg has retained all its dignified conservatism. Below it is the Lincoln-Aero with its striking custom body, by Le Baron. Both the front and rear seats follow the lines of the latest type of aeroplane cockpits, while the entire car typifies the modern sportsman who is inclined to be "air-minded." Next is the Studebaker, the new Commander Regal roadster for four, which combines thrilling performance with superlative smartness. Its trim appearance is emphasized by its genuine leather upholstery. The last car on the page is a wonderfully smart little Dupont sportster, which is capable of 120 miles an hour. This model is designed entirely for speed, and follows the trend of European countries of building stock cars for sportsmen and amateur racing drivers. The color is optional, but in a car of this type vivid shades are often excellent.

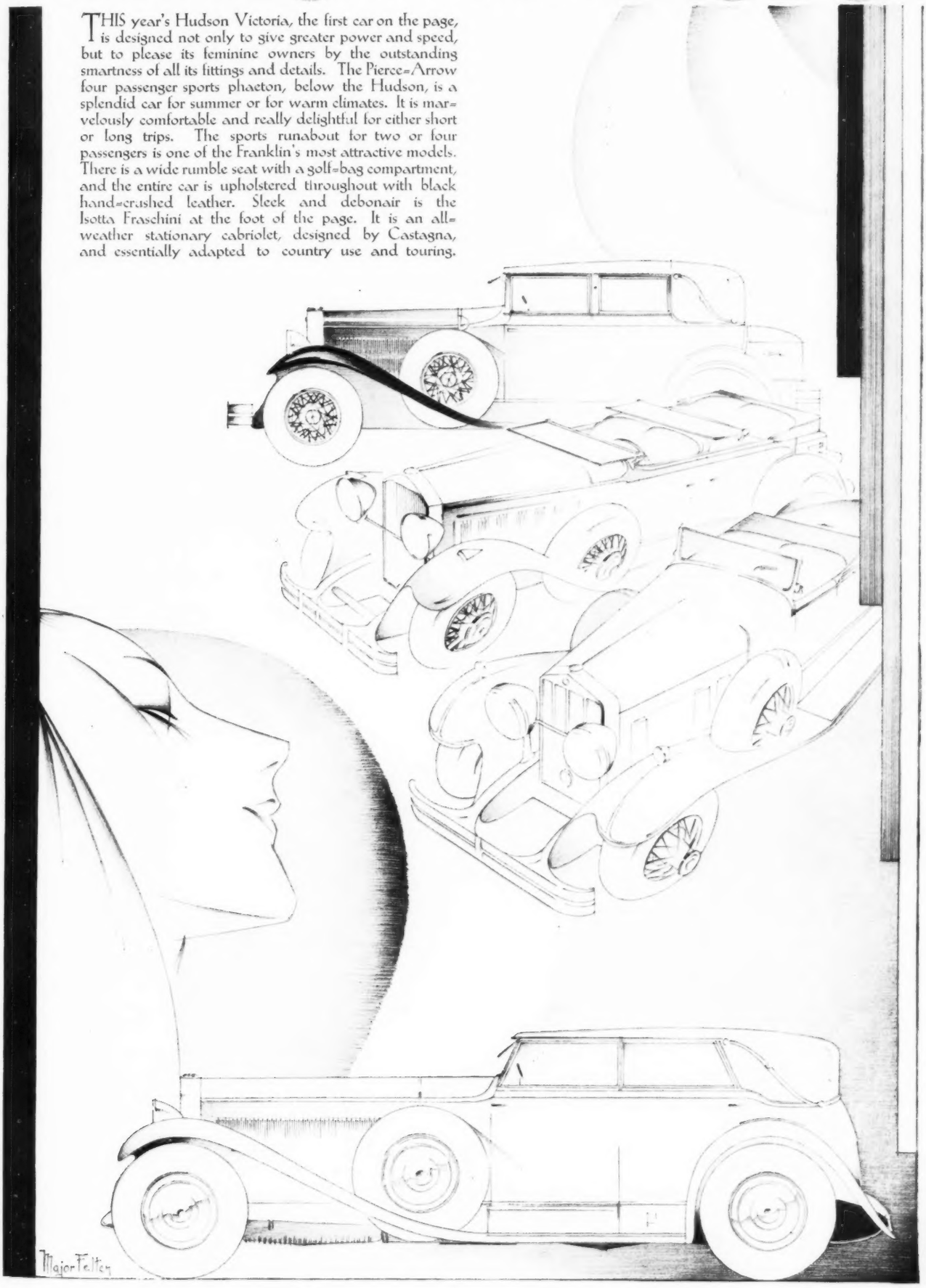
PERFECTION of STREAMLINE

LUXURIOUS interiors have been emphasized by the designers of the Oldsmobile De Luxe Landau, shown at the top of the page. The woman driver will find the Fisher adjustable seats and steering column of value. Just below it is a Reo Flying Cloud which bears the gallant name of "The Mate." It is in maroon and robin red. Next in line is the new Cadillac, its graceful Fleetwood body painted in a modern art design. Many of the Fleetwoods have adopted the new detachable upholstery made by the Du Pont Rayon Company, Inc., by the use of which the interior of a car may be changed to meet every occasion. At the bottom of the page is the Rolls-Royce in all its regal splendor. Its beautiful Brewster body is made for the Rolls Phantom chassis.



LUXURIOUS DISTINCTION

THIS year's Hudson Victoria, the first car on the page, is designed not only to give greater power and speed, but to please its feminine owners by the outstanding smartness of all its fittings and details. The Pierce-Arrow four passenger sports phaeton, below the Hudson, is a splendid car for summer or for warm climates. It is marvelously comfortable and really delightful for either short or long trips. The sports runabout for two or four passengers is one of the Franklin's most attractive models. There is a wide rumble seat with a golf-bag compartment, and the entire car is upholstered throughout with black hand-crushed leather. Sleek and debonair is the Isotta Fraschini at the foot of the page. It is an all-weather stationary cabriolet, designed by Castagna, and essentially adapted to country use and touring.



A Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:

" 'Where were the Señor's friends at the moment of the earthquake?' the soldier asked."

HIGH WALLS

Continuing the Brave Struggle of a Girl who Reached out and Took her Happiness.

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

A Résumé of the Preceding Parts: MRS. CASS-EVANS and her daughter, Greta, wandered from one European cure to another, living in depressingly respectable hotels out of season and rarely ever returning to America. Greta was a combination nurse and companion, and never had the opportunity to go about with people her own age.

Then Mrs. Cass-Evans decided to sail for America, and after several months in New York she arranged a tour of the West Indies. In the hope of furthering the suit of Charles Winbridge, a smug young man of the world whom she favored for Greta's hand, she invited Charles and May Tenby, Greta's cousin, to accompany them. Greta, in desperation, prevailed upon Alexander Todd, a bachelor friend of fifty-four, to come along.

At Panama City, Greta, May, Alexander and Charles went ashore for dinner in a notorious place called "Spotted Mike's." At the next table were two half-drunken natives who fixed their eyes on Greta's blonde beauty and finally one of them asked her to dance. Immediately a tall, dark man, who had been watching from a nearby table, came over and urged them to leave before there was trouble.

The next afternoon, as they were lazily stretched out in deck chairs, their acquaintance of the night before suddenly appeared and bowed before them. The tropic sun shone down upon his massive shoulders, bronzed handsome features and unexpectedly soft, compassionate gray eyes. He presented himself to Mrs. Cass-Evans as Ramon O'Reilly, American Vice-Consul of Natividad, the next port of call. For fifteen years he had lived there, trying to better the unhappy condition of the natives and keep them from actual starvation.

Greta was strangely stirred by the stranger, and from then on manifested a new indepen-

dence. She was rarely with her party, but spent long hours up on the after-deck amid the lifeboats in earnest conversation with Ramon O'Reilly.

It was Charles who proposed the excursion which ended in disaster. Over the luncheon table at Natividad's only hotel he explained that the Monastery of Santa Cruz was worth investigating. All that morning Greta had remained silent. Her farewell to Ramon had been hurried and inadequate, yet, fatalistically, they both believed they would meet again. Now at last in the patio of the hotel after luncheon she showed signs of gaiety and urged her mother to explore the country. In a few moments they were off, rumbling along the blinding white road in a paintless vehicle manned by a sullen half-caste.

On the way back to Natividad the accident happened which hopelessly crippled the car and left them stranded with only thirty-five minutes to sailing time. Mrs. Cass-Evans was furious. The others discussed agitatedly what to do, with the exception of Greta who, when she learned there was not another boat for two weeks, fixed her eyes on the distant church towers of Natividad, the home of Ramon O'Reilly.

They came creaking into town at sundown in an old wagon drawn by mules, and Greta found awaiting her at the hotel a card from O'Reilly saying he was sorry to hear of their misfortune and would be happy to help them in any way.

Later they sat about in the soft blue twilight of the patio. A great stillness had crept over Natividad at the day's end—New York, their friends, their former modes of existence, were all at once unutterably far away; no more than memories of some earlier incarnation . . .

PART FOUR:

THEY had been at Natividad six days when Ramon O'Reilly's invitation to dinner arrived. Hot, monotonous days, one exactly like another. They had passed most of the time indoors, or in the patio. And how weary they had become of the blue walls, the tiles, the trickling fountain; the palms, and everything that these symbolized. Even the bells in the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Indies had lost their glamourous music; had become monotonous like all other chimes often heard. No longer were the rice-powdered señoritas who passed by in the streets a symbol of exotic, Southern romance, but merely the solid, middle-class daughters of an alien race. Even the azure of the bedroom walls had become sickening . . .

On the morning of the fifth day Charles Winbridge failed to appear, and May—who had visited his room—announced that he was the victim of violent tropical pains and other unromantic symptoms. Through Pasqual, the proprietor, a doctor was sent for, and to Alexander's surprise, a wiry Scot appeared, McClintock by name, with a peaked and freckled face, a sandy mustache, and dim blue eyes behind thick-lensed spectacles. He was quiet and efficient. He lacked the bedside attitude. "Courage, man, courage," he said to Charles while taking his pulse. "Oh, ay, it's the usual fever of these parts . . ." Charles, ghastly and perspiring, only groaned. Later, down in the patio, McClintock said: "He babbled of a woman. He's in love?" That, Alexander told him, was true. He nodded thrice, sagely. "Oh, ay. But she isn't here?"

"She is," Alexander said. The doctor looked at him sharply. "The big, fair gir-r-l I've seen? But surely—" He stopped himself, as if recalling the conventions; and yet the implication was as clear to Alexander as if he'd spoken. But surely, she's not in love with him . . . With a little shrug of his shoulders he snapped the covers of his black bag together and departed.

On the following morning Charles' fever had diminished. At nine o'clock, while the others were at breakfast in the dining-room, Pasqual appeared with a letter for Greta, causing a minor sensation; and as she opened the envelope Alexander saw Mrs. Cass-Evans watching her like a cat about to spring . . . Greta read the note swiftly, and passed it on to her mother. And turning to May she said:

"Ramon O'Reilly has asked us all to dine at the American Consulate to-morrow night."

The effect of that announcement upon them was like an explosion. They had passed five forlorn days, cooped up in that hotel. They had wandered for five torrid afternoons through those deserted, sleeping streets; they had not, beyond their own immediate party, spoken to a living soul except the proprietor of the hotel and the servants. They were all tremendously and childishly excited. A dinner in the American Consulate! An event of the greatest importance. The social instinct had been kindled by monotony. But Mrs. Cass-Evans shook her head as she handed back the letter to Greta.

"I couldn't think of going," she said. "In the first place I have nothing to wear."

"But he says to come as we are," Greta pointed out. "Which was very thoughtful of him, wasn't it?"

She turned to May, as if to obtain support.

"I think it would do us all good," Alexander suggested calmly. "We need a change."

"Second the motion!" May cried.

Mrs. Cass-Evans said to Alexander, in her most regal manner: "You are, of course, at perfect liberty to accept. I speak only for myself and Greta—"

"Not for me, Mother. I'm going."

It was a thunderbolt. There was a queer little moment of dead silence. Alexander looked at Greta. She must have been aware that she had done something (*Continued on page 162*)

"In front of the débris of the hotel, it occurred to Greta with a dreadful suddenness, that there was no use trying to reach the patio. She was alone. In a single, catastrophic moment the little world in which she lived had been forever swept away from her."

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Lanvin

Heavy white georgette, beige fox, worn by Jane Renouardt

Vionnet

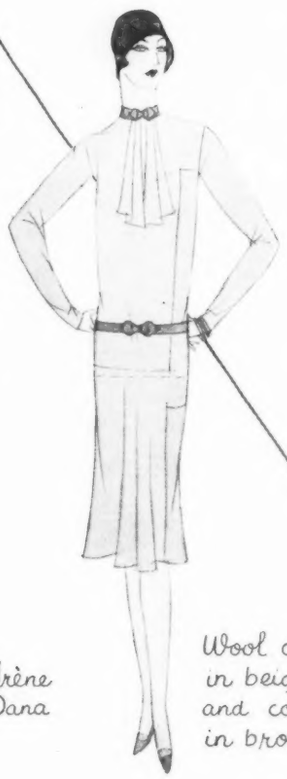
Cécile Sorel wears this frock of putty crêpe satin

Bruyère

Sweater of wool jersey striped in black on red with yellow dots. Plain red jersey skirt

Madame Wormser made this black ciré lace frock for Comtesse de Coudekerque

Chéruit



Irène Dana

Wool ottoman frock in beige with belt and collar buckle in brown leather

Lanvin
Jane Renouardt wears this white chiffon frock, with immense pale pink, green and white bow
Chéruit
Madame Wormser also made this gown in stiffened velvet for Madame de Coudekerque
Vionnet
Banana georgette with rose lamé cape made for Cécile Sorel
Lanvin
Jane Renouardt also wears this gown of white, with three gold necklaces.
Bruyère
Dark bright blue faille, embroidered bolero revers in spangles, strass and coral beads.
Irène Dana
Nile green Lyons velvet with odd one-sided peplum

By Claude Anet:

WHY DO LOVERS QUARREL?

A Distinguished and Witty Frenchman Tells Us Why

Illustrated by H. Tempest Graves

EVERYBODY pretends to know what love is; everybody believes himself a competent judge on the question; everybody thinks that he is able to love, to make his or her partner happy and to be loved in return.

This is an astonishing presumption. But the facts, the cold facts give a rude denial to the immense majority of these people who have overconfidence in their powers.

And how could they know something about love? How do they prepare themselves to love?

As a matter of fact we learn everything, except that. Experienced trainers undertake to form the bodies of our young people. We are taught how to run, how to swim, how to breathe. We are taught to exercise our mind, to develop our memory, to correct our mistakes of judgment. We are taught finally how to act, how to behave in every circumstance of life. But of love, nothing is said; we are left to nature.

We say: love is an instinct. This is so, perhaps, in the lower grades of animal life; but with man, who has tremendously developed his intelligence and sensibility, love has become something marvelous, which is probably the source of all human progress, or all civilization. A beautiful voice is also a gift, but if you do not cultivate it by hard and patient labor, if you do not place yourself under the direction of an experienced teacher, your beautiful voice remains something incomplete which gives neither you, nor others, any real pleasure.

What does nature do for us in this respect?

Very little, if we look at the unsatisfactory results among many people of good will who have expected to find a lasting happiness in love. The obstacles on the road are great. Man is awkward; woman is exacting. Both approach love not only ignorant, but with wrong ideas on the real and secret nature of love.

Love seems very easy: hands seeking hands, lips seeking lips; an exchange of glances, feelings and desires which cannot express themselves and which turn into sighs; everybody knows these symptoms. But few there are who know that love is, first and foremost, a fight.

A GREAT French poet, A. de Vigny, saw it and wrote these beautiful verses in *la Colere de Samson:*

> "When man is tired of fighting against man and nature,—he wants a breast on which to rest;—but then begins another fight, secret, treacherous, dastardly;—on his heart, under his arm this one is fought, —and more or less woman is always Delilah."

It is not true that woman is Delilah; woman is not a traitress; but woman fights—always.

And her antagonist is her lover. Both wish to dominate; and the nearer the lovers approach the perfect type of man and woman, the more violent is the struggle.

The idealist is obliged to fight, also the materialist. An angel fights angelically, and I would like to describe some day in a novel a pure and tender heart torn and bruised in this terrible struggle. It would be a beautiful, but difficult, subject.

In most sports, the battle may be without result. Two horses can reach the post together; a prize-fight may be a draw. In love it is not so: there must be a vanquished and a victor. In the case of insects, the struggle has often a tragic ending; when the male has fulfilled his function, he is simply killed by the female. There is an insect, the praying mantes, which goes as far as eating her lover. In fact, it seems that, with insects, the stronger sex is the female.

In the human race, things are different, happily for us men. In the eternal fight, we have at least one advantage, a solid one—we have the stronger fists. It is true that, in the course of centuries, we have almost forgotten to use them in domestic affairs. It is not the least triumph of sly woman to have convinced us that it is shameful to beat her and that a gentleman in the most violent *(Continued on page 146)*

XU

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Enjoy its tonic goodness!

In achieving that note of variety you so prize in your menus, Celery Soup is a most happy selection. For in it your sense of taste is refreshed with a delicately delicious flavor, and you receive the tonic benefit of one of nature's most healthful vegetable foods.

Let Campbell's famous French chefs blend this wholesome soup for you. They use only the finest snow-white celery, and enrich the soup also with nourishing butter. Of course the seasoning is deft—revealing the born soup-maker. A soup for the proudest table! Order from your grocer. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 17, NEW YORK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

New Silks for Spring frocks

Imported Printed Chiffons in designs and colors favored by Paris. Two-tone or multi-color effects. 40 inches wide. *$3.50* to *$9.50* a yard.

Darbrook Silk Broadcloths in a variety of stripes, checks and solid colors. Washable. 32 inches wide. *$1.95* a yard.

Printed Silks feature necktie designs, small florals and modernistic effects in bright colors or soft tones on light or dark shades. Domestic and imported. 36 and 40 inches wide. *$2.95* to *$7.50* a yard.

Liberty's Tyrian Silks have the exquisite colorings that only Liberty can produce. 32 inches wide.
Hand-blocked designs, *$4.50* a yard.
Solid colors, *$3.50* a yard.

Crepe de Chine, excellent washable quality, in white, black and forty smart shades. 39 inches wide. *$1.95* a yard.

Pongee, Rajah and Honan Pongee in natural, white and a wide variety of smart colors. 32 and 36 inches wide. *$1.50* and *$2.50* a yard.

Chinese Silk Brocade comes into fashionable favor for summer frocks. Washable. In white and the new pastels. 27 inches wide. *$2.50* a yard.

Japanese Jacquard Silk has an interesting weave that gives a welcome note of individuality to sports' dresses. Washable. 36 inches wide. *$4.95* a yard.

Write to Dept. 17 for samples

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 85)

unseen lady, a deep, throaty murmur like a 'cello. As angry a voice as Lydia had ever heard, but rather attractive in its anger, or at least compelling. There was a suggestion of tom-toms when the voice rose and fell, a touch of the jungle which seemed to laugh at the toy summer-house and the pretty view.

"Keep your pearls and get out of here," said the female voice, singing the words as if they were the chorus of a spiritual.

A bright slither swung across the hedge and dropped into the glossy green flank of leaves. Two seconds later a young man, very hot, very angry, almost stung to tears and swallowing hard in a too-tightly pinned striped collar, tumbled down the steps and scrabbled a moment in the gravel.

Lydia shrank into her corner. He rose empty-handed, dusting gray flannel knees, and hurried up the garden paths toward the hotel.

Silence fell again over the pleasance of the former marine residence.

There was a ghost of a rustle and Lydia looked cautiously around her corner.

Standing in a dazzle of full sunlight was the whitest young woman she had ever seen. The girl blazed. Her skin, which had the thick, mat white of a gardenia, though heavily powdered, shone through the make-up like a pearl. It looked luminous. Under a close white felt helmet, her hair showed in two white-gold wedges. Her plain, white plaited frock fluttered, outlining a short figure too broad across the shoulders for beauty.

This white-hot creature seemed to have nothing better to do than glare toward the hotel and eat up the inside of her mouth with strong little jaws which twisted the drooping scarlet heart painted on the outside till it looked like a tortured valentine.

She fell on her knees and took to searching the ground beneath the hedge.

"Over to the left. They caught in one of the branches," said Lydia, nor could she have not spoken.

A pair of purple eyes, as preposterous as a cinema poster, turned on her. The broad, white jaws relaxed their clamp on the inside of the painted mouth and she smiled. Lydia smiled back. They were united, this extraordinary creature and herself, by a common scorn of the over-heated young man in the too-tightly pinned collar. They looked each other over tranquilly, as if this encounter was normal. The young woman seemed to have forgotten her search.

"Did you hear all that?"

Lydia nodded.

"The pearls should be somewhere near that dead branch—yes, there," she suggested.

Both of them went over and examined the clipped wall of thick green leaves. Suddenly Lydia plunged her arm into it.

"There you are," she said, and there, indeed, they were, smooth, pinky-white, shining as nothing but real pearls can shine, glimmering in a soft heap in Lydia's slim palm.

The young woman thrust out a stubby-fingered hand, stained with nicotine. Lydia noticed its disparity with the small, high-instepped feet in short-vamped, pouting white slippers.

"Come on, let's get a cocktail," said the present owner of the pearls after fastening them about her round throat, "let's celebrate."

And walking up the garden with this curious melodramatic visitor from another world, Lydia felt the ache for escape relax in her breast and somehow knew that this chance encounter would help her fight her way into that intolerably messy turmoil which she thought of vaguely as Life.

CAMELLIA TARLETON and two Martinis amused Grandpapa. Lydia had half known that they would. He awaited them on the veranda, looking as conceited as the ex-Kaiser and as clever as only a great, a very great jeweler who has known courts and rulers can look. He had fingered the snowy white beard which was one of his first interests in life, crinkled up his clever blue eyes, and had relaxed into a garden chair, pushing his black caped coat off his Second Empire shoulders, before Lydia had half finished her rather breathless introductions. Andrew Stephanyi, however, waved them aside. He was going to be charming.

"Your portraits cannot explain you, Miss Tarleton. Excepting Antoinette Van Hinden, I have never seen such a skin, unless perhaps on the Romanoff pearls which the Cartier brothers bought while I was making up my slow American mind." Lydia snorted almost audibly. "Slow American mind," indeed; the old melting pot of three civilizations, needle-sharp with the observations of three-quarters of a century! "You will forgive a stupid old man these personal remarks." Yeah, stupid like a fox. Well, if it amused him, the sudden descent of Camellia was a blessing.

Camellia Tarleton was staring at Lydia's grandfather with undisguised pleasure.

"Did you see me in 'The Stormy Heart,' Mr. Stef'ny?" she asked. Her voice was the sound of a bumblebee, sticky with honey, buzzing around a tuberose.

"My child, I have never had the pleasure of seeing you in anything but this garden."

"I was rather good, as a matter of fact, in 'The Stormy Heart.' Even Hannen Swaffer said so."

Camellia's large amethyst eyes grew soft at the thought of her own acting.

"You come up to town and I'll give you the royal box for my next show. We're opening at the Comedy next week."

MR. STEPHANYI nodded gently and rang for a second round of cocktails. Yes, he must be amused, because cocktails were usually designated by him as "filthy concoctions."

"I'm seldom in London now," he answered, "though at one time, when I was a young man and the firm's most youthful member, I lived there and went to the play a good deal. Irving and Terry, and then my own contemporaries, George Alexander, Wyndham, and our delightfully bombastic Tree. Yes."

Camellia plunged a hypodermic needle of violent modernity into his gentle recollections.

"When I was starting over here, playing the *ingénue* lead in 'Back-stage,' Sir George used to talk to me about people like that. Did you see any pictures of me in 'Back-stage'?"

Mr. Stephanyi had not. Camellia took a few bites out of the inside of the tortured valentine and gazed in frank astonishment at the person who had never seen even a photograph of her in "Back-stage."

"I did," Lydia interjected, "in fact it was the last time I was in town. My aunt took me to a matinée. You had a black wig, so I guess that's why I didn't know you at once this morning. It was a swell show."

"Not 'swell,' Lydy, please," murmured her grandfather, but was disregarded. To Camellia, Lydia suddenly existed. She smiled at her.

"Well, I was only a kid, it wasn't bad." Then, struck by a shocking thought, she cried:

"That was almost two years ago." The two girls were agreed in thinking this period little short of an eon. "Do you mean to say you haven't been to London since then?"

Lydia shook her head.

"Two years!" said Camellia, in a throaty whisper, and added with a sudden reversion to the *ingénue* in a Maugham comedy, "Fancy! Not really?"

"I played in Cambridge a couple of weeks when the boys put on 'Winter's Tale'—Perdita. Then my aunt Alexandra took me to Salzburg, but Reinhardt didn't find me a tasty piece at all. She also had me teaching for a few months at her school in Fontainebleau, but, Lord, the kids there knew more about dancing than I did."

Camellia hardly heard her.

(Continued on page 133)

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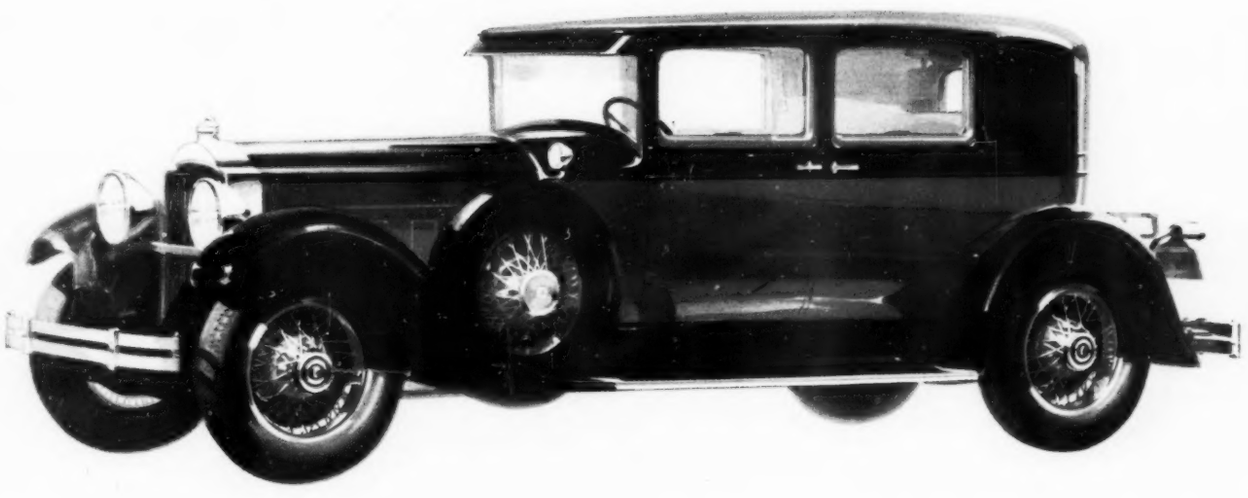

A Letter to McClelland Barclay

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS INC.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Humming Bird
FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Dec. 18, 1928

Mr. McClelland Barclay,
New York City

Dear Mr. Barclay:

Under separate cover we are sending you several pairs of Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hose in colors recommended by our Paris Fashion Representative for early Spring wear. Your brush can portray these shades far more faithfully than we can describe them, and we do want the women of America to have a true picture of what Humming Birds offer them in the new imported colors.

Suit yourself in deciding which of our styles and fabrics to illustrate. We are sure you cannot overdraw the sheerness of our materials or overemphasize their natural lustre. But, Mr. Barclay, please have your very tallest model pose for you -- possibly in semi-negligee -- to show the world what "extra length" really means in silk hosiery.

Cordially yours,
DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Secretary and Treasurer

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"Service"
Silk to narrow hem

Humming Bird
FULL FASHIONED HOSIERY

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M1005

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 130*)

"You come up to Town for my opening. I'll introduce you to everyone."

Vaguely she realized that the import behind Lydia's words was the usual desire to tread the boards. These young persons who tried to succeed by the curious method of "studying" things were beyond her comprehension.

Lydia must have felt it, for she agreed hurriedly.

"It's no use studying, you must have something else."

Camellia felt that the best aids were a skin like a gardenia petal and a personality which could be turned on the audience like a white-hot acetylene torch, searing all but the most dryly cerebral.

"What about it, darling?" said Lydia, anxiously trying to penetrate behind grandfather's "charmingness" to his real opinion.

He beamed on both young women.

"I see no reason why you should not go up to London for a week. Your Aunt Elizabeth is there now, or if Elizabeth is not, Alexandra must be. Or possibly your mother."

Merciful Providence, what a chance! Anyone with the slightest brains should be able to land a job in a week. Lydia, calmly ignoring the fact that exactly the same hopes had thrilled her before the Cambridge fortnight, forgetting her pre-Salzburg dream of becoming Reinhardt's leading woman, began to weave visions of herself hand in hand with the most attractive of elderly male stars bowing to thunderous applause.

"How old are you?" Camellia asked.

"Practically twenty-one," she answered and read in Camellia's eyes a scorn, only slightly tinctured with admiration, for a member of the spectacularly famous Stephanyi family, a scorn which marked her as a hopeless stick, a young woman painfully lacking in all the Tarleton's most potent fascinations. Quite suddenly she was glad of her long legs. Camellia had moments of resembling a very pretty white bull-dog. Long legs were something to have inherited from the family. But Camellia quickly shifted from scorn to indulgent kindness.

"Come on up, honey. The first night's Monday week. You might like the dress rehearsals, too."

THEN she leaned over and shot something as palpable as a violet high-frequency current straight into Andrew Stephanyi's eyes. Lydia could see it sting him to life. She wondered why she could see this or feel the vicar's almost murderous hate of his silly wife. "Like a pig can see the wind," she thought sadly. "It doesn't do the pig any *good* to see it." Scottish ancestors, black Scottish like her tall father, had handed down to her this worthless gift of second sight. How much more useful would have been the Stephanyi brilliance, or a crackling fluid power like this over-sweet gardenia woman could exert at will.

"Look, Mr. Stef'ny, what are these pearls worth?" Camellia was saying. The tom-toms began to beat again in the husky voice. "I know it's common of me to ask you just because you're the world's greatest authority, but I've got to know."

Mr. Stephanyi, still slightly dizzy with the effects of the violet ray treatment he had so recently undergone, fumbled for his single glass. He held the small string in his long-fingered hand, while returning shrewdness again lit his clever countenance.

"You flatter me, my dear child. Let me see, an off-hand judgment given by a worn-out and discarded old creature who is no longer active in the world of precious stones"—Grandfather was warming up to the subject; he finished with a little rush of clipped decisive words—"they must have cost two thousand pounds and are worth perhaps seventeen hundred at a re-sale."

"Thank you, Mr. Stef'ny," said Camellia. Some sort of real emotion troubled her eyes.

"If by any chance you should wish to sell them. I'll give you a note to our London representative who will I think, agree with me that the sum I mentioned is entirely fair."

He took out a card and a pen. Camellia watched him anxiously. "She's only really interested in sensible, concrete things. Nice, simple, easily understood facts. Barter and sale. How I wish I could feel that way!" Lydia thought.

"Well, you'll have to come up for the show, honey." The young actress was smiling, her scarlet, heart-shaped mouth softly triumphant. "Thank you, Mr. Stef'ny, you *are* a sweet. I'll never forget it, never, my dear." Another short shot of high-frequency was turned on from the power station in her amethyst eyes. Grandfather stood it rather better this time. He rose as she got up to go, and bowed with great distinction. Entirely the county *ingenue* again, she murmured in a heavy English stage accent:

"And you promise this lamb shall come to my first night?"

Another bow from Grandpapa.

Lydia accompanied Camellia to the door of the hotel.

"How do I get off this confounded island?" she asked hoarsely.

The voice, and the strange, blazing white creature, made all the ripe red colonels leap in their places. The acrid group of decaying beldames were galvanized with horror. Lydia rejoiced inwardly and watched her leave in the hired hotel motor, with almost a feeling of fondness and certainly with regret for the departure.

Last seen, the Tarleton was seated next the chauffeur, shouting directions to him, and between injunctions busily eating up the inside of her painted mouth.

THE page, fat cherub in stained vermilion, gave her the telegram which stated that Elizabeth Arbuthnot, grandest and most worldy of the Stephanyi sisters, had a houseparty for Goodwood, and would, therefore, be unable to receive Lydia in London. This Lydia saw fit to tear up before it reached Grandfather's eyes. There was also a letter for her, which told in her mother's vague handwriting of a trip to the Republic of Andorra with a twin brother and sister of nineteen, two exquisite children whose souls, hungry for magic casements, were to be fed by Athene, that a lyric fountain of verse might spring up to refresh the parched horror of the modern world. Just how a motor trip to Andorra would effect this, her mother did not say. They were crystal flowers, these twins, they were frail vials of quicksilver, their very freckles were flecks of faery gold on the chill purity of their childish faces. Athene had met them two weeks before at a garden party and discovered in ten minutes that here was the stuff of true genius. She sent her love to Lydia and did hope that one day she might meet the silver charm that was Simon and Silvia Lawrence.

Lydia, faintly irritated by this epistle, wondered if Sylvia and Simon would be left sitting by the roadside in the Pyrenees while her mother stalked the hills with an Andorran peasant child, who was undoubtedly an infant Keats. But this, she realized on mature consideration, was unlikely, as most of the peasants must surely be swarthy and, as far as Lydia could remember, her mother had never discovered genius in a dark-skinned or dark-haired human being, since the lamentable episode of her marriage to Donald Graeme.

Mamma had married Papa, she thought, believing him wrapped in romantic mists of Celtic twilight, and discovered them to be only clouds of strong tobacco issuing from a foully smelling pipe. She wanted a rarefied atmosphere, a sort of Parthenon on which they two could live high above the bruit of life. Certainly he looked like Edinburgh castle, all jutting angles and fierce integrity, but as he preferred discussing the diseases of his West Highland terrier to reading aloud from the Greek Anthology, the alliance was obviously impossible.

Donald had bitter humor and a teasing nature. Athene adored wit but found all

(*Continued on page 134*)

Petite Promenade

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New York

Pond's adds a Postscript

to Mrs. Vanderbilt's praise of their two new products

"Even on our Nevada ranch," says *Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*, "I have my daily 'facial' —with Pond's."

With these two exquisite new products and the famous Two Creams you can have your daily beauty treatment wherever you live! The Skin Freshener is a tonic and mild astringent to close the pores and tone and firm the skin. The Cleansing Tissues embody the latest scientific ideas for removing cold cream.

NOW that a clear fresh smooth complexion is considered essential to perfect chic, women who pride themselves on their appearance are more than ever stressing the daily ritual of home treatment of the skin. To their fastidious taste this daily ritual is as important as their morning tub—and their lovely, clear skin bespeaks its efficacy.

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No wonder! Not so long ago the luxury of the daily facial was a privilege restricted to great cities, to the exclusive few. Now Pond's two new exquisite products—with the Two Creams—complete Pond's famous Method of caring for the skin. Now, no matter where you live, you can give yourself the most complete, most modern, most scientific beauty care.

Make your daily beauty treatment with Pond's a fixed habit! Follow the four swift steps of Pond's Method—Cold Cream to cleanse . . . Tissues to wipe away . . . Freshener to tone and firm . . . Vanishing Cream for powder base and peach-bloom finish.

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 133*)

humor coarse, and Donald's very low indeed. She fled South and he North, both forgetting Lydia, gladly abandoned by her father who had Chinese views on the subject of female children, and by her mother who had begun violently, if platonically, to prefer blondes. Lydia, undoubtedly a female and undoubtedly dark-haired, found herself left on the warm and stormy breast of Alix Stephanyi at the tender age of five, which would have been delightful if Alix had not kept up her habit of frequenting Carthaginian and other tropic ruins not exactly healthy for small children. Undoubtedly Alexandra loved Lydia, witness her yearly attempts to let her "express" herself, but, although Starmtadt-Hoburg had gone the way of the young explorer, Alexandra still took yearly darts and rushes into romance. She tried out new young men, she made tentative forays to their families, hoping each time to discover some who would be bearable as "in-laws" and she returned disappointed, but not disillusioned, gusty, tempestuous, warm-hearted and ready for a new venture.

The burden of Lydia fell on Grandpapa. He was rather nice about it. He made her feel wanted, even if she sometimes chafed under his restrictions. Between Alexandra and Grandfather, her extraordinary and painfully large capacity for affection was divided. Aunt Alix forced her to study Dalcrose Eurythmics and the flute, while Grandfather considered summers at Bar Harbor better preparation for life. She was curiously uneducated in some ways and yet could grade emeralds, choose decent wine, speak five languages and mimic her elders and betters with deadly accuracy.

All of which in some curious way made her quite sure that she could act. Providence had given her only just enough common sense to see how difficult this opinion might be to communicate to the average manager. One week in London was a long time and even if Aunt Elizabeth and Mamma were away, a heaven-inspired telegram from Alix informed Grandfather that, as always, she longed for her soul's child, Lydia, and was to be found for at least the next two weeks at 22 Royal Avenue, Chelsea.

THE door which Lydia peered through was small, painted a dingy brown, and adorned with the grimy white letters, "No admittance." Without this warning she would never have believed it possible that anything as thrilling as a stage-door could have been so very uninspiring. Was it for this that she had hardly flung down her bags in Royal Avenue, and, barely skimming Alexandra's usual note explaining her usual absence, had rushed for a taxi and Panton Street? Enough that the horrid thing was a real door leading presumably to a real stage.

A slightly intimidated Alice prepared to dive down this singularly unprepossessing rabbit hole. She pushed on its edge with slim pointed fingers, eager against the smutched woodwork, pushing the stained door-jamb with coral fingers which seemed to ask to be pinched.

The smell which came out and met her face to face was old and cold and redolent of damp plaster, grease paint and stale beer. It hit Lydia full on the mouth and she gulped it down gladly. Oh, lovely smell! Nice professional smell, so unlike the amateur perfume of newly-cut lawns and warm strawberries which had pervaded Cambridge one week in May.

She was heading for the smeary stone stairs which confronted her when:

"'Ere!" said a port-wine sort of voice, "where do you think you're goin' to, and 'oo do you think you may be, plungin' in my door like a walrus?"

Lydia made a quick decision. Remembering the warning on the door, she continued down those gray stone steps and never even replied till at their foot she shouted:

"I'm Miss Tarleton's long lost half-sister from Australia."

The port-wine voice contented itself with indeterminate rumblings. Once made, her decision to explore these nether regions frightened her. She was about to ask a bored young man in a knitted jumper for help, when from a half-closed door along a far labyrinth came the sounds of a gramophone, a violent "pop" suggesting champagne, and a husky voice cursing fluently in tones as heavily sweet as Chanel's "Gardenia."

The numeral "one" was painted on this door. Otherwise it was as dirty as all the others with less eclectic markings.

She knocked, a timid, tentative sort of knock.

"Go see who it is, for heaven's sake, Mrs. Keys," said Camellia.

Lydia was suddenly standing, paralyzed with fear, in the center of a warm pink and gold candy-box, a glowing heart to the murky obscurities outside. Sheafs of pink underclothes and pale evening frocks fell softly against every available surface. The glaring bulbs about the dressing-table mirror dazzled her eyes. She saw Camellia's smooth back, a rabbit's foot bright with cyclamen-pink rouge, the remains of a high-tea on a trayful of cheap crockery, two young men in preposterous gray flannel trousers. Presently she was able to sort out this jumble of impressions, and found herself shaking hands with Mrs. Keys, the dresser (who had been pretty and now looked like a disheveled thrush), admiring the naked whiteness of Camellia, playing with a blanched biscuit-colored Pekingese, and finally sitting down rather gingerly between the two limp young men. One of them smiled intimately, confidentially and very femininely at her.

"ISN'T Camellia too marvelous?" he beamed in a beautifully modulated voice, full of soprano notes and sudden surprising bass murmurs. It appeared he was Swedish and a Count. He became fixed as the Swedish Nightingale in Lydia's mind. The other young man sulked. He wrote plays when he wasn't sulking, Camellia explained. She punctuated her remarks by throwing a swan's-down powder-puff over her left shoulder, which, well aimed, struck him between the eyes and filled his mouth with powder and feathers. He brushed these away and continued his Byronic gloom.

She was neither very glad nor sorry to see Lydia. Remembering her promise of the previous week, she was decent according to her lights.

"Hello, honey," she croaked in southern accents, as warm as the sun-sweet Cape Jessamine around the Louisiana house where she was born. Reaching out a blind and groping hand for a cigarette, quickly supplied by Mrs. Keys, she spoke over her bare shoulder to the two youths on the sofa, her voice switching suddenly from the Delta to the Thames.

"Be decent, you two. This is Lydia Stephanyi, who is not only the daughter of the greatest jeweler in the world—" Dissenting murmurs from Lydia. Her name was Graeme, Camellia had skipped a generation, the firm was neither so smart as Cartier nor so famous as Tiffany. But Camellia ignored her and painted vividly the grandeurs of her.

"I'll be glad when we open. Been rehearsing nine hours already to-day. Filthy life. Dog's life, and I'm hanged if I'm going to keep on with it. I'm going to take Mrs. Keys' advice and marry the richest man going. It's about time to start. Except for a string of pearls or two and that little car Geoff gave me, I've paid every penny myself—and earned it. Haven't I, my sweet?" This last was addressed to the blanched Pekingese who was seated near her like a carved soapstone lion, watching his mistress with sad, bulbous eyes. She caught him up and kissed him on his bulging forehead while he snuffled and grunted dejectedly.

"Wouldn't you like a glass of champagne, dear?" said the dresser. It was tepid and fairly sweet. Between cold sweats of fear at the thought of what her grandfather would think of some of her remarks, induced by the champagne, she realized that they must appear the lisp-

(*Continued on page 136*)

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful... as the world expects her to be

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Slim as a forest nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fresh and fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride on whom all eyes are turned is winning all hearts with her charm.

With true American flair for chic her taste in dress is unfailing. In smart, close-fitting black for town, in beige-brown country tweeds, in the pale peach and ivory chiffons she wears for evening, her beauty presents a series of lovely pictures ever varied, ever fascinating.

Modern to the tips of her slim white fingers, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. All day long they motor or ride horseback over the rolling hills. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shot-gun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found the way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

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Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your day-time toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) *Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.*

(BELOW) *Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. You can use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!*

MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., *was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin as fair as hawthorn bloom. This charming evening ensemble is of a flame-colored velvet cape over a pale peach chiffon frock.*

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 delicious preparations

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Dobbs is presenting Spring costumes in every smart variation of the mode

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 134*)

ings of a babe to the other occupants of the stuffy dressing-room.

But they laughed several times. It seemed a minor triumph to her, the laughter of the two sycophant young men, the amiable dresser and the Tarleton.

"Let's fix her up, Mrs. Keys, you know, that white frock, a little more make-up."

Camellia and Mrs. Keys looked her over with amusement. The dresser had a smooth voice whose cockney vowels did not entirely cover the traces of her former stars' accents. A ghostly Lilah McCarthy and Mrs. Pat Campbell still warmed her diction with the vanished beauty of the English speaking stage.

BUT, Lydia, with still some little intelligence despite the excitement of her first London dressing-room, protested. She was, she assured them, only human with all her freckles, her crazy black pony's forelock tumbling over her tilted nose. With her hair waved and the childish boniness of her spine exposed in open competition with Camellia's flat white back, smooth as a baby's, she would be too dreadful a sight imaginable.

"You haven't such a bad figger as all that," murmured the morose playwright. "Where's this party to be, Cami?"

"At Ronald's house. He's engaged two negroes from Paris, and Hutchy and part of the Cochran show. You all have got to behave decently. Dukes and Earls and lots of people that make a big difference to my career are coming."

"Any managers?" Lydia asked hopefully.

"Well, naturally, the producer of this show and Cyril Fane and Sir George, but I get so sick of stage people that it's a big relief to get away from most of them. They're a bunch of jealous, snapping hounds, anyway. Stop making that noise, Knut. If you can't behave like a gentleman, don't hang around here," she snapped savagely at the Swedish Nightingale who gave a reproachful look at the offending foot whose tapping had annoyed her.

"Bless you, darling, bless you. Don't expect Camellia not to be cross to-day."

She stared tragically at her reflection in the garishly lit mirror, examined a minute mark on one side of her strong jaw and sighed.

"Lord, I'm nervous," she said flatly.

The dresser poured out another glass of champagne.

"Will you take that muck away, Keys? Do you want to send me crazy? Oh! you'd all like to see me flop." She burst into noisy tears, which sprang off her stiffened lashes into space. Lydia had never before seen a woman cry without getting her nose involved in the process. "Get out of this dressing-room, all except little Stef'ny. She's nice people, she knows how to behave. Leave me alone!"

The wail rose and was only pacified on the broad bosom of Mrs. Keys, while the two young men wrung their hands and promised life-long devotion.

There was a knock on the door.

"Call, Miss Tarleton, please," said the shrill cockney pipe of a small boy.

In two minutes Camellia had struggled into a mauve peignoir, brushed out her white-gold bob into a fluffy oriole, drunk the ends of two glasses of champagne, squashed her cigarette on a plate and hurried off down the dark corridor.

THE young men, deprived suddenly of the vitality they lived on, melted away to the outside air, calling farewells to Mrs. Keys and Lydia.

She got up trembling with a new and curious emptiness and reached across the crowded dressing-table for a match. Suddenly she knew that her terror came from the fact that she could no longer reproach Grandfather, the Isle of Wight, or any other outside factor with the emptiness of her life. Opportunity was sitting up like a Sealyham, begging. For years she had blamed other people and things, and now realized that the responsibility could not be laid on the shoulders of the old gentleman at Ryde. If she could not make the grade this time, it was her own fault.

"Mrs. Keys!"

"Yes, dear," said the dresser.

"Will I meet any managers at the party to-night?"

"Want to go on the stage, don't you, dear? Oh, I knew that from the moment you walked in that door! And I don't know why, for your people 'ave money. It's 'ard, the stage."

Lydia brushed this aside.

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, I dessay you'll manage it if your 'eart is set on it. But look at Miss Tarleton. 'Ow 'ard she works for a girl of twenty-two! Better marry a rich man who'll take care of 'er, I say."

Lydia stared.

"Is she only twenty-two?"

Mrs. Keys nodded.

"But if you must, you must. And you were really funny a few minutes past. Stick to your comedy and always be in love with the leading man at the beginning of a show. That's what the audience pays to see. The manager don't want you botherin' 'im, probably 'as a rich jealous wife in the 'ouse. Unless it's musical comedy, it don't do an actress any good to make up to the manager. Not in legitimate. Not 'ere in London. Oh, of course, there's exceptions, but you aren't Sir George's type, some'ow. Leading men is so sure everyone's in love with them they 'ardly notice. But the lady star you must watch out for. Make up to 'er most of all."

"Yes, but to-night, Mrs. Keys, what had I better do to-night?" Lydia captured her "h" with difficulty and fought against the instinct to parrot this soft, debased shadow of Mrs. Campbell's velvety voice.

But Mrs. Keys was tired of giving instructions to her.

"I'm just running out for a cuppa tea, dear," she whispered, and left Lydia alone with the pale Pekingese who awoke with a snorting grunt from dreams of vanished Chinese splendors and snuffled until she took him on her lap and petted him into amiability.

CONTENT to lie on the broken sofa playing with the little dog, she wondered what curious power Camellia possessed that she could swirl half-a-dozen assorted human beings along with her in a cloud of gold dust. Enough that Camellia wished to have someone in this retinue—doors opened, borrowed motors took them to parties, invitations by word of mouth and telephone accumulated. Camellia pinned a label or so on you, gave it out that you were "all right" and you found yourself starting out for a night of festivities such as your entire life had never shown.

When the actress returned, spent and hoarse-voiced, from her final rehearsal of the last act, it seemed normal and pleasant to watch her dressed and soothed by Mrs. Keys, to accompany her to the door with arms full of her bundles, to drive to her flat in a car belonging to two new young men who had appeared from nowhere just when they were needed. The stage door-keeper touched his hat, a few predatory urchins howled for pennies, and the roar of the car on its progress toward Chapel Street was followed by amused glances at the sight of the lean severity of the racing motor, piled high with one beautiful star, two elegant guardees, a plump disheveled little woman of forty-five clutching a band-box and a slim girl with cropped black curls perched on the door with a Pekingese in her arms.

Somehow they reached the third floor maisonette, always to the accompaniment of laughter, curses, barks and Mrs. Keys' soft protestations.

There Camellia suddenly sobered them with a glare. She fitted a key in the lock and strolled in with the lazy stride of a hunting Duchess, perhaps with a little too much gentility.

The producer, Cyril Fane, rose to meet her. He looked haggard and extremely serious. The retinue dissolved into well-bred individuals who took their places quietly in the small drawing-room. One

(*Continued on page 138*)

The Answer to "What is Youth?"

by Elizabeth Arden

Women no longer want merely to look young. No—they want to be young. And what is youth? Elizabeth Arden has evolved a complete and satisfying answer.

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The marvel of it is that women everywhere can enjoy the benefits of the Salon method. Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale in the smartest shops throughout the world.

But Elizabeth Arden goes still further in her definition of youth.

"In every cell of your body," she says, "you must feel tinglingly alive. No excess fat, no undernourishment. Nerves at rest, muscles lithe and responsive."

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The Vienna Youth Mask is the perfect remedy for flabby flesh or sagging muscles. Miss Arden will gladly send additional information to all who are interested.

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AFTERNOON—First a generous application of Venetian Cleansing Cream (applied with a damp pad moistened with Ardena Skin Tonic). Next, the soothing mellowness of Anti-Wrinkle Cream, followed if possible by ten minutes of rest. A brisk patting of Skin Tonic. Then the magic touch, a sparing smoothing on of Venetian Ultra Amoretta Cream so softly receptive to discreet rouge, and a dusting of Illusion Powder. A touch of emphasis for the lips—Venetian Rose Color or Venetian Lip Paste—and you go to tea or dinner, all your loveliness recaptured.

AT NIGHT—The skin *must* be freed from all secretions, powder or dust that clog the pores. Follow the morning "washing" treatment, always with an upward movement. Remove with Arden Cleansing Tissues. For a too soft throat and cheeks, give a five minute patting with a firm pad of cotton squeezed out of water and wet with Special Astringent. Dry, and pat in Muscle Oil over wrinkles and hollows. Apply Orange Skin Food with a quick upward moulding stroke. Leave a little Skin Food and Muscle Oil to be absorbed during the night by the stimulated tissues.

For further descriptive details and list of prices, Elizabeth Arden will gladly send you her booklet "The Quest of the Beautiful". A second booklet, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself", tells about Miss Arden's home course for beauty and health.

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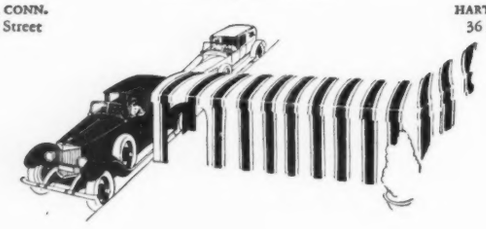

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(Continued from page 136)

of the young men fetched cracked ice, Lydia measured out Vermouth, lit Mr. Fane's cigarette, conversed with the tall youth who owned the car in an excellent imitation of her Aunt Elizabeth's charming tones. Camellia threw them one violet glance as a reward.

Fane groaned and swallowed a cocktail nervously.

"You'll come to Ronald's to-night, Cyril," Camellia begged.

"If I'm not dead. What vitality you have, child! But you're a good girl."

"Can Lord George and Miss Stef'ny stand in the back of Lady Honor's box part of the time?"

Fane threw them a tired smile.

"My wife will expect you in Box C. I'm afraid there are no places left in it, but if you don't mind standing— You're a good girl, Camellia. I only wanted to tell you I was pleased this afternoon."

He got up and took his hat and stick from Mrs. Keys' ready hands.

The door shut behind him. There was a moment's silence.

"Who said I couldn't play 'county' parts?" roared Camellia, waltzing Mrs. Keys and the peke round and round.

"Fane was scared to cast me at first, but we'll show the whole bunch just how high-hat we can be when we like."

She kissed Lydia and the two boys, turned on the gramophone, and rescuing a depressed apple from a basket on the piano, fell upon it with frankly vigorous bites.

"I THOUGHT you might be going to a party, darling," said Alexandra Stephanyi, gently deprecating Lydia's superlatives, but enjoying them. Her long-fingered hand, transparent as a sea-shell, caressed the lake of liquid silver which was the new dress. The tissue, far brighter than ordinary metal cloth, was as smooth as a mirror, glimmered like quicksilver, yet was less stiff than soft satin. Only the oval face of the Empress Eugénie was lacking to make the full crinoline spread across the bed into a Winterhalter portrait. Fat roses garlanded its width beneath yards of white or faintest pink tulle.

"You don't think it looks too much like a bride-cake, Lydia? You won't mind being rather wedding-cakish?"

Lydia assured her that it was the most beautiful dress in the world, the most absolutely bee-yoo-ti-ful dress ever imagined.

"Well, you know, it's really awful taste. The Second Empire was dreadful, corsets, tight gloves, whiskers. You should, of course, never wear anything but a tunic, but this amused me. I was married in an Arab haik, myself."

"But I'm not going to get married, darling," Lydia protested.

Alexandra looked at her with large gray eyes, sad with the sadness of a small child.

"It would have been so nice if you could have come to Dalmatia with me," she mourned. "We are going to live in a heavenly little temple near the sea and dance all day."

Lydia stopped and began peeling off her stockings, afraid that her face would show her utter horror of sylvan dance temples and her guilty passion for small, crowded, smelly dressing-rooms in the dark heart of a metropolitan theatre.

The shadows of Royal Avenue were a happy background to the swaying silver hoop. Just to be the slender stalk for this bright flower made Lydia feel light and graceful. She walked delicately as if a dozen fine lawn and lace petticoats were hidden by the skirt's immensities. A cruising taxi swooped down upon her and she lifted the folds of her frock to step into its dingy interior as if it had been the shiny elegance of a brougham.

Camellia had told her that Lord George Haversham, the tall boy with the Bentley, and Sniff, the short one with him, would be in the foyer of the theatre, but some obscure instinct informed her to go directly to the stage door. These various fragments that composed the lady's retinue seemed disjointed and incapable of doing anything except under her direct order, when they all automatically became intimate friends, joined by a common interest.

Lydia paid off the taxi and swept skilfully past the doorman when his attention was occupied clutching the string of a box from Solomon's with careful fingertips.

THE door of the star's dressing-room was open, spilling light, young men in evening dress and a confused murmur of voices into the dark passage. Camellia, almost completely naked before a long mirror, stood back of a flimsy chintz curtain pulling on silvery flesh stockings, so sheer that they served their purpose of making her powdered legs and thighs more bare. A gathering of the most immediate members of the clan occupied every inch of space. Seven young men ranging from a distinguished and drooping harlequin in smart tails which were as much a harlequin's livery as diapered silver lozenges, four impeccably tailored, soaped and varnished young-men-about-town who-were-probably-in-the-Guards, and three quite different youths faintly artistic in dinner jackets which were worn with black ties that were almost stocks. She recognized the sulky infant playwright listening wearily to a curly-haired, dusty-faced, wide-eyed babe of twenty-two who reminded her of her aunt's indulged marmoset.

There was a queenly female in a blazing tiara, a blonde, beautiful object seven feet high, who saw no one with her pretty flat eyes but those she knew already; a fat, amiable maiden who was a Duke's daughter and therefore seemed in some obscure way valuable to Camellia, who kept drawing her into the disjointed, ecstatic enthusiasms which passed as conversation, and an obedient shadow of a girl who passed the actress anything she needed from the dressing-table to the place beside the curtained mirror.

The combined effect of this company was overpowering to Lydia, who started to back through the door, when Mrs. Keys, looking around the yard of flowered cotton, saw her and smiled.

"Darling, so sweet of you," said Camellia in a voice which was throaty and warm but very English and very high life. Her eyes rested on Lydia for a moment, barely seeing her, barely seeing the gardenias she had brought as tribute. Except for a vague pleasure with the background they provided, she hardly appeared to see any of the inhabitants of the room. They were only a satisfactory *décor*. Mrs. Keys wrapped a white satin and fur peignoir around her shoulders and she stepped out among them, clung desperately for a moment to the elegant harlequin, flattered the blank-faced, regal beauty and then shooed them all out, one by one, scattering kisses and blessings indiscriminately.

"Such a lamb to bring me flah'rs, dolling, too sweet," she whispered. "Blaiss you. George, you and little Stef'ny hide somewhere and come back in a moment when everyone's gone."

"I've gotta have someone to swear at!" she confessed a couple of minutes later on their tip-toed reappearance. "Open another bottle, Mrs. Keys, honey. I'm nervous as a cat. Take that silly smile off your face, George Haversham. Why do you and Stef'ny sit around like a couple of apes? Why don't you make love to each other or both fall in love with me? Make a little sense, can't you?"

This mingled affection and abuse seemed to delight the lordling. Lydia, quaking but amused by the tornado of vitality which stood and scolded at them, acquired several new words for her so far limited vocabulary. George, the pink and shining exquisite, was told off as her escort until the final curtain when they were all to foregather in the dressing-room. He appeared to regard her as a nice clean billiard ball which he was supposed to shunt around a bit over the green baize till it clicked with another.

"Right-o!" said Lord George.

They departed, leaving Camellia on the verge of tears, eating the inside of her vivid mouth, and blinking at them enormous eyes which were dark with knowledge of certain failure, sure to come.

"Oh, she always feels that way on an opening night," he said, threading his way between props and stage hands to a little

(Continued on page 141)

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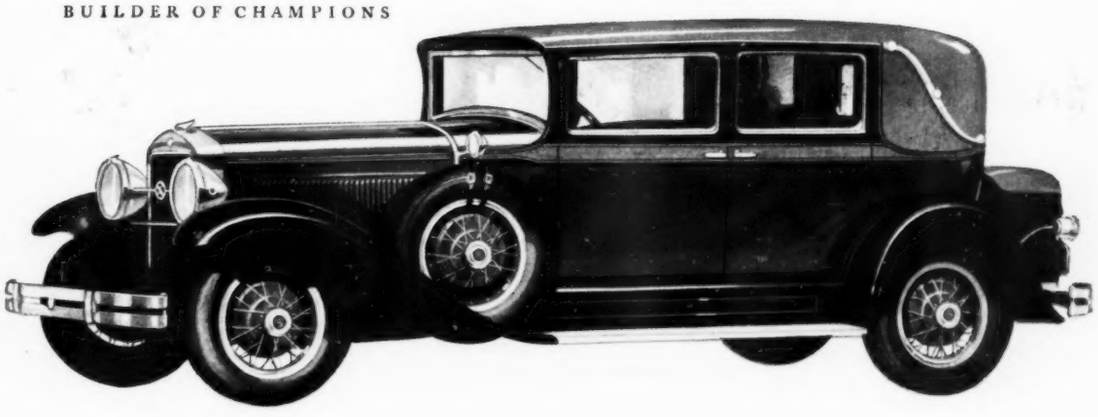

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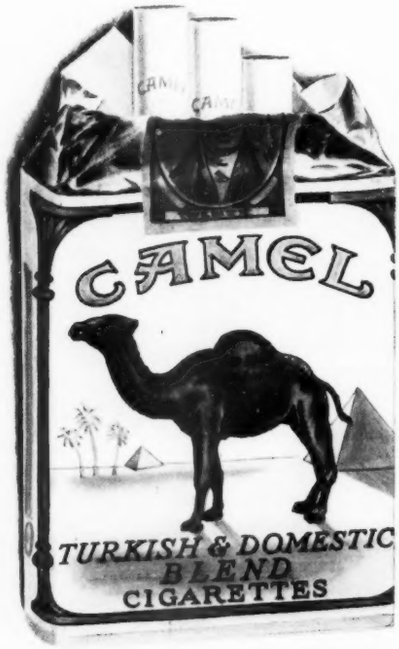

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 138*)

door at the side. Lydia and he stepped down and into the crowded auditorium, making desultory conversation which did not, somehow, seem very different from the talk at Bar Harbor when, pinioned by the dance with a reluctant undergraduate, one was forced to fall back upon the charms of a room-mate at Foxcroft as the only subject in common. It would, she thought, be fun to meet a person who immediately plunged into the pleasures of "I" and "you" talk. However, accustomed to rhapsodize about her mother and aunts, she felt little rebellion and only nourished a faint hope that before the night was through somebody would notice her dress, which had seemed so worthy of notice when she left Royal Avenue.

THEY found standing room in the back of Lady Honor Fane's box where, over a view of that lady's spine, they could see the house and stage. George, fulfilling some idea of his duty, threw her an occasional name as a celebrity swept into her place.

As this effort from his languor was obviously arduous, Lydia hastened to assure him that her life for the last two years had consisted almost exclusively of reading the illustrated papers, and by memories of these and the howls, disapproving or approving, of the Pit she could identify most of the celebrities.

"Oh, yes," murmured George, unmoved by any interest in her life, past or present.

The first act was incredibly bad, Lydia thought. One of the younger gentlemen in the cast had a mild sort of epileptic fit denoting emotion which threw pit and stalls into a frenzy of delight.

"He's not acting," whispered George Haversham. "That's the way he goes on off-stage. Queer sort of fella, shoots someone every six months or so."

"I hope his biennial shot is recently past; otherwise what's to stop him choosing to-night?" she answered.

The general flavor of the play reminded her of infant dosings of syrup of figs. Camellia, coming in smoothly and quietly from between the folds of a curtained doorway, spilt instant excitement on the stage. This girl took senseless sentences and hurried them out in a sort of breathless, husky murmur which deprived the words of what little meaning they had, substituting instead a swirling reek of emotion, so that they ceased to be words and were transmuted into the sound of saxophones and the smell of heated honeysuckle.

"Aai kom from a land where the men are tah'rs of steel in the sonnlight and the women moonlit waipons of virgin seduction," or something very like that she told the tortured youth who played her inadequate lover. Better, had Camellia wandered on and spat, "Where I come from we shoot people like you from the hip first time we see 'em," to the fruity young actor. Did going on the stage necessitate looking at a boy in a black velvet smoking jacket and keeping a straight face while you told him that, though rather mad and rather bad, you still, thank God, were decent? Lord, Lydia thought, most of this play should be in inverted commas!

In Miss Tarleton's eyes there was a tranced look when she embraced the lover which showed her convenient and remarkable ability to slip another face before the corporeal one like changing the picture in a stereopticon, which talent considerably aided her in showing amorous enthusiasm for her support. She was at the moment envisaging the elegant and weary harlequin who possessed her fancy so that not only was the entire male contingent of the audience ravished by her love-making, but also her new leading man. She had been distinctly snappish at rehearsals, but the sight of this blazing, ardent creature, adorable in a few yards of a satin dressing-gown thingummy, with real tears in her enormous eyes and real breaks in her throbbing voice, was too heady for him. Despite long experience, it seemed suddenly real. At his surrender to her charm, the flimsy structure of nonsense which was the play burst into flames, and at the touch of these two torches burned to a glorious bonfire of emotion as the curtain fell.

Lydia, trying to laugh at herself for the tear in her left eye and the stir in her small but distinctly heaving bosom, realized that whether Camellia could act or not was a dry question for the critics. A young woman who did not seem to her particularly beautiful or alluring had just succeeded in making her show signs of feeling over a play which any taste, brains, or humor she possessed revolted against.

"Harrowing piece," commented Lady Honor. "Don't know why Cyril always picks 'em. I expect they make more money than the funny ones."

"Isn't Cami too marvelous?" asked George. Not waiting for an answer he propelled Lydia by force of suggestion toward the bar.

They were wedged in a close pack of people. She was pushed for a moment against the spotless bosom of the Swedish Nightingale who burbled, "Isn't Camellia too marvelous?" Feeling a little sick and faint from the over-heated atmosphere, she made a grab for the receding person of the manly, if perfunctory, George. He plied her with a whisky and soda and introduced her to a broad girl in pink and two young men.

"The libraries have booked far in advance," they said to each other wearily. So far a rubber stamp not too overcrowded could have contained all the phrases she had yet heard issue from these bright young people. It was probably excessive to ask them to be sparkling, she thought; enough that they should have long legs and noses and funny names like Oonagh and St. John, which was delightfully called Sinjin.

WHETHER the next two acts were better or worse depended on just how sweet one liked an emotional purge. By this time Lydia was able to pay no attention to the script and concentrated on the behavior of the Tarleton, who shone with a white-hot, ferocious sincerity. It filled her with a fleeting depression because, if that was acting, her freckles would never find themselves disguised by grease paint and illumined by the footlights.

They rose as cheers and curtain calls heralded the end, and fumbled for the small door at the side of the proscenium arch which led back-stage.

A shrewd suspicion that it would please Camellia, who had, after all, been "wonderful" to her, led Lydia to leave several facile tears trembling on her lashes. They were the first visitors to the dressing-room and therefore received the full benefits of Camellia's mad exuberance. She fell sobbing and laughing on Mrs. Keys first, George next and then Lydia. She wanted to hear in detail just why they liked her acting, just what had been said in the entr'acte, just how the Pit had responded. Interrupting time and again to give a bellow of pleasure, she pressed them for further praises. Had they seen that jealous cat, Mildred, get up and leave long before the end? Did they notice the Prince in one of the boxes? When the jealous cat herself walked into the dressing-room a moment afterwards to offer congratulations, Camellia kissed her affectionately and forgot her first three admirers.

Now a stream of actors, managers, great ladies, boys with telegrams and cables, boxes of flowers, frantic young men and elaborate maidens streamed in. It was almost an hour later before the tumult died, leaving the actress with a picked bodyguard to escort her to the fête given in her honor.

Camellia sprayed herself energetically with perfume, then turned the atomizer on the retinue, and, folded into hundreds of small white ermine skins, swept them all out with her into the night.

Somehow they accomplished a passage through the shouting gallery girls at the door. What exquisite more-than-oriental courtesy Camellia could show these young persons! What cries of joy when she called "Bye-bye, darlings, off to spend an evening with the nobs!"

(*To be continued*)

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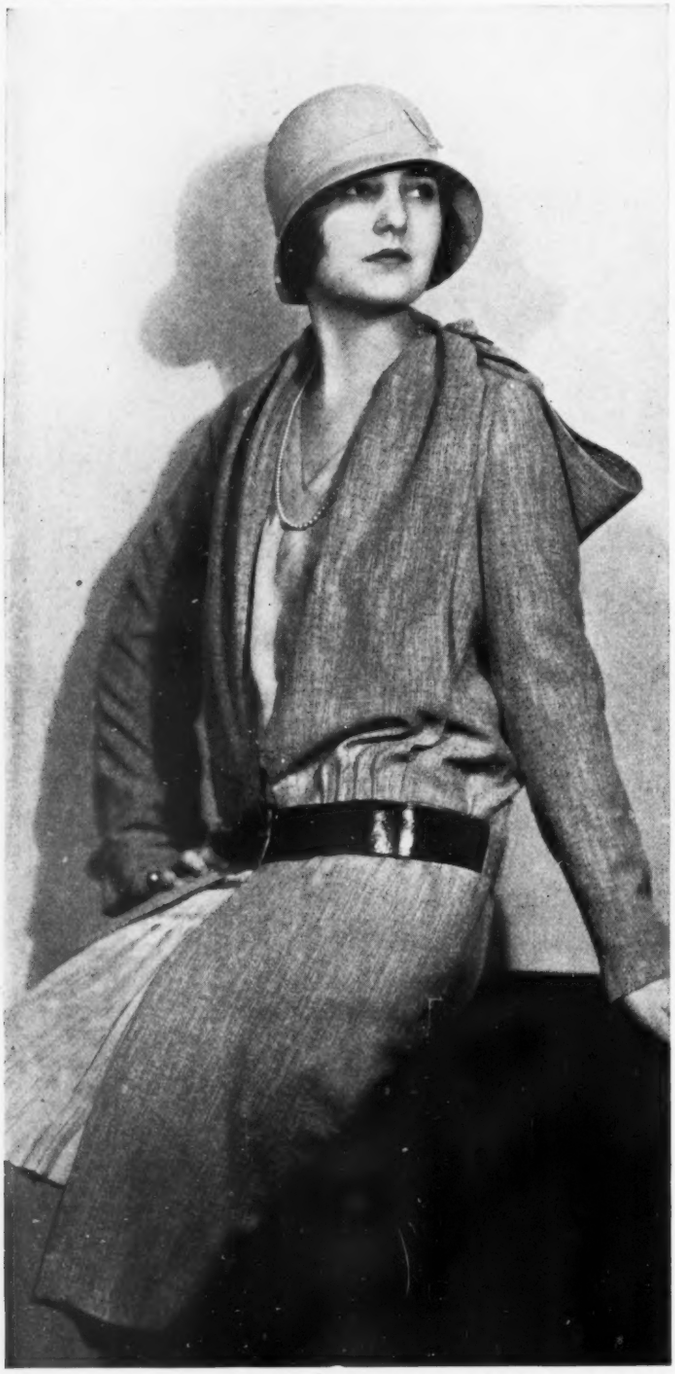

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CONTRACT

(*Continued from page 101*)

contract bridge; otherwise, if you didn't look at Mrs. D. and judged only by her antics and manner of speech, you would have thought Dittmar had spent the final hours of his courtship waiting outside the sub-primary to take her home. Mrs. French, when she was not picking flaws in Shelton's play, sought to make him feel at home by asking intelligent questions about his work— "Do the people who draw the illustrations read the stories first?" "Does H. C. Witwer talk negro dialect all the time?" and "How old is Peter B. Kinney?" Cameron, from whom Work, Lenz, Whitehead and Shepard had plagiarized the game, was frankly uninterested in anything not connected with it. The stake was half a cent a point and the pains he took to see that his side's score was correct or better proved all the rumors about the two Scotchmen.

MRS. SHELTON was well aware that her husband was the politest man in the world when sober; yet he truly amazed her that evening by his smiling acquiescence to all that was said. From the snatches she overheard, she knew he must be afire inside and it was really wonderful of him not to show it.

There was a time when Mrs. Dittmar passed and he passed and Cameron bid two spades. Mrs. French passed and Mrs. Dittmar bid three hearts, a denial of her partner's spades if Shelton ever heard one. Shelton passed and Cameron went three hearts, which stood. Shelton held four spades to the nine, four diamonds to the king, two small hearts and the eight, six and five of clubs. He led the trey of diamonds. I am not broadcasting the battle play by play, but when it was over,

"Oh, partner! Any other opening and we could have set them," said Mrs. French.

"My! My! My! My! Leading away from a king!" gurgled the child-wife.

"That lead was all that saved us," said Cameron.

They waited for Shelton to apologize and explain, all prepared to scrunch him if he did either.

"I guess I made a mistake," he said.

"Haven't you played much bridge?" asked Mrs. French.

"Evidently not enough," he replied.

"It's a game you can't learn in a minute," said Cameron.

"Never you mind!" said Mrs. Dittmar. "I've played contract ever since it came out, and Daddy still scolds me terribly for some of the things I do."

Shelton presumed that Daddy was her husband. Her father must be dead or at least too feeble to scold.

There was a time when a hand was passed around.

"Oh! A goulash!" crowed Mrs. Dittmar.

"Do you play them, Mr. Shelton?" asked his hostess.

"Yes," said Shelton.

"Mrs. Shelton," called Mrs. Dittmar to the other table, "does your big man play goulashes?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Shelton.

"You're sure you know what they are," said Cameron to Shelton.

"I've played them often," said the latter.

"A goulash," said the hostess, "is where the hand is passed and then we all put our hands together like this and cut them and the dealer deals five around twice and then three. It makes crazy hands, but it's thrilling."

"And the bidding is different," said Mrs. Dittmar, his partner at this stage. "Big mans mustn't get too wild."

Shelton, who had dealt, looked at his hand and saw no temptation to get wild; at least, not any wilder than he was. He had the king, queen and jack of spades, four silly hearts, four very young clubs and two diamonds of no standing. He passed. Cameron bid three clubs and Mrs. Dittmar four diamonds. That was enough to make game (they already had thirty), and when Mrs. French went by, Shelton unhesitatingly did the same. So did Cameron. It developed that Mrs. Dittmar had the ace, king, jack, ten and another diamond. Cameron had none and Mrs. French reeked with them. The bidder was set two. Her honors counted one hundred and the opponents' net profit was two hundred, Mrs. Dittmar being vulnerable, or "venerable", as Mrs. French laughingly, but not very tactfully, called it.

Cameron lighted into Mrs. French for not doubling Mrs. Dittmar and Mrs. French observed that she guessed she knew what she was doing. Shelton hoped this would develop into a brawl, but it was forgotten when Mrs. Dittmar asked him querulously why he had not shown her his spades, a suit of which she had held the ace, ten to five.

"We're lucky, partner," said Mrs. French to Cameron. "They could have made four spades like a breeze."

"I'd have lost only the ace of hearts and queen of diamonds," said Mrs. Dittmar, doubtless figuring that the maid would have disposed of her two losing clubs when she swept next morning.

"In this game, everything depends on the bidding," said Mrs. French to Shelton. "You *must* give your partner all the information you can."

"Don't coach him!" said Cameron with an exasperating laugh. "He's treating us pretty good."

"Maybe," said Mrs. French to Mrs. Dittmar, "he would have shown you his spades if you had bid three diamonds instead of four."

"But you see," said Mrs. Dittmar, "we needed four for game and I didn't know if he'd think of that."

And there was a time when Shelton bid a fair no trump and was raised to three by his partner, Cameron, who held king, queen, ten to five hearts and the ace of clubs for a re-entry. The outstanding hearts were bunched in Mrs. French's hand, Shelton himself having the lone ace. After he had taken a spade trick, led his ace of hearts and then a low club to make all of dummy's hearts good (which turned out to be impossible), he put over two deep-sea finesses of the eight and nine of diamonds from the dummy hand, made four odd and heard Cameron murmur, "A fool for luck!"

"My! What a waste of good hearts!" said Mrs. Dittmar, ignoring the facts that they weren't good hearts, that if he had continued with them, Mrs. French would have taken the jack and led to her (Mrs. Dittmar's) four good spade tricks, and that with the ace of clubs gone, Shelton couldn't have got back in the dummy's hand with a pass from Judge Landis.

At the close of a perfect evening, the Sheltons were six dollars ahead and invited to the Dittmars' the following Wednesday. Mrs. Shelton expected an explosion on the way home, but was agreeably disappointed. Shelton seemed quite cheerful. He had a few jocose remarks to make about their new pals, but gave the impression that he had enjoyed himself. Knowing him as she did, she might have suspected that a plot was hatching in his mind. However, his behavior was disarming and she thought he had at last found a "crowd" he didn't object to, that they would now be neighborly and gregarious for the first time in their married life.

ON the train from the city Friday afternoon, Shelton encountered Gale Bartlett, the writer, just returned from abroad. Bartlett was one of the star contributors to Shelton's magazine and it was he who had first suggested Linden when Shelton was considering a suburban home. He had a place there himself, though most of his time was spent in Paris and he was back now for only a brief stay.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"Fine," said Shelton.

"Whom have you met?"

"Three married couples, the Camerons, the Frenches and the Dittmars."

"Good Lord!" said Bartlett. "I don't know the Dittmars, but otherwise you're slumming. Cameron and French are new rich who probably made their money in a hotel washroom. I think they met their

(*Continued on page 144*)

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KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

CONTRACT

(*Continued from page 142*)

wives on an excursion to Far Rockaway. How did you happen to get acquainted?"

"The Frenches called on us, and Wednesday night we went to their house for dinner and bridge."

"Bridge!"

"Contract bridge at that."

"Well, maybe Dittmar's a contractor. But from what I've seen of the Frenches and Camerons, they couldn't even cut the cards without smearing them with shoe polish. You break loose from them before they forget themselves and hand you a towel."

"We're going to the Dittmars' next Wednesday night."

"Either call it off or keep it under your hat. I'll introduce you to people that are people! I happen to know them because my wife went to their sister's boarding-school. I'll see that you get the entrée and then you can play bridge with bridge players."

Shelton brightened at the prospect. He knew his wife was too kind-hearted to wound the Camerons et al. by quitting them cold and it was part of his scheme, all of it in fact, to make them do the quitting. With the conviction that she would be more than compensated by the promised acquaintance of people they both could really like, he lost what few scruples he had against separating her from people who sooner or later would drive him to the electric chair. The thing must be done at the first opportunity, next Wednesday at the Dittmars'. It would be kind of fun, but unpleasant, too, the unpleasant part consisting in the mental anguish it would cause her and the subsequent days, not many he hoped, when she wouldn't be speaking to him at all.

Fate, in the form of one of Mrs. Shelton's two-day headaches, brought about the elimination of the unpleasant part. The ache began Wednesday afternoon and, from past experience, she knew she would not be able to sit through a dinner or play cards that night. She telephoned her husband.

"Say we can't come," was his advice.

"But I hate to do that. They'll think we don't want to and they won't ask us again. I wish you'd go, and maybe they could ask somebody in to take my place. I don't suppose you'd consider that, would you?" Shelton thought it over a moment and said yes, he would.

BEFORE retiring to her darkened room and her bed, Mrs. Shelton called up Mrs. Dittmar. Mrs. Dittmar expressed her sympathy in baby talk and said it was all right for Mr. Shelton to come alone; it was more than all right, Mrs. Shelton gathered, because Mrs. Dittmar's brother was visiting her and they would be just eight.

Shelton, who had learned long ago that his wife did not want him around when her head was threatening to burst open, stayed in town until six o'clock, preparing himself for the evening's task with liberal doses of the business manager's week-old rye. He was not going to be tortured by any drought such as he had endured at the Frenches'. He arrived at the party in grand shape and, to his surprise, was plied with cocktails potent enough to keep him on edge.

Mrs. Dittmar's brother (she called him her dreat, big b'udder) was an amateur jazz pianist. Or rather, peeanist. He was proving his amateur standing when Shelton got there and something in the way he treated "Rhapsody in Blue" made Shelton resolve to open fire at once. His eagerness was increased when, on the way to the dining-room, Mrs. Dittmar observed that her b'udder had not played much contract "either" and she must be sure and not put them (Shelton and B'udder) at the same table, for they might draw each other as partners and that would hardly be fair.

DINNER began and so did Shelton. "A week ago," he said, "you folks criticized my bridge playing."

The Camerons, Dittmars and Frenches looked queer.

"You didn't mind it, I hope," said Mrs. Dittmar. "We were just trying to teach you."

"I didn't mind it much," said Shelton. "But I was just wondering whether it was good manners for one person to point out another person's mistakes when the other person didn't ask to have them pointed out."

"Why," said Cameron, "when one person don't know as much about a thing as other people, it's their duty to correct him."

"You mean just in bridge," said Shelton.

"I mean in everything," said Cameron.

"And the person criticized or corrected has no right to resent it?" said Shelton.

"Certainly not!"

"Does everybody here agree with that?"

"Yes," "Of course," "Sure," came from the others.

"Well, then," said Shelton, "I think it's my duty to tell you, Mr. Cameron, that soup should be dipped away from you and not toward you."

There was a puzzled silence, then a laugh, to which Cameron contributed feebly.

"If that's right I'm glad to know it, and I certainly don't resent your telling me," he said.

"It looks like Mr. Shelton was out for revenge," said Mrs. Cameron.

"And I must inform you, Mrs. Cameron," said Shelton, "that 'like' is not a conjunction. 'It looks as if Mr. Shelton were out for revenge' would be the correct phrasing."

A smothered laugh at the expense of Mrs. Cameron, whose embarrassment showed itself in a terrifying distension of the nostrils. Shelton decided not to pick on her again.

"Let's change the subject," said Mrs. Dittmar. "Mr. Shelton's a mean, bad man and he'll make us cwy."

"That verb," said Shelton, "is cry, not cwy. It is spelled c-r-y."

"Tell a story, Bob," said Mrs. French to her husband.

"Well, let's see," said French. "I'll tell the one about the Scotchman and the Jew playing golf. Stop me if anybody's heard it."

"I have, for one," said Shelton.

"Maybe the others haven't," said French.

"They must have been unconscious for years," said Shelton. "But go ahead and tell it. I knew I couldn't stop you."

French went ahead and told it, and the others laughed as a rebuke to Shelton.

Cameron wanted things understood.

"You see," he said, "the reason we made a few little criticisms of your bridge game was because we judged you were a new beginner."

"I think 'beginner' is enough, without the 'new'," said Shelton. "I don't know any old beginners excepting, perhaps, people old in years who are doing something or taking up something for the first time. But probably you judged I was a beginner at bridge because of mistakes I made, and you considered my apparent inexperience justified you in criticizing me."

"Yes," said Cameron.

"Well," said Shelton, "I judge from observing Mrs. French eat her fish that she is a new beginner at eating and I take the liberty of stating that the fork ought never to be conveyed to the mouth with the left hand, even by a left-handed eater. To be sure, these forks are salad forks, not fish forks, as Mrs. Dittmar may believe. But even salad forks, substituting for fish forks, must not be carried mouthward by the left hand."

A storm was gathering and Mrs. Cameron sought to ward it off. She asked Mrs. Dittmar what had become of Peterson, a butler.

"He just up and left me last week," said Mrs. Dittmar. "He was getting too impudent, though, and you can bet I didn't object to him going."

"'*His* going,'" said Shelton. "A participle used as a substantive is modified in the possessive."

Everyone pretended not to hear him.

(*Concluded on page 149*)

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WHY DO LOVERS QUARREL?

(Continued from page 128)

quarrel must keep his fists in his pocket. So, nowadays, you very seldom see fists used in love's fight. The struggle takes another form. As everybody knows, the battle is in words, and here woman is at her best. But we have become so refined, that even words are often useless.

Force asserts itself in another manner, by deeds and acts, which often seem insignificant, but which are in reality of the utmost importance. In fact, the simplest thing is enough to decide the victory. I can imagine a husband—I can see him now—who would acknowledge his defeat simply by not protesting because he finds his armchair at the right side of the table, and not on the left, as he prefers it. He has fought for perhaps a whole month to keep the place he wishes, but now he accepts his fate without a word. If there is a witness in the room, he will not understand the meaning of this silent scene. And in fact, onlookers, who are not overobservant, do not see the fight and would question its existence. Nevertheless, it is there. Both sexes fight ferociously, sometimes with a smile on the lips.

In the battle, woman has her own weapons—her beauty, her grace, her charm, her power of dissimulation and deceit, and her weakness, perhaps the most redoubtable of all her weapons, the weakness of which she makes a most unfair use. When she is forced to retire in disorder behind her last line of defense, she begins to cry. Now, I ask you frankly, what chance have we men against a woman who cries? What is one to say of a struggle where the weaker antagonist has the better of it simply because she is the weaker?

WOMEN are very careful not to choose weapons from man's arsenal. They seldom risk themselves on the field of intellectual values, because there, on account of his secular training, man keeps his superiority.

Woman selects for the battle the ground most favorable to herself.

I once saw a woman fighting with really feminine arms. She was the great and well-known Japanese actress, Sadda Yacco. In the last scene of a Japanese drama, she appeared as a young princess, but this princess was at the same time a demon. And she had to fight against a warrior. The warrior held a sword in his hand; Sadda Yacco a flower in hers. With the flower, she tried to parry the attacks of the sword. But after a while the warrior cut with a stroke the flower which fell on the ground. Saddo Yacco in this extreme danger had an inspiration of genius. She took her long, flowing hair, and with it began to whip, to lash, to crush her enemy.

This is a really feminine weapon. But, ladies, how are you going to beat us since you have cut your hair?

IN WOMAN there is—I do not blame, I do not approve, I try to see clearly—a spirit of desperate contradiction. It animates all these struggles. For what purpose has it been given her? We shall see that presently.

In the battle of love, we see clearly the movements of our hearts. And these movements are more interesting to look at, and to study, than the rise and fall of the tides, the phases of the moon, and the procession of the equinoxes.

The drama in which man's happiness, and often his life, is at stake is played on a stage where the most marvelous inventions of science are of no avail. Disease you can treat and cure. Against love, you are powerless. For centuries, man has worked to capture the hidden forces of nature. Man is now like a king dominating his subjects. But, alas! the problem of his happiness is solved on another plane. When the secret, treacherous and dastardly combat, of which Vigny speaks, comes, science and its methods are powerless. Man has thought to conquer nature by his genius, but he is pitilessly brought back to it and is obliged to fight naked, as in the dawn of humanity, against his eternal adversary.

What will be the issue of such a struggle? I say candidly: man must win. In saying so, I am quite aware that I risk going against the feeling of the majority of my feminine public, but I say it just the same, and I hope to prove here that I do not say so simply because I am a man.

But why must man win? In order to answer this question we must first try to find the cause of this violent desire for fighting in women.

The two questions are, as you will see, intimately connected.

This desire of fighting, which is so general, must have its source in something very deep. I thought for years about it without finding a satisfactory reason. But little by little, light came. If nature is left alone, what does it want? If nature is not unfairly treated by man's selfish calculations, by man who tampers with the scale by throwing the weight of his money on it, nature says: May the best win.

When the queen of the bees seeks a lover—and on this union of a second depends the strength and the happiness of an entire generation—she flies high into the air, as high as she can. The swarm of drones follows her; but they soon tire; one after the other abandons the pursuit; only one of them is strong enough to follow the queen far away into the air. To this one alone she will surrender herself. This one alone will be the conqueror. He deserves it, because he is the best. It is a case of the fittest.

Well, with us it is the same. Woman wants the best man, and she is right. Woman knows—or, rather, feels—the vital importance of her choice. On that depends the real happiness of her life. Who would blame her for putting the man who is to be her mate to a severe test? She feels—she could not explain it, because all this is half-subconscious—she feels that for her and for the children she hopes to have, the character of the man is all important; yes, it is far more important than his intelligence, than his intellectual and physical capacities, for it is the character which counts first in the conduct of life.

It is then the character of the man she is going to test. And she begins to fight. It is a vital, deadly battle: many a man, however wise or clever, cannot stand it and shows his weakness.

ONE of the greatest of the ancients, Socrates, could not assert his superiority over his wife, although he dominated his epoch with his intellect. But at home he was defeated by Xantippe. As he was a kind of superman, he tried to turn that constant fight to his moral advantage and to develop his patience and his forbearance. But it is not given to everybody to make spiritual progress in such circumstances. Socrates was very near being a saint. But there again, he could not score a point against his antagonist. I am obliged to admit that women are not very fond of saints!

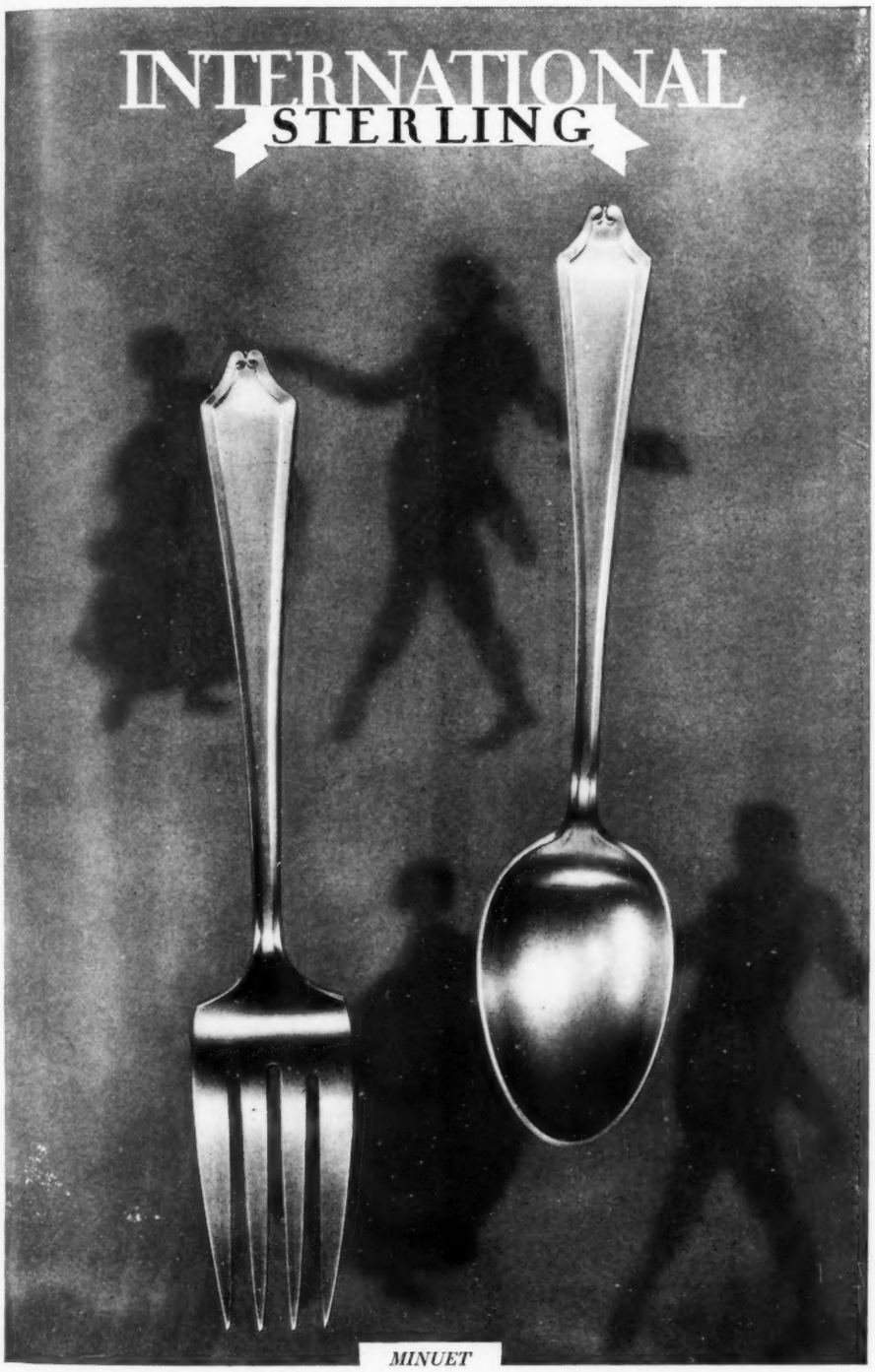
Well, in this battle, women wants to be sure that the man to whom she is to surrender has a masterful character and will be able to dominate her. She wants to rely on a real man. She knows her weakness; she does not confess it; nevertheless, she knows it.

So she fights—she fights with desperate courage, but secretly, and, unaware of it herself, she longs to be defeated, she longs to feel the force of somebody stronger; she longs, in fact, to be dominated.

If she is the victor, what will her feeling be toward a weak man? Is she going to respect him, to devote herself to him, in a word, to love him, as it is of love we are talking? If she is still free, she deserts him, she tries to find another man, a stronger. If she is already married, if she makes this fatal discovery too late, the unfortunate husband has to pay dearly for her disillusion; he has to pay dearly for his weakness. In that case, women are often merciless because they feel obscurely that their situation toward the man is radically false.

Then they do not hesitate to make their power felt; the husband is considered a machine good enough to bring money home, and to supply luxuries for the

(Concluded on page 149)



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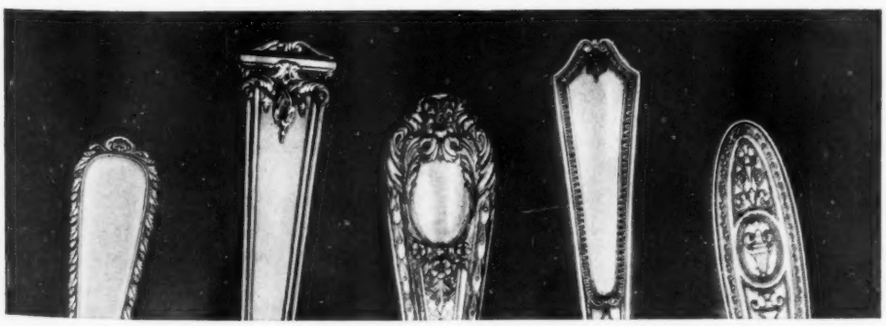

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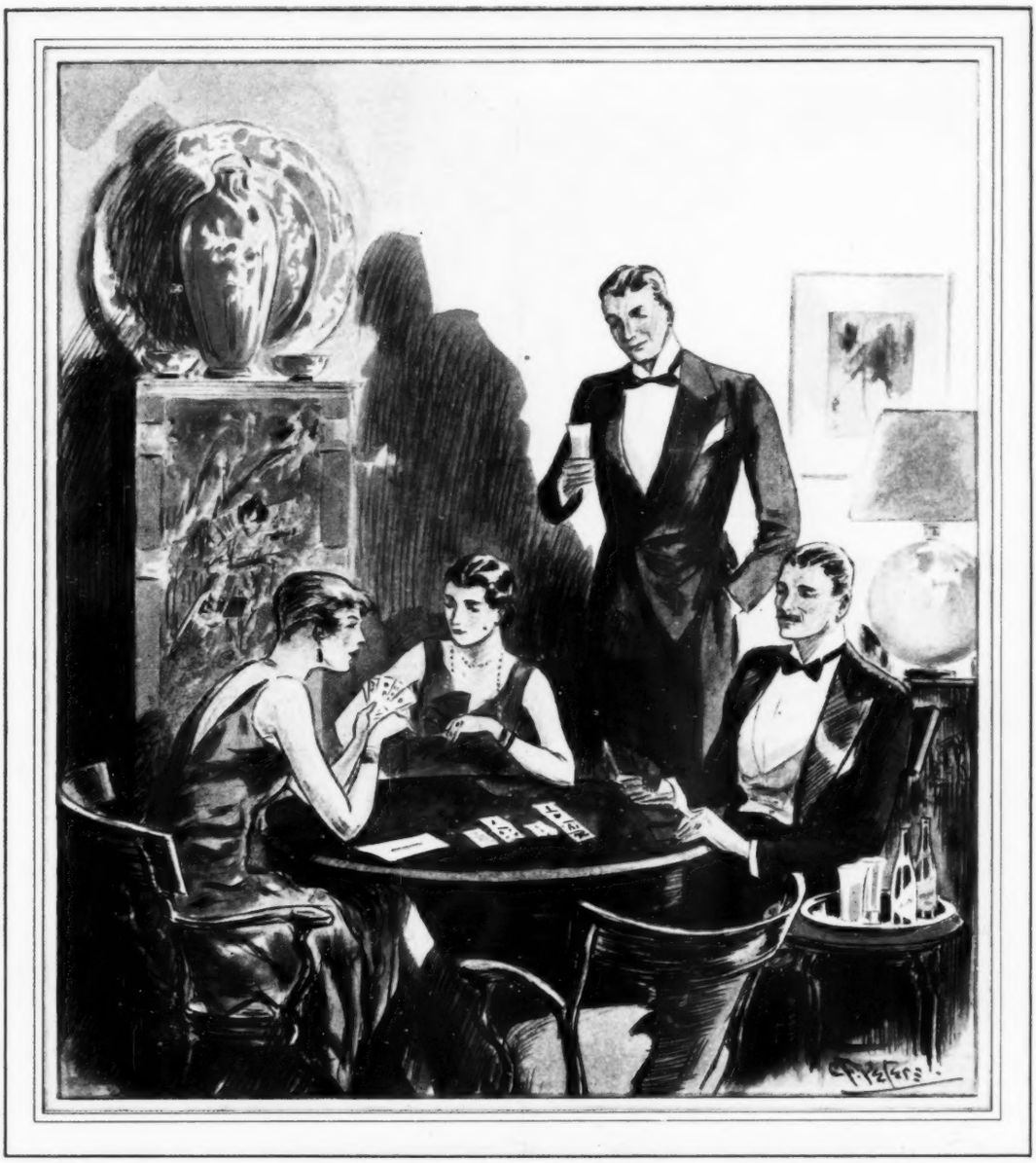

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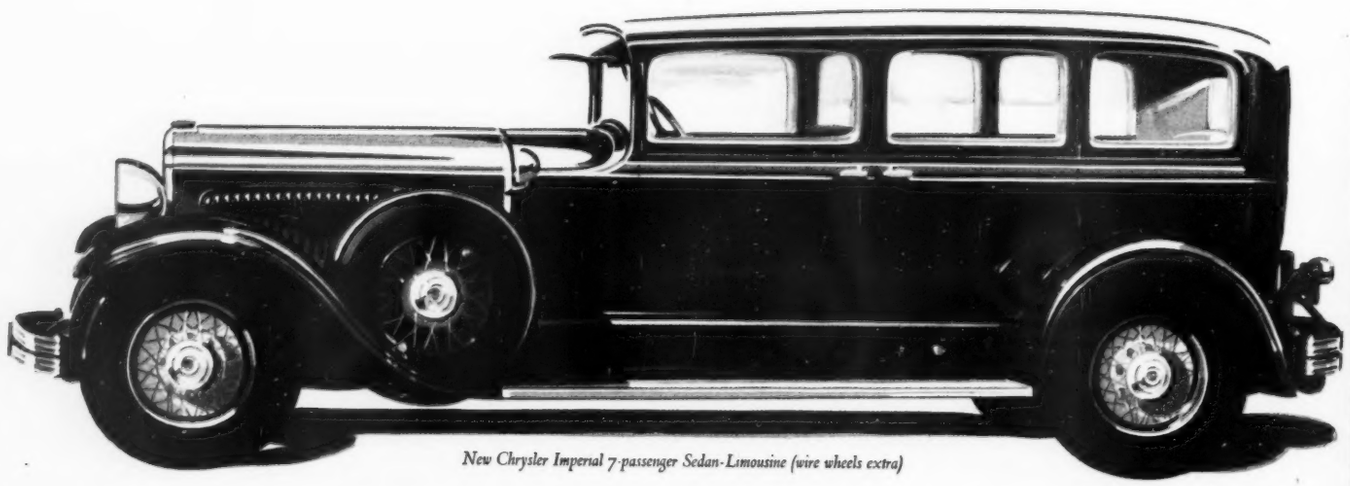
A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



New Chrysler Imperial 7-passenger Sedan-Limousine (wire wheels extra)

A DISCERNING public which always expects the unusual and the superlative from Chrysler engineering and manufacturing—based upon Chrysler's consistent record of leadership in every field—is more than ever satisfied by the new Imperial. . . . ¶ It has sensed here a degree of quality which would be prohibitive in a car, if produced with anything less than Chrysler efficiency and economies. . . . ¶ Chrysler has never produced its equal in every phase of beauty and behavior, in ease of handling and riding, in safety and dependability. . . . ¶ The new Imperial is the finest elaboration of Chrysler genius in design and performance and of the new style that re-styles all motor cars which has swept Chrysler to new heights of demand the country over.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL PRICES—*Roadster, $2675; Standard Coupe, $2895; Town Sedan, $2975; 5-passenger Sedan, $2975; Convertible Coupe, $2995; 7-passenger Sedan, $3095; 7-passenger Phaeton, $3095; Sedan-Limousine, $3475. All prices f. o. b. Detroit*

WHY DO LOVERS QUARREL?

(*Concluded from page 146*)

caprices of woman. There are cases, it is true, where woman is greatly superior to man in character, in intelligence, or in social position.

AND under the heading I have often thought of a great queen in history, Queen Elizabeth of England, the Virgin Queen. She never married, but she felt that she could not live without being loved and she had, queen as she was, one love affair at least. What can be a love affair between a great queen like Queen Elizabeth, a queen in her own right, and a man, of noble birth, but inferior to her in position? The Queen is imperious, the Queen sees only around her subjects, the Queen gives orders which are instantly obeyed, the Queen tolerates no discussion. She lives in a special atmosphere; by right of birth she is omnipotent. And now she meets a man who comes to her not as an inferior, but as a man; she meets a man, and for him she is no longer the Queen, she is a woman. New feelings arise in her, so new, so strong that she is confused, almost intoxicated; she forgets her past life, her grandeur, everything; now she trembles and fears, she feels that she must please him, attract him, retain him; she feels that he is the master and the only words which come to her lips are: My lord, I am at your mercy.

In this abdication of herself, she finds an unexpected joy, which comes from the very depth of herself, from a region she has never probed; this imperious Queen is happy because love reveals to her the sweetness that it is for the woman to obey and to give.

Yes, woman has in her heart treasures of devotion and of self-sacrifice. She is not avaricious; on the contrary, she wants to give, to give without counting, she wants to help, she wants to serve. If she finds an occasion to show her real nature, she attains supreme happiness. Remember the words of Portia in the *Merchant of Venice;* remember that Portia is young, beautiful, a great heiress. What does she say to Bassanio?

> . . . An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
> Happy in this, she is not yet so old
> But she may learn, and happier than this
> She is not bred so dull that she can learn;
> Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
> Commits itself to yours to be directed,
> As from her lord, her governor, her King.

THAT is the end, the natural end of the fight between man and woman. This fight is an ordeal, a test for the character of man. And it is in that light that I want you to look now at lovers' quarrels.

In my novel, *Ariane*, there is a terrible fight between two lovers. *Ariane* struggles for an entire year against the lover she accepted at first sight. She is courageous, she is strong-willed, she subjects her lover to the most searching and most bitter trials, and finally, she understands that she will never make him yield, that he will never love the personage she is trying to play in order to deceive him, and at last she confesses the truth, surrenders herself unconditionally and throws herself on his mercy. I have often thought about it since—and I believe that it is the happy and natural ending of this fight which is responsible for the success of my book in Europe. It is quite possible that many readers do not see it clearly, but this ending gives satisfaction to instincts lying deep down in them

CONTRACT

(*Concluded from page 144*)

"This new one is grand!" said Mrs. Dittmar. "I didn't get up till nearly eleven o'clock this morning—"

"Eleven!" exclaimed Mrs. French.

"Yes. Imagine!" said Mrs. Dittmar. "The itta girl just overslept herself, that's all."

"Mrs. Dittmar," said Shelton, "I have no idea who the itta girl is, but I am interested in your statement that she overslept herself. Would it be possible for her, or any other itta girl, to oversleep somebody else? If it were a sleeping contest, I should think 'outsleep' would be preferable, but even so I can't understand how a girl of any size outsleeps herself."

The storm broke. Dittmar sprang to his feet.

"That's enough, Shelton!" he bellowed. "We've had enough of this nonsense! More than enough!"

"I think," said Shelton, "that the use of the word 'enough' three times in one short speech is more than enough. It grates on me to hear or read a word reiterated like that. I suggest as synonyms, 'plenty', 'a sufficiency,' 'an abundance,' 'a plethora'."

"Shut your smart aleck mouth and get out!"

"Carl! Carl! Mustn't lose temper!" said Mrs. Dittmar. "Lose temper and can't digest food. Daddy mustn't lose temper and be sick all nighty night."

"Shelton just thinks he's funny," said Cameron.

"He's drunk and he'll leave my house at once!" said Dittmar.

"If that's the way you feel about it," said Shelton.

He stopped on the way out to bid Mrs. Dittmar's brother good-night.

"Good-night, B'udder old boy," he said. "I'm glad to have met you, but sorry to learn you're deaf."

"Deaf! What makes you think I'm deaf?"

"I understood your sister to say you played the piano by ear."

Knowing his wife would have taken something to make her sleep, and therefore not afraid of disturbing her, Shelton went home, got out a bottle of Linden Scotch and put the finishing touches on his bender. In the morning Mrs. Shelton was a little better and came to the breakfast table where he was fighting an egg.

"Well what kind of time did you have?"

"Glorious! Much more exciting than at the Frenches'. Mrs. Dittmar's brother is a piano-playing fool."

"Oh, wasn't there any bridge then?"

"No. Just music and banter."

"Maybe the brother can't play contract and I spoiled the party by not going."

"Oh, no. *You* didn't spoil the party!"

"And do we go to the Camerons' next Wednesday?"

"I don't believe so. Nothing was said."

They did go next Wednesday night to the palatial home of E. M. Pardee, a friend of Gale Bartlett's and one of the real aristocrats of Linden. After dinner, Mrs. Pardee asked the Sheltons whether they played contract, and they said they did. The Pardees, not wishing to impoverish the young immigrants, refused to play "families." They insisted on cutting, and Shelton cut Mrs. Pardee.

"Oh, Mr. Shelton," she said at the end of the first hand, "why *didn't* you lead me a club? You *must* watch the discards!"

Author's Postcript: This story won't get me anything but the money I am paid for it. Even if it be read by those with whom I usually play—Mr. C., Mrs. W., Mr. T., Mrs. R. and the rest—they will think I mean two other fellows and tear into me like wolves next time I bid a slam and make one odd.

Mrs Franklin inc.

Hand-knitted "couturier" sweaters, worn on the continent with the smartest tweeds, are next to impossible to find this side of Paris. But the Mrs. Franklin Shops, specialists for years in hand-knitted costumes, have taken a series of tweed suits, matched their threads with wools dyed in the yarn, and reproduced French sweaters to complete the French ensemble scheme.

PHILADELPHIA 260 South 17th St.
CHICAGO 132 E. Delaware Place (Just off Michigan Blvd.)
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PALM BEACH
YORK HARBOR
BAR HARBOR

. . . Cloth for Early featuring of silver
Coat Spring cuffs fox . . .
Joseph
2 West 57th Street at Fifth Avenue New York
DRESSMAKERS · MILLINERS · FURRIERS

POOR DEVIL

(*Concluded from page 94*)

having moved only a few yards to the door, she returned to the bench which she had originally occupied, and again sat motionless, regarding the Bronze Faun as before.

There had not been ten visitors in this small gallery all afternoon, and those who had passed through had scarcely more than glanced at what was there. She smiled a little sadly, thinking of the lights and shades of human experience which had gone to the making of that which stood so silently before her, for it had been her portion to share a part of those vicissitudes.

ALL his life Cecil Deane had dreamed in terms of sculpture; he had been caught in a restless pursuit of the perfect example of his art, so that people had felt him to be rather "impossible," a highly nervous, mettlesome animal, choosing to tread the upper ether; a man pursuing a private and personal quest which would not let him rest. He had never been one of those artists brimming with the joy of creation, at peace merely to be modeling, with whom it does not greatly matter where the finished product fails.

With Cecil it was different: always beauty had harassed him. The failure of his brain and hands to produce the thing he saw, the line, the magic which eluded him, reacted upon his restless nature, making him faintly bitter. He had the attitude toward his art that a man has toward the woman who has betrayed him—he loved it, he hated it, but he could not get away. He knew that only through it could he find ultimate peace of mind, and he mistrusted that it would be constant enough to give it to him.

They had spent ten years wandering over the world in search of that perfect example of his ability which alone would bring him completion when it had passed his own inexorably critical eye; and then, only a short year ago, when in the Bronze Faun he had at last attained it, death, as if recognizing that the instrument had fulfilled its usage, had broken it and laid it in the ground.

SHE sat there thinking of these things, and her mind ran back to the hour when she had first seen him; for this woman loved every vestige of their association. It had been one of those things for which the female kind are made to suffer by their sisters. One of those chance meetings between two beings, already lonely, who find themselves complementary to such a degree that the ultimate story is inevitable. She had been in Paris studying music, for, although she was already approaching middle age, she had a really good contralto, and, for years, had not been free to choose her recreations and enjoyments. She had been dining alone, and he had sat across the room with a man who left early. He had stayed on for a while, smoking and sipping his coffee, and through the smoke he had observed her, a thing not uncommon there, indeed; but his glance was quick, impersonal entirely without that quality of appraisal and invitation so recognizable upon the faces of the average diner in Paris restaurants, so that she guessed him to be an American, and she wondered if he would be dining there to-morrow night

Two months later they were in Italy together she giving herself to that feverish search of his, cooling his restless mind with her quiet devotion; and he fulfilling her being by using all her capabilities, rewarding her with almost childlike gratitude; both of them too alive in the moment to pause to explain anything that might have gone before their meeting and marriage.

A man has other children than his physical heirs, and it may be that the woman who makes possible the child of his brain is, in his eyes more perfectly maternal than she who has borne the child of his body. Cecil Deane's art became this woman's life, his nature her profession. All else was put aside, for theirs was the life of the veriest nomads, moving on anywhere, everywhere; always to the next strange country that would provide the magic to bring his ability to its maturer power.

And then, suddenly, he had gone back to America—their first separation since they had joined their lives. It had seemed like a period of death, those months of waiting. On his return to Italy and to her, he fell upon his clay with a kind of exaltation. He had been like a man in a dream until the figure was finished, had scarcely taken time to eat or sleep; and she began to feel that something was being born, not made. He would cover his eyes with his hands as if remembering, and then fly at the unfinished figure with his lips between his teeth, almost as if he suffered. When it was finished he had seemed utterly spent rather than at peace. And she recalled a strange quality in his quiet—a gentle note of satire, a vague surprise, as when a man stumbles upon some irony of his life. She had felt it, but had never quite understood it. Even now the recollection of it made her restless, as if it menaced the perfection of their union, and thinking thus, she forced her mind to dwell on happier hours.

She had always thought the Bronze Faun looked as Cecil might have looked when a stripling, and, gazing at the features now, the trace of him she found there brought a rich pang. It was almost alive, her child, that figure of perpetual grace, the lips laughing, the arched back bending in a caper half flight, half invitation. It had the eternal beauty of young and happy things. What it would have been to her to have made such a body, not in bronze, but alive and breathing, changing, developing until it held all the riotous strength, all the potential powers of a man! Queer that such a love as theirs should leave behind it only this exquisite unbreathing thing. But this child at least would live. Odd—the lifeless imperishable, and the living brief thing! What a riddle!

INTO the room, now almost dark, two visitors moved toward her silently. A woman and a lad. A tall lad with a kingly poise. The woman, seeing the Bronze Faun from afar, came to a sudden halt, and caught her hands against her breast. In a moment she drew near and stood before the figure, speechless.

"I am sorry it is so dark, now," said the woman who had sat there all afternoon, "it is the Bronze Faun by Cecil Deane." No one replied, and she said again, "It is the Bronze Faun by Cecil Deane. He would have been a great genius if he had lived."

"Yes. I suppose he would," the answer came faintly; "one never knows why geniuses must leave living, breathing beings to create marble images and bronze likenesses of them." She turned and looked at the lad beside her. The woman who had sat there all afternoon looked at him, too, and then she put her hands over her eyes.

"Cecil Deane was a genius," she heard herself repeating vaguely.

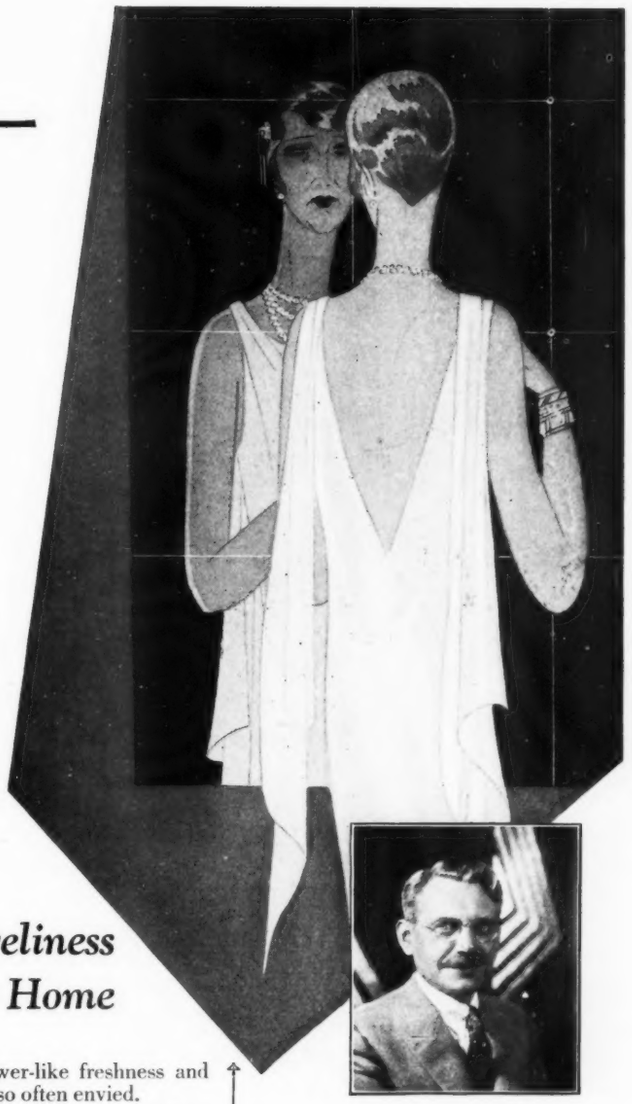
"I know; I was his wife, once. This is our son. The likeness is very exact."

They moved away and left her in the darkness of the gallery. She had felt it to be the only home she had. Here was housed the only tangible evidence of her association with the man who had made her world. In the chaos of this sudden, immense and final bereavement, she forgot the saving balm of memory, forgot the deathless and invisible things which companion those who have felt deeply; she knew only that out of that door had passed the woman through whom his brain and blood continued upon this earth. The thought carried with it a basic revolt, followed by a sense of extinction.

She moved nearer the Bronze Faun and laid her hand upon its shoulder. The icy cold of it! The fearful and unyielding smoothness! She cried out, clutching it with both hands.

IT WAS midnight, Jimmy Jones was stamping his feet and selling papers. "Paper—pa-p-p-e-r! Woman dead in Mu-ze-um! Statue falls on La-dee in Galler-ee! . . . Paper, Mister?"

CHARLES OF THE RITZ Tells How to Banish Ageing Face Lines



"YOUTHFUL freshness and smoothness of skin, freedom from ageing lines, pouches and other blemishes, is simply a matter of scientific care. In your own home at small cost you may now give yourself this care. My beauty creations, the same preparations used in my beauty salons at the Ritz-Carlton, the Plaza and other great hotels, are now sold through leading shops everywhere as well as at my salons. I give them to the world with the assurance that they will bring to every woman a deeper fascination and a more lasting youth."

Charles OF THE RITZ

Now Protect and Preserve Youthful Loveliness Use CHARLES' *Salon Preparations at Home*

THINK of being able to give yourself in your own boudoir at little expense the identical beauty treatments for which thousands of wealthy and fashionable women go to the CHARLES OF THE RITZ salons. The secret of their amazing youthful loveliness and chic is now yours.

For CHARLES' secret formulas, the result of twenty-five years' beauty practice, have now for the first time been placed on sale at leading department stores and druggists. With each exquisite jar or bottle come full directions for CHARLES' unique beauty treatments. These are the treatments which give to CHARLES' society patrons that "young girl" smoothness and firmness of contour, that flower-like freshness and radiance, which you have so often envied.

Purchase any one of the new CHARLES OF THE RITZ preparations at your favorite shop tomorrow. Apply it according to the simple directions. You will be delighted and amazed at its superiority over anything you have ever used. After even this first treatment you will see a definite improvement. Youthful suppleness, creamy smoothness, flower-petal freshness begin definitely to return. Years seem to drop away *visibly*.

It is but a promise of the radiant youth which CHARLES' has brought to thousands—and can bring to *you* as well.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ *Advises for Home Use*

For Ageing Lines

ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM RITZ—Excellent for dry, shriveled, crepy skin and all lines $2, $3.50

For Large Coarse Pores

PORE PASTE RITZ—Acts to quickly reduce, refine and smooth coarse, rough pores $1.50

For Sagging Skin, Pouches

ASTRINGENT RITZ—To firm and smooth flabby, sagging skin, drooping chin, puffiness $2, $4

For Sallow Muddy Skin

BLEACH CREAM RITZ—Helps keep skin beautifully white and soft. Prevents blackheads $2.50

To End Skin Eruptions

ACNE LOTION RITZ—Dries up and heals disfiguring blemishes often overnight $2.25

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NOTE: If unable to obtain at store, order direct

Write for CHARLES' *Beauty Book*, The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty. *CHARLES will also gladly answer any special questions you wish to ask, giving you his personal advice. Address* CHARLES OF THE RITZ, *Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City, Suite 114-H*

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CHARLES OF THE RITZ *Salons: New York*—RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL · RITZ-TOWER · PLAZA HOTEL · BARCLAY HOTEL GLADSTONE HOTEL · PARK CHAMBERS · *Atlantic City*—RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL · *Boston*—RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

CHARLES OF THE RITZ

Now Wipe Away Years In Three Short Steps

AS the result of 25 years' experience as Maitre de Beauté to America's smartest women, CHARLES OF THE RITZ has perfected three youthifying preparations which perform seeming wonders. With amazing swiftness they bring back to a dull, lined, ageing skin the vivid radiance and satiny loveliness of youth.

These unique preparations are now for the first time obtainable at leading shops. With them come full directions for CHARLES' special treatments. The three cost only $4.25. Get them and laugh at the passing years.

1. The first preparation is *Lemon Cleansing Cream Ritz*, $1.25. It not only cleanses perfectly, flushing out every impurity, but also refines and whitens. Also its delicate oils keep the skin soft, smooth and supple.

2. The second preparation is *Skin Tonic Ritz*, $1.50. It stimulates the sluggish skin, restoring healthful color, toning and helping lift sagging tissues, reducing coarse pores.

3. The third preparation is *Skin and Tissue Builder Ritz*, $1.50. It is especially recommended to fill out shrunken tissues, preventing lines and pouches. It keeps the skin lovely, firm and full, yet youthfully soft and smooth.

Just three things to buy—and youthful loveliness assured. Begin your rejuvenation today.

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HARRY GLOVES

exclusive with Kurzman in New York

They are the most famous gloves of two continents—almost the only glove the smart world knows by name! They are sold only at Harry's in Paris, at Kurzman in New York; and the women who buy them, here or there, choose from identical models on either side the water.

SPRING CLASSICS

slip-on washable suede $5
one-button washable suede, $4
short-wrist suede gauntlet, $4
natural chamois slip-on, $2.50
hand-stitched washable kid, slip-ons, $5, 2-button . . $4

Harry

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"CANDID FRIEND"

(Continued from page 80)

produce smartness."

"I'm glad my efforts are being appreciated. I dare say I manage to be very well dressed."

"Not always. Your taste is far from infallible. Your costumes are at times what might be called 'surprising.' However, it may be just those occasional lapses in departing from accepted standards which make people, even though they gasp, speak of you as that 'wonderfully smart Mrs. Ex.' I pity the unfortunate women, though, who possessing neither your original personality, your presence, nor your assured social standing, seek sartorial inspiration from your clever interpretation of whatever at the time happens to be *à la Mode.*"

"Here you make a mistake; I rarely know what is *à la Mode;* I never follow fashions."

"That is hardly an accurate statement, for you invariably do, unless, of course, you lead them. The fact is, what constitutes your reputation for smartness consists not merely in good looks, but in the extraordinary fashion knowledge you have acquired. You know which fashion is likely to develop and also when it should be dropped, are never on the wrong track, and only wear clothes which you are certain other women will be wearing six months hence."

Looking about us we find our table deserted. The jazzing of the jazz band has done its work.

Mrs. Ex says that since she is supposed to be the smartest woman in the world she feels a sense of responsibility upon her. "I cannot risk going to pieces in public!"

Besides she considers dancing between dinner tables a very sordid affair. She tells me she very rarely does.

"Why is it that the aspect of even a smart crowd should be so vulgar?" is the next thing she wants to know. "Why do so few women stand out as well dressed?"

"Evidently because an agglomeration of many indifferent gowns submerges the isolated good ones. A well-dressed woman hardly ever stands out in a crowd. She becomes part of it."

"Has it ever occurred to you," Mrs. Ex says, "how few women bother about harmony of surroundings? What unpardonable risks they take in a crowd, such as this one, for instance, and how detracting a background that is, produced by women garbed in every color contained in a rainbow?

"I feel quite dazed by this kaleidoscopic shifting and reshuffling of jarring colors. I cannot even be fair and make a difference between good and bad. So, I beg of you, don't ask me to dance in so motley a crowd. I cannot take chances with my acquired fame."

The music has suddenly stopped. People find their way back to their seats. A pretty, not particularly well-dressed woman has taken possession of Barbara's chair beside me. The first thing she says to me is, "You're sure to find me provincial. I am quite aware of not being well dressed at all."

She continues: "Having, however, made arrangements to join Barbara in Cannes, I feel I ought to make an effort to smarten up a bit. The trouble with me is—I am fastidious to a degree, dying to be smart, yet nervous of wearing anything which seems to me very new.

"All novelty strikes me as eccentric, and as to a radical change of fashion it simply terrifies me. Only after I've seen new styles worn by other women do I know if I like them or not, and unfortunately only get used to them when most other women discard them. I am afraid I'm hopeless!"

"No, dear lady, merely timorous and devoid of sartorial courage. As we've only just met, I am unable to give an opinion, but I would like to remark that too much reticence in dress is rarely appreciated and is, in most instances, ascribed to sartorial ignorance. If unable to trust yourself, why not select from among women, acknowledged as perfectly dressed, those most closely resembling your type and decide to follow their lead? Or if no one inspires confidence, and you feel you cannot distinguish between 'new good' and 'new bad', why [illegible] make up your mind to be entirely dress[ed] by just one first-class dressmaker in Pa[ris] and never by any other?

"Which Paris house would I advise y[ou] to try? The one from two or three [I] might name which, in your own particul[ar] set, enjoys the greatest prestige. It shou[ld] be a house famed for safety, in wh[ich] even the newest departures, differe[nt] from anything one has ever seen befo[re] are never labeled 'eccentric' nor thoug[ht] in doubtful taste."

"Yes, I know of designers in Paris wi[th] a prestige so great and an individuali[ty] so marked as to confer upon any woma[n] a *cachet* of elegance, as well as the hallma[rk] of good taste."

"You are quite right. I have one pa[r]ticular house in mind, and will glad[ly] give you the name, though not now."

"Don't you agree," says the lady, "th[at] there is nothing more distinguished f[or] evening wear than black?"

"So I'm told," I reply. "I've hea[rd] people say that black is comfortable an[d] safe. Personally, I consider the wearin[g] of black requires more smartness of pe[r]sonality than any other shade. A woma[n] who manages to be the center of attrac[-]tion in black is easily smarter than an[y] one else in the room; if not, she is sure t[o] be unretrievably dowdy."

"Please tell me which is the smarte[st] this season, mousseline de soie or net?"

"Net, by all means. Since the narro[w] silhouette is a thing of the past, chiffo[n] is no more as popular as it was. In fac[t] none of the clinging textures are."

"Nevertheless," says the lady, "I ob[-]serve quite a number of gowns, in geo[r]gette, chiffon, and crêpe here to-night."

"Of course, you do. There always wi[ll] be women to wear them—glitterin[g] laces, especially, being particularly attrac[-]tive, but those who do are no more th[e] ones who stand out as particularly smar[t]. The prevailing Paris evening mode re[-]quires both fulness and length of skirt—with ankles veiled in transparent te[x]tures."

"And which to your mind is the bes[t]-looking gown at Ciro's to-night?" th[e] lady now wants to know.

"Unquestionably the one in black ci[r] satin, with the great black net skirt an[d] the long rounded panel in the back edge[d] by flaring flounces.

"Extremely popular, just at present[,] are attractive little jackets to be worn over evening dresses."

Barbara, from across the table, pro[-]claims, "These to be imported from Lon[-]don."

She may be right; it is difficult ex[-]actly to know where any fashion originates.

"Anyway, a difference exists between the Paris and London jackets. The French models are shaped to the figure, while in London they hang loose and are much less formal looking. Paris makes them appear to be part of a costume which, with a harmonizing slip and bou[-]fant skirt, produces an ensemble.

"In London, on the contrary, any kind of loose looking gold or silver box coatee seems to be worn over almost any evening gown, being merely added for warmth and comfort. The lady at a table across the room will serve as a striking example.

"On arriving, I noticed her wearing a gold jacket, made of some soft texture. She removed it for dancing, revealing a very rich looking brocade gown bearing the unmistakable Callot stamp. Beautiful, but entirely different in texture from her coatee.

"Now, cast a glance at another table farther down the room. You will observe a lady dressed all in white. Her jacket is very tight fitting, its texture entirely composed of white seed-pearls, into which elaborate designs of rhinestones seem to be incrusted. The lady surely finds the jacket too warm to dance in, and may not be entirely comfortable. She is, however, unable to remove it, because her costume, being merely a coat and skirt affair, forming an ensemble, is not supposed to be separated."

This, I should call the Paris interpretation of a fashion that is bound to become increasingly popular, as time goes on

Madame: The EUGÈNE SACHET

¶ We dedicate this page to your better acquaintance!

Allow us to present, *The Eugène Sachet*—at once the *source* and the *control* of the steam that so beautifully waves your hair when you get a genuine Eugène Permanent Wave. ¶ The Eugène Sachet, with its patented perforated steam tab, is the all-important secret of gentle, graceful, Eugène permanent waves. ¶ From countless, carefully placed and graduated perforations in the steam tab, come tiny jets of steam, controlled as to quantity, direction and duration—all essential to pre-determined success in permanent waving.

¶ There are no acceptable substitutes for Eugène Sachets. Only the genuine have the patented perforated steam tab—an exclusive Eugène feature.

Be sure your hairdresser uses the genuine—26 to 40 of them for each wave. You will know them by the perforated steam tab—and by the famous Eugène trade-mark symbol stamped on each sachet.

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We will gladly send you a sample Eugène Sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method," and a list of genuine Eugène Permanists in your vicinity. Eugène, Ltd., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City. United States, England, France, Germany, Australia.

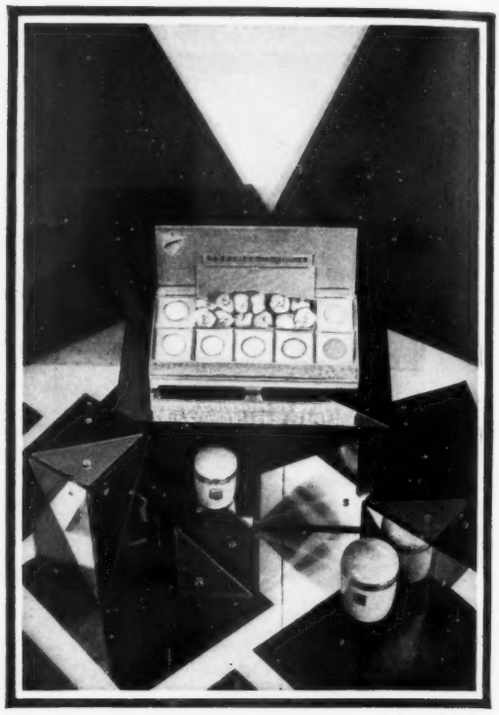
The Smartest Street on Earth
at the end of the longest gangplank

The mode that doesn't begin on the rue de la Paix, or near it... isn't a mode... it's a costly mistake. -:- The woman who doesn't adore the thought of buying clothes there, and glittering trifles on the rue de Rivoli... isn't a woman... she's a misnomer in petticoats. -:- All the sleek long-nosed cars in Europe, all the racing greyhounds that cut a blue-green swathe across the Atlantic are drawn by the irresistible pull of those little jewel-box shops! -:- But the smartest of the women and the wisest of the men are taking the "*France*", the "*Paris*" or the "*Ile de France*", those Weekly Express Liners that carry them to Paris by the quickest, easiest, gayest, pleasantest route. -:- The men know they won't find a bore in the smoking room, a bounder at dinner or a menu less than perfect. -:- The women know that the world doesn't hold a more appreciative audience for themselves and their frocks. -:- Five days in Paris-afloat, a call at Plymouth for London, then dock at Le Havre where the boat-train waits ... three hours to the rue de la Paix!

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

French Line Officers and Stewards Converse in English



Aime Dupont

The guest powder box, containing seven shades of R. Louis' powder, is a novel idea. Also shown are two of the attractive green jars of cream.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

IT IS easy to be lovely in New York, for the most famous beauty experts may be consulted in their salons, and various treatments taken under expertly trained attendants. Usually the largest cities are blessed with branch salons of leading New York specialists, but what of the hundreds of medium sized cities throughout the country where women with the same desire to preserve and promote their beauty have not the same happy facilities for competent treatments? R. Louis, the eminent hair-dresser, who has such a large New York following in his spacious establishment at 26 West 58th Street, has anticipated this need on the part of smart women in smaller communities, and within the last six months has made it possible for them to obtain his splendid treatments and preparations, by putting R. Louis trained operators into local hair-dressing shops.

A list of these hair-dressers will be sent you, on request, from the beauty expert in their New York salon, who will also answer any questions about your particular needs, or, if you are in town, will personally study your skin and supervise your treatment. For Monsieur Louis believes that the best results can be obtained only after expert diagnosis. Each skin accordingly receives a different mixture of creams, depending on its texture and conditions, and each subsequent treatment is varied in proportion to how the skin has responded to the previous salon treatment and care at home. Thrifty souls will be charmed with the attractive pale green jars, which hold the R. Louis preparations and have a hundred fascinating uses after their contents have been exhausted.

Any hostess will welcome with delight the new guest powder set which contains seven different shades of powder—so that every guest may find her exact preference and not be dependent on one color, as is usually the case.

In the back part of the de luxe manicure salon at 50 East 57th Street is a real discovery—Mrs. Edith May. Her card reads, "Electrolysis Specialist," and for some women she ought to be a godsend. Her six magic little needles, guided by sure, nimble fingers, remove superfluous hair scientifically and permanently from the face, armpits, arms and legs. Even one's eyebrows may be shaped forever. True, to cover a large area of hair, which has grown thick and obstinate through too frequent shaving, requires time and patience. But consider the joy of being free once and for all from this feminine tribulation. If hair is pulled out by the roots it will grow in again unless the papilla, which furnishes the nourishment to the roots, is completely destroyed, and this can only be done by the electric needle. Mrs. May's telephone number, for your convenience, is Rhinelander 2558.

Lovers of Caron's rare and costly perfumes will be delighted to hear that a new scent is being brought out early in March called "Bellodgia." It is a warm, compelling fragrance which clings elusively for days and makes one think, somehow, of great masses of deep red carnations. The crystal bottle is luxuriously simple and comes only in the one medium size. The house of Caron has added recently "Nuit de Noël" face powder to its line to go with its most popular perfume.

The windy month of March is perhaps the most trying month of all to the eyes, for fine particles of dirt and dust are flying everywhere through the air. So it is important that special care be taken of them, for a woman's eyes are her most expressive charm, and perhaps the least cared for. Kathleen Mary Quinlan, 665 Fifth Avenue, long ago established a name for the care of eyes. Her directions are simple and effective. "Night and morning bathe the eyes with Quinlan Eye Bath to cleanse them. Then nourish the tissue about the eyes and keep it free from lines and wrinkles with Vah-Dah Eye cream. Restore youthfulness and firmness to the delicate skin about the eyes with Vah-Dah astringent." For tired, overstrained eyes, her balsam packs dipped in hot water and pressed over the eyeballs, are most refreshing. The combination of the heat and the soothing herbs takes away all signs of strain. Miss Quinlan has designed a compact little Eye Kit for traveling which holds the essential preparations, and includes Cleaning Oil

(*Concluded on page 156*)

The Greater HUDSON

in 14 Distinguished New Body Types

Original Copper Etching by Chas. A. Barker

"There is a very costly car" you would say

If you did not know the price

From whatever viewpoint you regard it—whether rich appearance, luxurious appointment or brilliant performance—if you did not know the price of the Greater Hudson you would say, "There is a very costly car."

* * *

On the standard chassis nine models are offered—the Coach, Standard Sedan, Coupe, Roadster, Phaeton, Town Sedan, Convertible Coupe, Landau Sedan and Victoria, ranging from $1095 to $1500 at factory. On the long chassis there are five models—the 4-passenger Sport Phaeton, the 7-passenger Phaeton, the 5-passenger Club Sedan, the 7-passenger Sedan and the 7-passenger Limousine, with a price range from $1850 to $2100 at factory.

92 DEVELOPED HORSEPOWER — ABOVE 80 MILES AN HOUR

"Gracia"

Ashes of Roses—the subtle color tone of this coat—merges delicately into the beauty of a Natural Blue Fox collar... Rhythmic lines and graceful modulations in length acclaim the Softer Feminine Mode... Fitting close and turning sharply down on one side, the felt hat emphasizes a finely-moulded head and profile.

MILGRIM

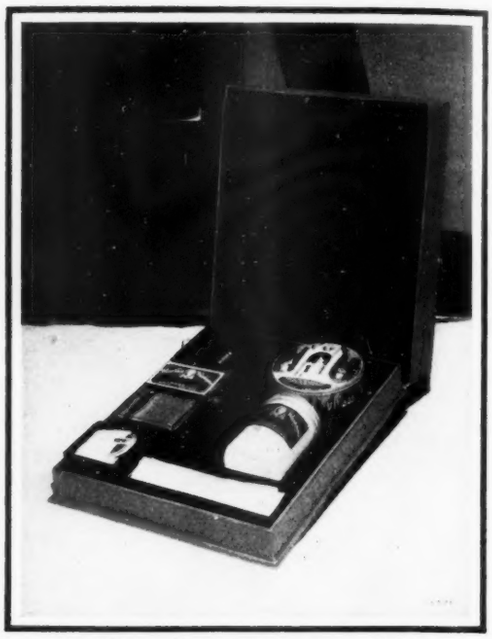
6 WEST 57th STREET

Just off Fifth Avenue, New York

600 Michigan Boulevard, South CHICAGO

1607 Euclid Avenue CLEVELAND

Milgrim Creations and Hats may also be obtained at the foremost shops in each city



The Martha Washington Downtown "Make-Up" Box for business women contains all the necessary requisites for a fresh complexion.

THE COSMETIC URGE

(*Concluded from page 154*)

Vah-Dah Eye Cream, Eye Packs, Vah-Dah Eye Astringent, Eye Bath, Eye Drops, Eyelash Grower, and Eyebrow and Eyelash Brush.

Appearances count in business as much as in private life. The clever business woman realizes this and in spite of long wearying hours at a desk, or rushing in and out of shops looking at new merchandise, one of her chief considerations is her skin. Anré, cosmetician of Paris and New York, who puts out his line under the name of Martha Washington, has realized the business woman's needs, and made for her a compact kit called a "Downtown Make-Up Box." It is an attractive raspberry-colored box, lined with black, which slips easily into a desk drawer and contains cleansing cream and tissues, a bottle of astringent, rouge and face powder. The last mentioned item is particularly interesting, as it looks much darker than most powders, even in its lightest shade, yet when it is on the face it tones in perfectly with the skin. The rest of this line is well worth investigating and may be found at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

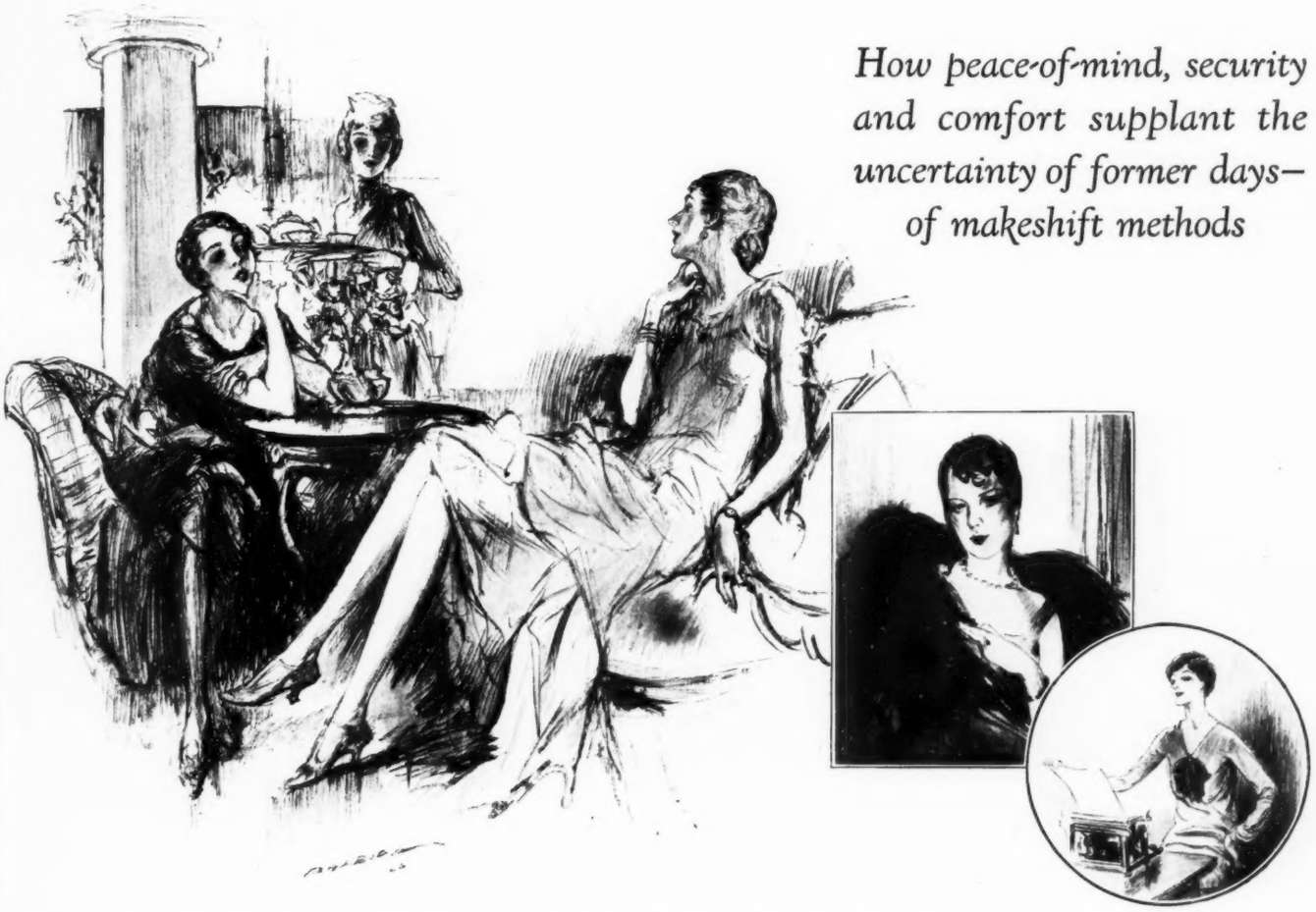
If you are one of those pathetic "left behinds," whose fate it is to remain shivering and pale up in the North, while your friends disport themselves on sunny Southern sands and send you colored post-cards of orange groves and waving palm trees, take heart and betake yourself to the new Salon Bertie at 695 Fifth Avenue. Here you will find a *chambre solaire,* where you may transform yourself, in six treatments, into a brown, buxom lass, and cause unsuspecting people to exclaim: "My, you look well! Were you at Palm Beach or Nassau?" The special sun lamp is under the supervision of a well-known New York M. D.

Created to supplement this treatment is Madame Bertie's new Lotion Solaire, which is a liquid powder in three shades of tan. It goes on very evenly and will not rub off on your favorite white satin evening dress.

This new Salon Bertie, designed by Lescaze, will charm followers of the modern school of decoration. The atmosphere is attractively restful and the facial rooms boast real daylight from the west. You know it takes courage to give a facial by the uncharitable light of day. The effects are not so alluring, but surely must be more intelligently satisfying. Madame Bertie is a dermatologist, and her treatments simple and scientific. All a normal skin requires is her Lait D'Oesype, a thick creamy liquid for cleansing and nourishing at night; Lait Mediana, a refreshing lotion, redolent of almonds for morning cleaning, to be followed by Crème Mediana, a base for Poudre Mediana, which prevents the pores from becoming clogged with powder and dust. Eau Detersive is an astringent for strengthening the sagging muscles of the throat or for keeping the skin on the neck from wrinkling, and for refining coarse pores. For oily or dry skins the same preparations are used, slightly varied, in conjunction with advice given at the salon.

Shown above are the products of Madame Bertie, which may be seen in her new Fifth Avenue salon.

Ending the Uncertainty of Old-Time Hygienic Methods



How peace-of-mind, security and comfort supplant the uncertainty of former days—of makeshift methods

SINCE Kotex now costs so little, one can no longer afford the risks, the bother and embarrassment, of old-style hygienic methods.

For Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, has overcome all former handicaps to peace-of-mind. By absolute protection, removed all doubts. Poise and assurance today are natural—comfort and ease unknown before are yours.

Just the proper absorbency

Kotex starts by being of proper absorbency. Its exclusive filler material, Cellucotton absorbent wadding, actually is five times as absorbent as surgical cotton! It is scientifically shaped to fit, pliable and downy . . . thus giving comfort without self-consciousness.

It is adjustable, too, to suit the individual's wishes.

Now deodorizes . . . exclusively

Kotex, by an exclusive process,* deodorizes. And this is a factor women are quick to appreciate. Nowhere else will you find this patented Kotex feature.

Disposable without embarrassment (see directions in each box)—easily bought by name wherever you are—these are other important things that Kotex brings.

And now, at new low prices, within the reach of all. Health need not be endangered by the old-style methods of yesterday. Radiant health, peace-of-mind and poise are yours, at all times.

Cellucotton absorbent wadding comes in layers, which can be adjusted to one's individual need. That is a unique advantage which women always find comforting. Then, too, there is an easy softness about both gauze and filler today. Manufacturing refinements keep adding to your comfort.

Buy Kotex today

Buy a box of Kotex today . . . 45 cents for twelve. All drug, dry goods and department stores sell it; also in vending cabinets in rest-rooms through the West Disinfecting Company. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. Kotex Company of Canada, Ltd., 330 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

Use Super-size Kotex

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Super-size Kotex differs from Regular Kotex only in giving the extra protection of additional layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. The advantages in using it in connection with the Regular are thus obvious. Disposable the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it indispensable where extra protection is needed. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy one box of Super-size to every three of Kotex Regular. Its extra layers of filler mean much in added comfort and security.

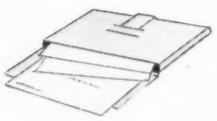
KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

ENGRAVED STATIONERY MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

Those whose taste is unquestioned use Genuine Engraving



THEY know, those persons of discriminating taste, that social reputations are made or wrecked by instinctive impressions. Accordingly, their stationery and social forms are graced with the charm and character of *genuine engraving*. No makeshifts, no substitutes can convey the same distinction. To make certain of the *genuine*, look for the identifying symbol pictured here. See that this mark appears on product or package.

ENGRAVED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Genuine Engraved Business Cards Open Closed Doors

A ROMANTIC LETTER

(*Continued from page 107*)

silently, by changing the disk. They're playing Tosti's "Good-bye." It is wailing away at a frightful rate—

"Falling leaves and fading flowers
"Shadows falling on you and me. . . ."

It's strange, but something in the woman's voice made me think suddenly of Isabel—not the sound of it, for her voice was always beautiful and this is the voice of a common woman who drinks too much whisky. It's odd, but this is the second time to-day that I've thought of Isabel when she's been forgotten for years. Lord! How many years? Fifteen. Twenty. Perhaps more. She may be dead, for all I know. Memory plays strange tricks. This morning at the palace I had a sudden feeling that I had seen her somewhere to-day quite close at hand, as if she had passed me in the street without my quite recognizing her. It may have been that I passed someone who resembled her. Faces have strange resemblances.

I've just remembered that you're the same age as Isabel and that this too must be her birthday. You used to celebrate on the same day in the old house on Murray Hill.

What has become of her? I remember her as I saw her on the night she ran off with that fellow Preston. Ah, you were there, too. You must have the same memory of her, though you may have seen her since. I've never seen her, though I heard she was in Peking just before I arrived seven years ago. It's only lately that I've been able to think of her and of how much I was in love with her. Before now, it always hurt me too much. That's why I always avoided meeting her. I could never forget her running off with him. It's so long ago now that it all seems quite beautiful and something to be thankful for. It's almost as if she'd joined the procession of ghosts that haunt the old corridors of the palace. She *was* a beauty with her dark hair and blue eyes and that spoiled quick bad-tempered way of hers. Ah, Elenor, I was in love with her. She could have had me on any terms.

(They have started the scratchy thing again in the next room. I think they must keep the thing going to escape speaking to each other.)

She could have been happy—Isabel, I mean—but she always had to be making a sensation. Perhaps I'm just a prig. Perhaps she *is* happy. She always had to be noticed by people. She might have married Preston decently, but she preferred to elope with him. And she might have been happy with him, but she preferred a divorce in days when divorces were still sensational. It's odd how the years make you see things differently. I was in love with her once. She was the only woman I've ever loved. But now I can't help thanking God for all the trouble I escaped because she thought me dull—how much trouble and notoriety!

What has become of her? The last I heard was when she ran off from her second husband with Murchison who seemed a sober enough fellow and not the sort to leave a wife and children for a woman of forty. Always a sensation. "The beautiful Isabel So-and-So eloped, etc. . . ." Life, it seems, has never been exciting enough for her.

And now Murchison's life has been ruined, and he's lost. I suppose they're together somewhere. He was an honorable sort, as I remember him, and by now she must be too old to indulge in any more escapades. I suppose he's sticking to her for the sake of something that is dead. They were mixed up in some sort of yachting scandal in England about ten years ago. I think that's the last time she's been in the papers. She must be old and weary of sensations by now.

The music has stopped again in the next room and they've begun to quarrel. Apparently it's some sort of a rendezvous. Thank God, they're not people that I know. I suppose they think themselves alone in the Pavillon Dorée. I've coughed and dropped a book on the floor—a heavy volume of Saint-Simon—but the woman is in a kind of frenzy and not to be stopped by the mere presence of a stranger. She's screaming at him and he is silent. She's just cried out, "I'll leave you! Why don't you say something instead of sitting there like a deaf mute? I've ruined myself for you and all I've had is misery, misery, misery!" The man answered her. "For God's sake, leave me and stop talking about it. Leave me in peace." She's gone into hysterics. I think the wretched creature is drunk.

I'm going up to my room. I can't stand it any longer.

AN HOUR later.

I didn't escape. I was gathering up my things when the pair of them came through the room, moving across it against the pattern of bloody-magenta funeral wreaths. He was carrying a portable gramophone and some disks. I shouldn't have looked up or taken any notice of them but the man paused and, seeming not in the least put out by what he knew I must have heard, asked me what time it was. He was a tall man with a lean, weary face and gray hair, with the look of a gentleman. I took out my watch and silently held the face of it toward him and as I did so I noticed that the woman had halted in the doorway to see why he had not followed her. You could see at once why she had stopped there on the threshold. She was afraid that he might escape from her.

She was a tall woman with a figure that once must have been fine, before she had grown heavy with dissipation. She had a sagging chin and that hard, worried look of a woman who had clung desperately to her youth. The ravaged face was painted, crudely, as if she had done it while intoxicated, and her hair was of that dyed unreal shade of mahogany red. I should have turned away, but there was something about her that arrested me. She stood drawn up unsteadily against the doorway, with a wild and grotesque dignity, as if she were commanding me. Clearly she was thinking, "Look at me. You are a man. You will seldom see such another beauty . . ." as if she had never understood that she was nothing any longer but a raddled shrew. And then all at once I was sick, really sick, Elenor. There wasn't any doubt. The man was Murchison and the woman was Isabel. Mercifully, she was too drunk to recognize me.

THREE days have passed since I left off writing. I couldn't write any more. I couldn't sleep. All I could do was think, and so I walked the streets all night in the rain, and when I came in, in the morning, the hunting-dog was still howling, dismally and monotonously.

I've just come from the cemetery that lies on the edge of the forest. There were only two of us there besides the Anglican rector—Murchison and myself. We covered the raw red earth with a blanket of flowers. I don't think we said twenty words to each other. What was there to say except, "I knew her when she was a girl?" And you couldn't well say that with the memory of the drunken harridan leaning against the doorway of that terrible salon in the Pavillon Dorée.

They found her in the kitchen in the morning in a pool of blood. She had cut her throat. She died, you see, as she had always lived, in a sensation. She would have liked a great story of her romantic love and death. But Murchison and I cheated her out of that. We've hushed things up. We can at least spare her family this last blow.

I should never have sent this letter, and I never would have sent it to anyone but you, because I knew you'd be interested and would understand it. I'm trusting you to keep the secret along with Murchison and me. I can never come to Fontainebleau again. I can't help regretting that, even though it seems selfish and small. I did love it and now, of course, Isabel has spoiled it forever. And poor Murchison! I don't know what he'll do. I'm taking him back to Paris with me.

It's things like this that make me regret

(*Concluded on page 160*)

Grosvenor House
PARK LANE, LONDON. W.1

STAY HERE

It's the finest hotel in the world, the most modern, the most comfortable. The service, food, and wines at Grosvenor House are perfect.

If you want to play golf, tennis or squash, ride or see racing, or indeed any form of sport, the sports manager will arrange everything for you.

A beautiful illustrated brochure will be sent you on request

Telephone: Grosvenor 6363

Cables and Telegrams: "Grovhows," Audley, London.

"Appeal effectively to the higher aesthetic tastes"—BECKWITH

LONG AGO people of unerring taste discovered that articles of adornment have an immense value in expressing personality in the home.

How true this is of the intriguing *Futura* designs in Roseville Pottery! In the few examples given here you can catch the modernistic beauty of Futura . . . the dashing lines . . . the fearless spirit that Roseville craftsmen have so artfully given them.

In this fascinating pottery, there is an exhilarating variety to select from. There are bowls, vases, candlesticks, wall-pockets, jardinieres, hanging baskets . . . scarcely any two alike . . . delightfully tinted in harmonies of blues, grays, tans, reds and greens.

Certainly Futura lends distinction . . . creates a decorative touch superb and uncommon. And so you will want to see these shapes. They will be shown to you at leading stores, where you can make a choice for yourself, or as unusual gifts.

The abundantly illustrated booklet, "Pottery", is yours for the asking. Write for a copy. You will find it interesting.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY CO., *Zanesville, Ohio*

ROSEVILLE POTTERY

R. E. Coleman

A Molyneux afternoon coat of a woolen material called Andrelia, combined with beige fox.

PARIS CREATES HATS FOR SPRING

(*Concluded from page 91*)

distinction the earring may be, if it is rightly chosen. It has never been more important as an accessory than it is at this moment. One's present impression of an evening entertainment is luxurious evening wraps and a multitude of earrings. In these sketches Martin has attempted to show the proper agreement of earrings and hair-dressing: For example, the short sports coiffure is shown with an earring that is appropriate with sports clothes, or with a strict tailleur. It is very new, and consists of two large beads, one of turquoise and one of gold, one in front of the ear and the other behind it. This is an invention of clever Madame Agnès, whose earrings are always interesting and individual. This earring could be made in any combination of precious or semi-precious materials, gold and silver, for example, or gold and onyx, or gold and colored enamel, depending upon the costume.

Then, for contrast, look at the blonde head with the mass of curled hair in the back, and the long intricate diamond earring. Madame Jean Charles Worth, who is letting her golden tresses grow, wears her hair in this manner. She has a handsome, rather Roman profile, so, with her heavy mass of curls, she can stand an earring that is both long and wide, and that glitters in artificial light. She often wears big diamond earrings, remarkable, like the one in the drawing, for their elaborate setting.

Madame Agnès wears her iron-gray hair in the fashion of the drawing with the earring of gold triangles. Everything she does is in the modern spirit, and her jewels follow suit. Her hair at present is arranged in flat snail-shell rings that cover the back of her head, and her tiny ear is decorated with triangles in Dunand lacquer, black and scarlet on gold. She has a small head, straight, fine features, and a long neck. Therefore, she can wear an earring that is both wide and long.

Few women realize what very present help in the trouble of defective proportions can be rendered by both earrings and hair-dressing. The head on page 99, drawn by Martin, is a case in point. This woman has a head that is round enough, but rather large for her height. Her neck, unluckily for her, is short—an almost unforgivable defect in the present mode. Her hair should be cut particularly short in the back, in order to lengthen the line of the neck, and brushed up, to give her length of line from collar-bone to crown. The piece of hair over the ears, which long-necked women may wear forward on the cheek, should in her case be cut quite short in a diagonal line, mounting toward the back. And she can do wonders with a long, straight slender earring, especially if it is made in some dark-colored material. Martin has given her an old-fashioned one, a woven cord of gold hanging in straight loops and ends. Dark lapis lazuli, deep sapphires or emeralds, onyx, dark enamel, deep brown tortoise-shell, dark red coral, are all good materials for her; but she should avoid the lightness and glitter of diamonds, and the milky white of pearls, if she wants to add to the line of her throat. The woman with a long narrow head, long slender neck, dark hair and narrow face, may wear an earring of light-colored material, which is both wide and long. In fact, she may go as far as she likes in exaggeration of quaintness in this ornament. Madame Charles Martin has a head of this character, and she is also the proud possessor of an unrivaled collection of earrings. It is from her collection that her husband has taken the long wide ovals of engraved crystal, drawn with this type.

I have just seen some delightful earrings at René Boivin's, a jeweler who makes a specialty of these ornaments. One that I particularly liked was a flower in darkest red coral, with a round center of tiny seed pearls, and an enameled leaf in black, made to fit the border of the ear. Another charming model, of Cambodian design, made in both gold and carved crystal, rings and bracelets made of the same transparent material, carved into squares, are also shown in this house of originalities. The effect of too narrow a face may be counteracted by short, wide earrings; too wide a one by long, slim, dark ornaments. Pearls are wonderful with sunburned skin; diamonds or rubies enhance the dazzling fairness of a blonde complexion; emeralds make the skin look rosier by contrast. There is a whole new chapter in beauty culture contained in the selection of earrings.

A ROMANTIC LETTER

(*Concluded from page 158*)

the fact that I never took up writing seriously. How right was the man who said that truth was stranger than fiction.

I can't write any more now. I'm still feeling it too deeply. And again I beg of you to say nothing of this to anyone because—well, because Isabel was one of us once. She grew up with us. She used to celebrate her birthday with you in the old house on Murray Hill. Who would have thought that such things would happen to her?

Remember me to George, and if you come to Paris this summer, let me know. I have an exquisite little place at Chantilly. I should love to entertain you both We could so enjoy ourselves discussing old times.

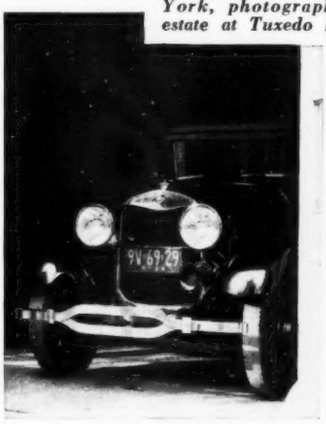
WALTER

IT HAS THE DATELESS BEAUTY OF ALL DISTINGUISHED THINGS

A CAR so smart that it is perfectly at home at Biarritz or on Park Avenue . . . so beautiful that people turn their heads to see it . . . so finely made that you need not even break it in. . . . A car that will bear you swiftly, smoothly, silently to your engagements. One that embodies the skill of the foremost coachmakers . . . Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . Luxury and comfort and good taste always, yet underneath, a mechanism so strong, so perfectly adjusted that you are scarcely conscious it is there. . . . In short, a car that you will feel proud to appear in, till all its years of service have been run.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan.

A Lincoln sport roadster, with body by Locke, the property of George U. Harris, Esq., of New York, photographed on his estate at Tuxedo Park, N. Y.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

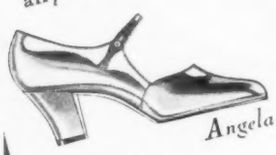
THE LINCOLN

Here's a young lady who lives in a shoe

She Keeps Her Foot Small and Trim in a Drew!

Morning, noon and night . . . always on the go . . . this modern young lady. Her friends envy her fresh enthusiasm, her youthful poise, her smart, small foot. Truly, she has conquered the calendar!

Drew Arch Rest Shoes are made to be *lived* in. They actually "keep the foot small" by means of their famous Drew Arch Rest Construction . . . an exclusive feature that relieves all fatigue, all ugly spreading, all strain . . . with never a compromise with their fashionable smartness. Most of the smart, new styles, $8.50, $10 and $12.50. Write for the Drew Folio of Fashion Footwear. The Irving Drew Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.



Angela

Minette

DREW ARCH REST Shoes for Women "keep the foot small"

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 125*)

unprecedented. Color came sweeping to her cheeks. But she met her mother's look of sheer astonishment courageously. "I am going to accept the invitation, Mother," she repeated, as if she wanted no doubt about the matter.

Mrs. Cass-Evans cleverly accepted defeat. She had a knowledge of psychology. She must have sensed the fact that the rest were in no mood to have their one bright little prospect of gaiety, of relief from Natividad's monotony, crushed.

"Very well, then," she said. "You had better go to the dinner, all three of you. I will take care of Charles myself—since nobody seems to have thought of him."

Unpleasant, but true. Greta bit her lip . . . And with that single corrosive thrust at her daughter's expense, Mrs. Cass-Evans dismissed the topic.

IT DARKENS swiftly down in Calagua. Night had fallen when, at seven, Greta, May and Alexander set out on foot for Ramon O'Reilly's consulate. It was one of those brilliant tropical nights, familiar enough to them by now, but to which they would never become wholly accustomed. Of northern blood, Alexander couldn't help suspecting the presence of something meretricious, something to beware of, in so passionate a display of natural splendor. It was too lavish, too theatrical . . . A dream city . . . One forgot the eternal dust and heat, the smells, the flies and squalor and misery of daytime. Greta paused once on the way, hatless, golden-haloed in the white radiance of the *Plaza de las Indias*, breathing in the oleander-scented air, whispering softly: "It's all so beautiful . . ." And Cousin May, ever practical, nudged Alexander, urging him to hurry on: "This is a dangerous setting for her, Toddy. I wish, almost, that we were on our way home . . ."

The consulate, which they reached a few minutes later, was an unpretentious one-story structure of white stucco. From the front door, of wire-screening, there emanated a mellow flood of electric light, illuminating a pebbled path leading in from the gate through a small garden. Over the door they discovered the American coat-of-arms. A servant, a mulatto boy, ushered them into the living room, a chamber that at once revealed a rare and excellent taste. Ramon was there to receive them, tactfully dressed in tropical whites because they did not have evening clothes with them.

"We're so excited," May greeted him effusively. "Dining out in Natividad is a great treat for us."

As host they found him a shade graver, more punctilious, than ever. His preparations must have been elaborate and painstaking. As if he had decided that the evening must be perfect, so far as it was in his power to make it so . . . For the first few minutes his formality lingered. All the little mannerisms, the profound etiquette of traditional Spain, came to the fore. He glided over a momentary deficiency of the serving boy by helping May and Greta to their chairs at the table in turn. Later, over the *arroz con pollo*, the bottle of dark, rich *Marquis de Riscal*, conversation flourished, the atmosphere became less tempered with ceremony. He and May talked intelligently upon the Latin-American temperament, the aspirations of Calagua as a nation. Greta and Alexander exchanged an occasional word, but he saw that her eyes were forever fastened upon O'Reilly, as if she were trying to impress his image upon her brain, so as to retain it forever . . . Once in a while he turned toward her, with a questioning look in his eyes, after he had made some statement, as if seeking her approval. And Greta would nod and smile, showing those lovely white teeth of hers, and would look radiant and happy.

BUT, except for her, it could not be termed a gay affair. It was too formal for its size—as if no one could quite obliterate from his or her mind the fact that it was, at best, an amorphous gathering hurriedly summoned for some purpose not quite evident, some underlying motive . . . Alexander knew, however, exactly what that motive was. Despite Ramon O'Reilly's fastidious distribution of his remarks, May and he—Alexander—might just as well not have been present. There were but two spirits in tune that evening. Only two—yet these were completely so. Alexander, sensing this, was conscious of being glad; for he liked to witness a perfection in harmony, whether it happened to be a harmony of esthetics, or of a mood of nature, or of human spirits attuned in complete happiness . . .

The windows facing the garden wall, the *Plaza de las Indias*, were open, the white lace curtains billowing gently in a warm breeze. The room became permeated with that all-pervading smell of oleander. And toward the end of dinner some unseen and unknown beggar, some vagabond of the streets attracted by the lights shining from the windows, took up his stand by the garden wall and suddenly filled the night with a mellow tenor:

Esta la noche serena,
De luceros coronada.
Terso el azul de los cielos,
Como transparante gaza . . .

Alexander glanced inquiringly at Ramon. But the other shook his head. "That is entirely accidental," he assured him hastily. May stared at Greta, who had closed her eyes to the song, and Alexander felt that she doubted the truth of the statement. When the ballad was over Ramon flung a handful of coins out of the window, and May hurriedly resumed the conversation. She wanted to find out more about Ramon. She had a passion for discovering people's souls . . .

"But look here," she finally burst out, after he had given them a brilliant and concise outline of Calagua's history. "Where do you belong in all that? What keeps you down here in this hole, anyway?"

He hesitated before replying. Then, surprisingly, he said:

"Vanity, perhaps. Just vanity. Down here I amount to something. Elsewhere I would not. Down here they respect me, and treat me as someone of importance. The President of the Republic dines with me once a month. Yes, he actually comes here in his great French landau with high springs and outriders. And sometimes I go to the presidential palace, and all the people applaud . . ."

But this did not deceive Alexander. The irony, the bitterness in his voice was ill-concealed. There was more than that to the story . . . "I'm serving the country of my birth, and the United States, am I not?" he challenged May. She nodded doubtfully.

"Yes. In a way. But I have the same feeling that Mrs. Cass-Evans had about you. You should be in a more progressive world. New York, London—"

He shook his head.

"As I told her, I am tied by blood ties to these people. My life is with them. Those in Washington know that. They will never transfer me. The surest way to prevent your promotion in any government employment is to become of some value where you happen to be."

May agreed to that, but said: "How about ambition? Is that a sin?"

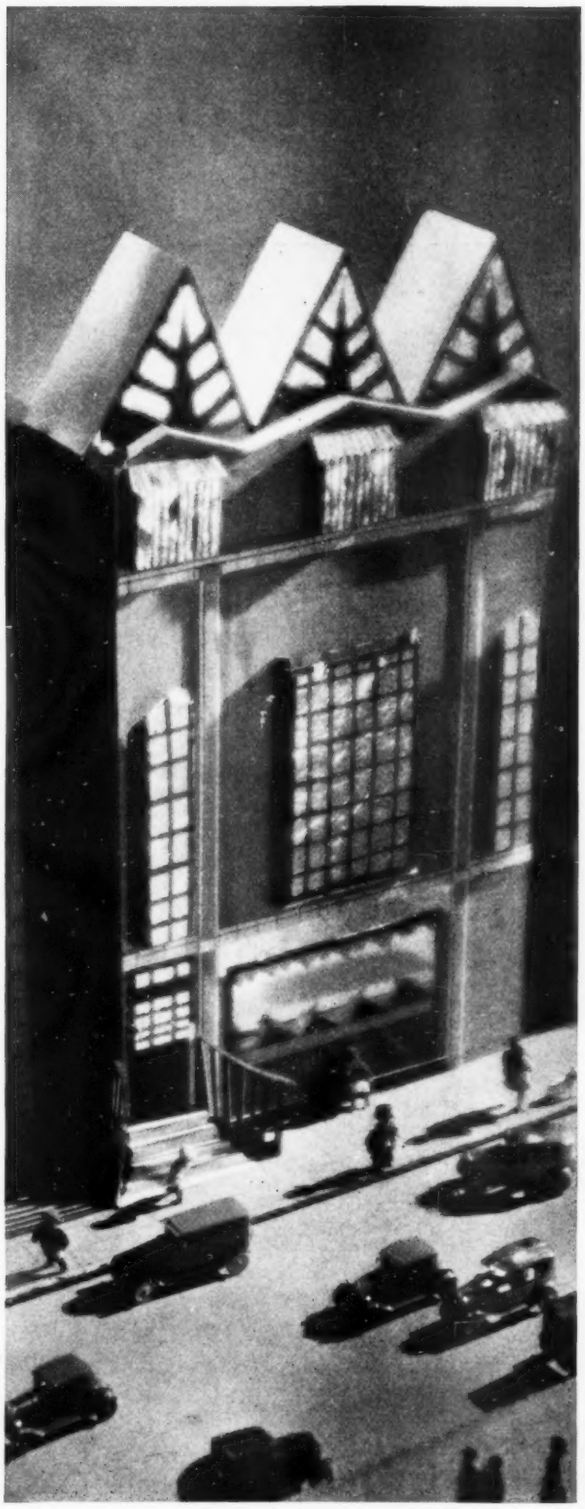
He laughed.

"I am content here. I haven't your American virus of always wanting to be somewhere else." He paused; repeated. "Yes, I am content here," as if he must needs reassure himself of the fact. He stirred uneasily in his chair; looked at Greta with glowing eyes. "At least—" He checked himself, rose from his chair, and said to May: "We will join the ladies in a few moments." May and Greta went into the drawing-room arm in arm, seemingly surprised at what they perhaps considered an excessive touch of formality.

RAMON drew his chair closer to Alexander. They lighted cigars. Something was on his mind; something that he must, apparently, make clear. Some remark of May's had perturbed him.

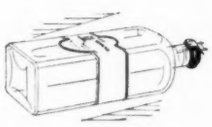
"These people love and respect me," he said. "I have my work cut out for me

(*Continued on page 165*)



IT CLINGS — This downy Chiffon Powder from Primrose House has captured the fancy of our smartest women. Delicately shaded to match any complexion, it comes in: white, natural, brunette, beige, bisque and orchid. Sifted through silk, it is impalpably fine and clinging. In the adorable round box, $1.00.

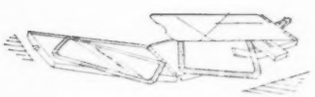
TO CLEANSE THE PORES—Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is a luxury no beauty-prizing woman can endure to be without, once it has served at her dressing table. Liquefying at skin contact, it searches dust and grime from each tiny pore, soothing the skin and freshening the complexion. In four sizes from $1.00.



REFRESH THYSELF—To tone the skin and freshen the spirit after an arduous day, nothing is quite so grateful as Primrose House Skin Freshener. Reminiscent of roses, it is the most soothing of all the lotions and should always be used after cleansing. Sizes from $1.25.

THE BLUSH MODERNE—Too little has been said in praise of our Pomegranate Cream Rouge. In this day when make-up must not betray itself, it is an arch conspirator for the cheeks and incomparable for the lips. Exquisite in consistency and uniform in its tone, it may be had in light, medium or dark at $1.00.

AN UNUSUALLY RICH CREAM—To nourish and recondition skin which has a tendency to lines and wrinkles, too much cannot be said for Primrose House Developing-Nourishing Cream. In reality it is a skin food which works miracles in improving the contours of face, neck, arms and shoulders. Three sizes from $1.50.



TO APPEASE HER VANITY—Made of brushed silver and etched in black, this new Primrose House Triple Vanity is the most swagger of them all. With hinged metal mirror and bearing rouge, powder and lipstick, all replaceable, it awaits you at $2.00.

TRIAL MARRIAGE AT $1.00—To acquaint the uninitiated with the delights of Primrose House we have assembled six of these necessities into a gay box and priced the ensemble at the ridiculously small sum of $1.00. For week-ends, for yourself or your guests or for a bridge prize — it is just right. For sale wherever Primrose House Preparations are sold or mailed direct when you send the coupon.

TO know the luxury of Primrose House Preparations is to understand why Primrose House Salon is the rendezvous for the smart set in New York. You are invited to call at this "House of Youth" for a free consultation on your complexion. Write for an appointment when next you plan a trip to Gotham.
Primrose House, 3 East 52nd Street, New York.

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Please send me your special introductory box of Primrose House preparations. I enclose $1.00.

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"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

Wash off the unwanted years!

. . . lightly, swiftly smooth Pinaud's Cream on your face. Then—in clear, cool water—wash it away. Now look in your mirror, touch your cheek!

. . . just half-a-minute—yet now you can see that dull, lifeless look change to challenging radiance! Can feel a new velvety texture! . . . For in a single swift application PINAUD'S NEW CREAM has done three astounding things for your skin—has *cleansed* it more thoroughly than ever before, deep down to the very bottom of the pores—has *suppled* it exquisitely—has *toned* the tiny nerves and muscles and skin glands to healthful activity! For this amazing Cream has a magnetic attraction exactly ten times as strong as the attraction which the skin itself has for dirt. Its delicate oils resemble the fine natural oils of the skin itself more closely than any ever prepared for a cream before! . . . Use it faithfully each day and your cheek will grow—and *stay*—smooth as a petal, young and radiant as dew-washed dawn! . . . At leading stores in sea-green jars and traveling tubes.

Cleanses ● perfectly, "floating" the dirt from the pores, never leaving them choked with fatty bits of itself—as do ordinary creams!

Tones ● till the whole fretwork of tiny blood vessels and skin glands is stirred to normal activity. Awakened. Alive. Young!

Supples ● the contour-moulding muscles to youthful elasticity, smooths out the premature lines that drying winds and suns encourage.

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PARIS—NEW YORK
Makers of French toilet preparations for more than one hundred and fifty years

☐ Please send me FREE enough Pinaud's Cream for 3 treatments.

☐ For 25c enclosed send two weeks' supply (Check offer you prefer and mail to Pinaud, Dept. H-3, 220 East 21st Street, N. Y., or in Canada, 560 King St. West, Toronto, Ontario.)

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There will be only ONE car like this in your community

REO ANNOUNCES

—a special limited edition of Flying Cloud THE MASTER

On the first of each month, beginning with March, every Reo Flying Cloud dealer will get his usual quota of cars—*plus one car more.*

This car, each month, will be an absolutely individual creation—a limited *de luxe* edition of Flying Cloud *the Master*. It will be upholstered in a special fabric never before used in motor cars. This fabric, made by Cheney Brothers, will be designed and woven solely for this car. The color scheme of the body will be in perfect harmony with the upholstery—an *ensemble* created by one of the foremost stylists in the country.

The Reo "Car of the Month" for March is shown here. Each dealer will be allotted *one*— no more. Each dealer will sell *one*— no more. In the very large cities a few additional cars will be available . . . but even there the number will be definitely limited.

The woman who purchases this "Car of the Month" will have an individual car in the truest sense. Only rarely will she meet its duplicate on the high road . . . It will be priced at only a hundred dollars more than the regular sport sedan of Reo Flying Cloud *the Master* . . . . If you do not know the name of your Reo dealer, write or wire to the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan.

This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers exclusively for the Reo "Car of the Month"

THE REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

VAN RAALTE

THE SINGLETTE AND
SILK STOCKINGS FOR DAY

Beneath your formal town ensemble, your country tweeds, or golf and riding togs, this adorably simple Singlette (No. 9665) provides a perfect foundation, giving the figure classic grace. With a town ensemble, the chic woman wears Van Raalte Silk Stockings (No. 648).

The Singlette—by Van Raalte—sets your figure free of swaddling underthings. It liberates body curves, emphasizes body slenderness. It serves for three or four of the undergarments formerly called indispensable. It *beautifies*—not blurs—your silhouette! A supply of Singlettes is the very first step in a lady's fastidious choice of Spring clothes. $5 to $15. *Suede Fabric Gloves*—Van Raalte created—have the lovely texture of suede, and wash much better! Styled to Paris taste, with exquisite refinements—a gleaming "pearl" to button the flattering wrist of the new 6-button mousquetaire length (No. 8350)—pictured above; or a well-placed elastic to give the fitted wrist French women like (No. 8351) at the left.

VAN RAALTE

295 Fifth Avenue, New York

Silk Stockings—by Van Raalte—delicate as atmosphere, yet shapely as a sculptor's dream—are flattering complements to the "grande toilette" or the "little" dinner frock. Of purest silk, sheer and fine-spun, they are adorned with gay little hem linings, and Paris clocks. No. 699, shown above, has the clock extended in the foot, for wear with cutout evening sandals. "*Slender Ankles*"—a boon Van Raalte Silk Stockings confer on clever wearers—are further dramatized by these new Paris clocks. Women who love nice things will be charmed, too, by Van Raalte's multi-colored *Persian picot top* (No. 668) and dainty contrasting color picot (No. 678) illustrated at right. See them on Silk Stockings in the new sun-tan colors!

FOR YOUR FORMAL
"EVENING ENSEMBLE"

Should her stiff taffeta skirt whirl higher in the dance, it might reveal the cobweb-fine lace edge of Van Raalte Singlette (No. 9864) photographed above. The fitted frock of evening is worn most smartly over its cup-bust brassiere top; its shapely, slender waist.

Gay days and brilliant nights New modes *and* Skinner's Crepes

HERE come spring and summer with their call for color . . . and more color. And here are the new Skinner's Crepes, in all the lovely shades that Fashion favors.

For your sports frocks, afternoon dresses and evening gowns, these incomparable fabrics are the very last word. So admirably adapted to the latest, smartest styles that it seems as if those Paris designers had Skinner's Crepes in mind! Soft, rich, draping perfectly in slender lines, yet with that famed Skinner wearing quality.

Did you know you could now get charming ready-to-wear dresses in Skinner's Crepes? Always identify them by the Skinner ticket.

Buy crepes by name—*Skinner's*—and "Look for the Name in the Selvage".

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
New York Chicago Boston Phila. San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

The smart color combination for spring is shown in this frock of Skinner's white crepe with red hat and short red jacket. Bias bands trim front of frock.

Skinner's Sunstar, a beautiful yellow crepe, makes this one-piece frock, which uses applied bands at neck and sleeves for trimming.

Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments ready-to-wear look for the Skinner ticket

FAMOUS FOR WEAR AND BEAUTY
SKINNER CREPE

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 162*)

here. There are many misapprehensions concerning the United States which I must correct. I am trying to create among the Calaguans the feeling that the United States is a big, friendly brother." His smile, as he said this, was ironical. "An illusion, of course, since no one up North cares about us down here.

"But some day it may come true, if I can play upon the illusion at both ends until it is, actually, the truth. That is good statecraft, to create actualities out of idealistic possibilities. As Edward the Seventh did with the *Entente Cordiale* . . . But it is a hard task. Calagua is of no importance in Washington. They have not even found a successor to my former superior yet. . . ."

HE CROSSED over to the sideboard; poured out orange curaçao into a pair of tall, conical liqueur glasses. Resuming his chair, his countenance was suddenly grave, his brow furrowed by deep lines.

"I will tell you my history. It will be good for my soul. I am too much in solitude these days . . . And when you have heard me you will realize that I am making the best of things. Here in Natividad I am top-dog. Elsewhere I would be—a mongrel. It is this way. My father, David O'Reilly, was an Irish-American adventurer. He first attained notoriety in South America by gun-running for a revolutionary band of cut-throats in Chile. Also, on the side, he sold a good deal of bad whisky to the *mestizos* and Indians. He was a daring man, reckless, brave, unprincipled. He is described as having a loud laugh and a ready gun. After a year or two he fled from Chile with a price on his head. One night at a dance in Puerto del Norte, which is about a hundred miles from here, he met the daughter of the then-president of Calagua. A beautiful girl. He fell violently in love with her. He did everything violently . . . They eloped, and they lived together in hiding until they could find a priest. A month after they were married he was shot dead in a *bodega* brawl. . . .

"My mother brought me up here in Natividad. From her I learned to love the Liberal party, to detest the Military. I made friends with the American Consul, obtained a job with him, and later he secured me the appointment as Vice-Consul. I became the friend of the poor and oppressed, through the food ships I obtained from Washington after the famine of 1918. My power grew. And as it grew the Military hated me more and more, because they have been planning for years to oust the President and all the Liberal party and to put Calagua under a military régime which would set the country back about a hundred years. At present the situation is critical. If it were not for his fear of my influence in Washington—mostly imagined—a certain Alquila de Correja, who calls himself a general, would overthrow the government and establish a dictatorship. Those were two of his agents who insulted Miss Cass-Evans outside the Panama cabaret that night. You remember? They were spies following me, trying to find out what my business was in Panama . . . typical of Alquila's scum . . . But these political details are a digression. I mention them merely to show you why I do not aspire to other and greater things.

"You see, I am really a Calaguan, with the blood of this unhappy country in my veins. I am at home here amidst the flies, the heat, the misery . . . I have done things which you of the North would shudder at the thought of. I've shot men to death, in self-defence. I've lived with a young Indian girl, because I was so terribly lonely . . . All that is part of my existence. But they—" He swept his hand toward the sound of feminine voices in the adjoining room. "But they are too good to dream of such things. How deceptive are appearances! You come here as my guest. You see this dinner table, this linen and gleaming silver, this polite host, and you do not even suspect that I am what they would call in the North an outcast, a 'bad man.' . . ."

An unhappy laugh escaped from him. A moment of silence followed. Why, Alexander wondered, had he told him these things? A baring of the soul, a painful confession, and to what purpose?

"The point is," he went on, "that I may keep all that aspect of my life dark, and locked in my heart; but I will always remember that I have killed men, that I have had a native girl for a mistress, that in my despair I have drunk *aguardiente* until I lay stupefied in a gutter . . . Men of my kind all the world over, without ties or traditions, have done these things as naturally as they eat or sleep.

"I used to laugh at the moral standards of you others. Honesty, I thought, was the only code a man need have. And now. And now . . . Here is the cruelty of it. I find that I have ideals. To the woman I love I must tell everything. Everything. I am not one of those who can conceal . . . And the woman I love would be too beautiful in her purity, too spotless, to comprehend such a thing as an idealist who has wallowed in mud. . . ."

He leaned over the table, gripping Alexander's arm, a man suddenly in a white, mute agony.

"What would she think," he whispered, "if I told . . .?"

And because something beyond his power impelled him at the moment to answer the truth, as he saw it, Alexander found himself saying gently: "She has compassion, and a great heart. . . . She would probably understand."

He doubted if Ramon even heard his reply. Toying with his glass, frowning, he was saying, as if to himself: "Perhaps one can begin again, when one has discovered how beautiful life really can be. . . ."

Abruptly he shook himself, as if waking from a dream. He stared at Alexander blankly for an instant, suddenly and completely aware of his presence.

"Forgive me . . ." he murmured, and with a little laugh he rose to replenish their glasses, lifting his to a toast. And then they left the table; went in to join the ladies.

RAMON walked home with Greta through the blue moonlight. May and Alexander started out a few paces ahead of them. But at the door of the *Inglaterra* they waited nearly ten minutes before Greta and Ramon appeared, walking slowly. After Ramon had gone May went up-stairs to tell Mrs. Cass-Evans that they were back. Greta lingered with Alexander in the patio, and they stood there for a while listening to the liquid song of the fountain, the lazy stirring of the palms.

"He's told you everything about himself?" Alexander asked her.

She looked at him in a surprised way.

"Everything. Queer, that you guessed that, Toddy. He told me the whole story of his life." She gave a tiny shudder. "I suppose men are like that. Even if they didn't do some of those things, they'd want to and not have the courage to. After all, his life's been just a sort of prolonged fight for self-preservation. And these things haven't really touched him. His soul, I mean. In some ways he's like a little boy. So honest, so humble, so unaware of his own worth. There are people like that, aren't there, who can go through anything unscathed?"

She was pleading with him now. Her eyes shone with tears. Presently she gripped his hand, whispering: "Oh, I mustn't see him again. This is madness. Think of Mother. . . . What shall I do, Toddy? Can't you take me away from here, now? Can't you arrange it—somehow? Nothing's ever happened to me before like this. It's—stronger than myself. . . ."

And she bowed her golden head in a rare and lovely humility, as if surrendering to the tremendous thing which had come upon her. . . .

ALL the next morning Greta was noticeably quiet. She appeared pale, as if she had passed a sleepless night. Charles came down-stairs for luncheon, making the most of an invalid's privileges, fussing, ordering all sorts of im-

(*Continued on page 166*)

Jewelry *of* Rare Originality

Unique ornamental pin of round and baguette diamonds, carved emeralds and black enamel—$1,600

BRAND-CHATILLON creates from precious gems and choicest metals individual jeweled adornments that are rare examples of artistry and beauty. Entirely exclusive in design, this diamond pin and bracelet are certain to please the woman of perfect taste and complement the most exquisite gown.

Exquisite bracelet of perfectly matched baguette diamonds, outlined by rows of round diamonds—$6,500

THE BRAND CHATILLON CORPORATION

773 Fifth Avenue New York City

Savoy—Plaza

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 165*)

possible things from the slow-witted native waiter. So exacting was he about the wine that after he had sent back no less than three varieties the proprietor himself appeared, and promised to conduct him to the hotel cellars that very afternoon, and allow him to choose for himself. In spite of all this, Greta, patient beyond words, seemed to treat him with especial consideration that day, as if she were trying to make amends for something. Charles, of course, took this as being perfectly natural, but Alexander couldn't help feeling that she was suffering from some form of stricken conscience, so agreeably did she converse with him, attend to his food, and wrap his coat about his thin shoulders when they went out to the patio for coffee.

"Well, Greta," he said to her, "how did your dinner get off, with your friend from the Panama tenderloin?"

Mrs. Cass-Evans frowned over her sewing. May darted a significant glance at Alexander. And Greta, with an elaborate casualness, a toss of her head that wasn't quite natural to her, replied: "It was very amusing, thank you, Charles. Mr. O'Reilly is an interesting man. He told us the story of his life last night."

"Expurgated?" Charles asked, with an unpleasant chuckle.

"Perhaps," she retorted. "But people who never do anything wrong are apt to be negative."

"I suppose he advanced that theory himself," Charles drawled. "It sounds somewhat like him." Greta was slightly flushed.

"Well, it's true, isn't it? Did you ever know anyone amounting to anything who was faultless?"

Mrs. Cass-Evans said in a reproving voice: "That may be true, Greta, but what sort of things do you mean?"

And then Charles astoundingly launched his thunderbolt.

"I will tell you what sort of things, Mrs. Cass-Evans. Last night in my room I had a chat with the proprietor about this fellow, O'Reilly. I was a little anxious about Greta . . . O'Reilly is a thoroughly bad egg. Among other things I learned that he killed a number of men down in Chile several years ago. That is the kind of host who entertained your daughter at dinner."

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Cass-Evans dropped her sewing onto the tiles of the patio. There was a moment of dreadful silence. And then Greta, cheeks aflame, blurted out hastily, thoughtlessly: "But that was in self-defence, Charles! Why don't you tell Mother the whole truth? That was before Ramon went into the Consular Service, when he was the foreman of a nitrate gang. There was a strike of natives, and he was attacked by a violent mob. He showed me his cigarette-case riddled with bullets."

"You seem to be quite intimate with him," Charles retorted with a curl of his lips. Beautifully she had fallen into the trap. "So you knew he was a murderer . . . This is very interesting, Greta. Please tell us some more about your friend. The cigarette-case was probably a fake. Old stuff. To impress women. I know his type."

Greta, calming herself, realizing that she was on dangerous ground, her mother's eyes fastened terribly upon her, replied: "That is nonsense, Charles. He wasn't boasting. He merely mentioned it, as an honest man would, while telling the story of his life He was very humble about it He said that it would always haunt him . . ."

Charles remained skeptical.

"So you're going to try and redeem his soul, like all good women? I'll wager he's a specialist at being redeemed Probably you're about the tenth women on the list who has had a shot at his salvation——"

"Charles!" Mrs. Cass-Evans silenced him with a furious glance. "This is no joking matter. It's shameful. I don't want to hear the man's name mentioned again."

Greta, seizing her opportunity, rose from her chair.

"This heat makes us all so disagreeable . . . What shall we do with ourselves this afternoon? I know—I'll walk down to the post-office and find out if we can send cables to New York. That will help pass some of the time."

"Do go with her," Mrs. Cass-Evans urged Alexander. "Charles isn't strong enough, and I don't want her wandering about these streets alone."

Poor Greta, he thought. Never, never to be left alone for a moment. He agreed meekly: "Very well. I'll go and get my hat. And I'll meet you, Greta, at the front door in about ten minutes."

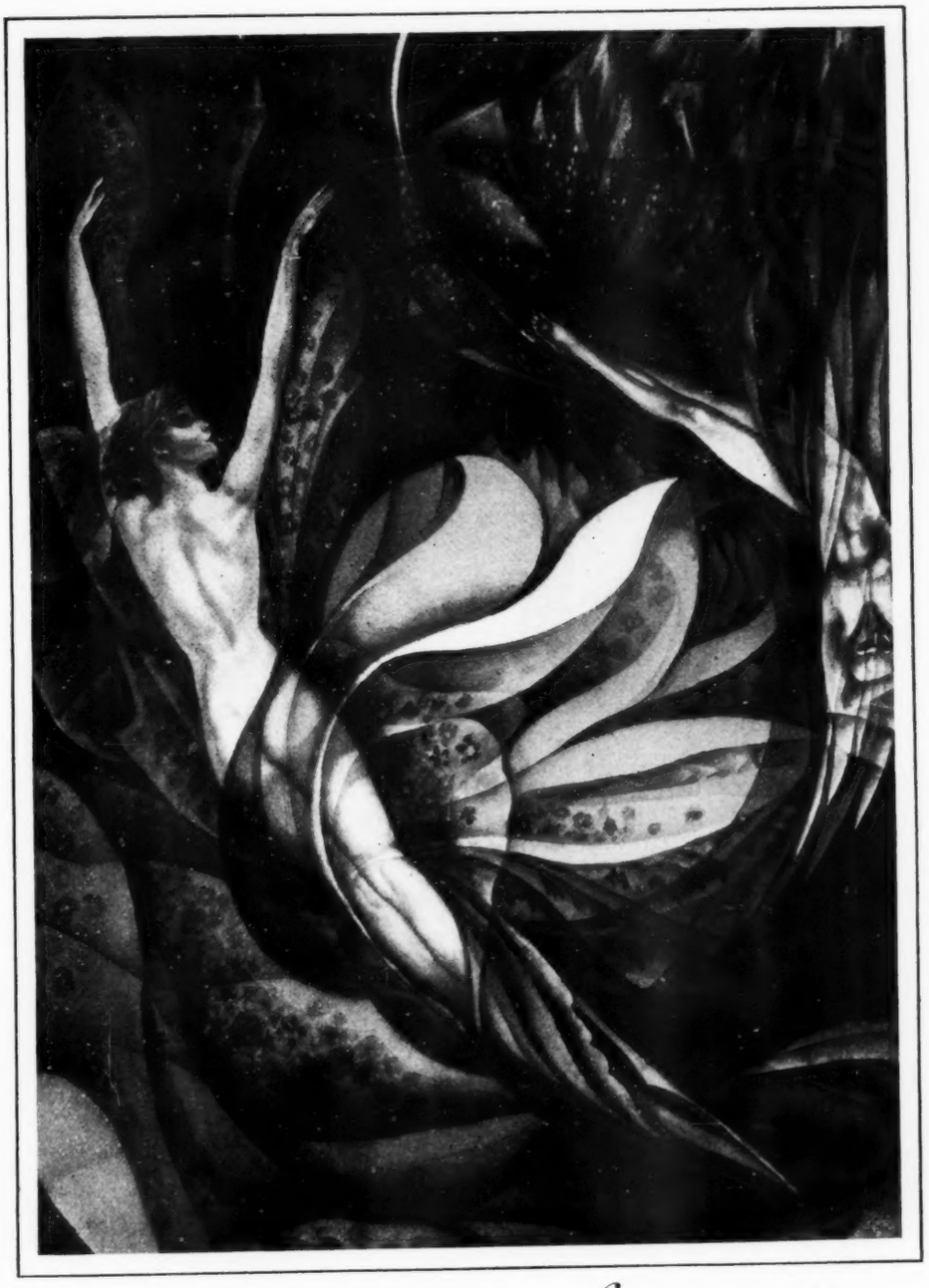
SEPARATELY, they left the patio, she through the archway which led to the main building, Alexander toward the annex where his room was situated. He obtained his hat, and a few minutes later came strolling back along the little tiled pathway that ran between high white walls to the patio. It was then exactly ten minutes past three o'clock. He looked at his watch as he passed the screen door of the hotel kitchen. Each detail of that exact moment in his life remained, forever afterwards, vividly engraved upon his memory. Years later he remembered catching a glimpse of the big black Martinique cook dozing among her pots and pans; and he remembered, too, a large and placid tortoise-shell cat purring on the kitchen step; and how he had paused for a moment, stooping to stroke her lovely, sleek head . . .

It was at that precise moment that a curious sensation came upon him. A sensation utterly indescribable. He was suddenly terror-stricken. He had a fleeting conviction that he was desperately ill; the victim of some mysterious and unknown malady. It seemed to him that his whole body, from head to foot, was trembling, violently . . . And then he saw that the red tiles of the pathway between his feet were moving. They were parting, infinitely slowly, baring the damp, dark earth beneath them. Soundlessly, with a horrible creeping movement, like motion pictures taken with a retarded camera, the whole length of the kitchen wall bulged out toward him, moving, as if it were the flank of some gigantic, breathing creature. A slab of blue plaster dropped to the path, broke into fragments with a sharp impact. The cat gave a terrified leap; tore down the pathway out of sight. From below the earth there came a deep, sullen roaring, like the sound of some monstrous furnace aflame. And then something struck the whole universe a great blow and sent it reeling wildly into space . . .

Alexander found himself running through a blinding, choking fog of white dust; running through pelting avalanches of plaster. He discovered a hazy archway; plunged through it, and emerged to the wide street at the rear of the hotel. The houses opposite, the sidewalk, the whole town was teetering drunkenly. The air was filled with that whirling dust, filled with a continuous volley of loud reports, long-drawn, reverberating roars. He heard human cries, terrible and heartrending like the cries of wounded beasts. Men and women were running about the street in circles, like wound-up clockwork toys with no sense of direction. A riderless horse came clattering along the heaving cobbles, ears laid back, foam at the mouth. A ragged black cavern suddenly yawned out of the cobbles and swallowed the horse, screaming . . . A regiment of men and women came plunging down the street, sweeping him along with them, beckoning, shouting up at windows and balconies: "*A la playa! A la playa!*" Safety, they cried, was at the seashore. But the cruel gods of the hour laughed down upon that flying, terrified anabasis.

At every street corner wild-eyed little detachments of men converged, swelled that fleeing, sobbing torrent of human beings. "*A la playa! A la playa!*" The cry loudened; became a confused, meaningless roar. Alexander tried to escape; to stand aside, flattening himself against a wall, but there was no release. Remembering the *Ingleterra*, Greta, he hit out madly; he struck men in the face. But they only pinned his arms down, drew him along with them, shouting to one another that

(*Continued on page 168*)



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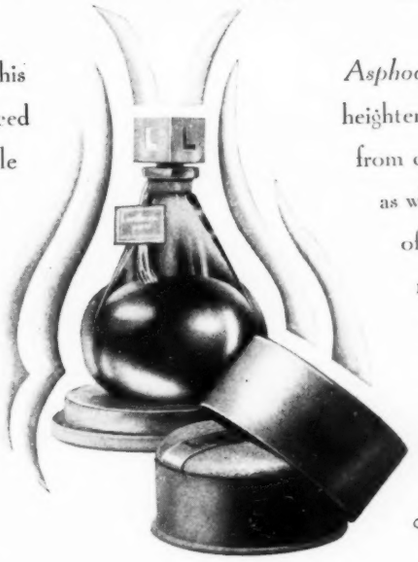
Many a lovely face will be made lovelier by this new aid to beauty . . . a Lenthéric powder fragranced with the triumphant radiance of Parfum Asphodele . . . Technically, it is a superb powder—a beauty-creating powder . . . soft and smooth as a perfumed mist . . . so soft and smooth it seems a miracle that it can cling so cleverly and so long to a lovely cheek. Then, it *is* Asphodèle—not an inferior copy of this supreme odor. *Poudre Asphodèle* echoes sweetly, clearly, decisively the golden warmth, the tropic sweetness of Parfum *Asphodèle* . . . Moreover, it is subtly shaded to heighten the beauty of any complexion . . . 5 shades, from cool blonde tones to dark brunette, as well as white. And as a final touch each silvery box of Lenthéric powder holds its own soft immaculate puff in silver-gray and white. Sold for a price surprisingly modest for a powder so exquisitely blended and fragranced.



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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 166)

he was a *viejo* who had lost his reason . . . From some part of the town away behind him there came an explosion that seemed to split the brain asunder as the gas works vomited a column of mustard smoke and flame into the heavens.

AND then, with a final agonized shudder, the earth quieted.

The human tide slackened; paused to take its bearings . . . It looked back, and a great moan arose at the sight of that roofless, wall-less, maimed city. Houses like broken egg-shells. Gaping windows through which one could see the serene, mocking blue of the afternoon sky. The cathedral, beheaded, shorn of its belfries; the clock with its twisted hands of golden metal like paralyzed fingers sprawling over a sightless, broken dial . . . Huge mounds of rubble, plaster and split wooden beams blocking the narrow streets. A moment of unreal, psychic stillness as if the very world itself had died. . . . *Oh!* . . . *Oh!* . . . *Oh!* And then God came sweeping down with unseen hands to carry Alexander Todd into a world of nothingness . . .

THE actual moment, the exact circumstances of his return to consciousness, were but vaguely established in his mind. His next clear recollection was that of moving in a species of trance through a darkened city of fire and death and ruin. Night had fallen, and the flames from the burning gas works had spread widely so that now the whole northern end of the town leaped intermittently out of the darkness, a panorama of black ruins silhouetted against an orange wall of sky. He found himself wandering along a narrow street cluttered up with pitiful little heaps of household goods, bedding, furniture, stoves, each guarded by a forlorn and terror-stricken family. He saw one old, old woman, so very old that nothing any longer mattered to her, unconcernedly cooking little maize cakes upon a stove before a group of hungry children. In that chaos of terror Alexander kept repeating to himself two words, as if he feared that he would forget his goal: *Ingleterra*—Greta. He moved slowly onward, a dazed, trembling creature, passing house after house of gaping bedrooms, of rafters and tiles piled cruelly upon broken furniture. And, suddenly, reaching the corner of the Calle Bolivar he came upon three corpses guarded by a grim little soldier in the soiled red-and-blue trumpery of Calagua's army, a sullen fellow leaning with folded arms upon his rifle. Something about those figures struck him with horror.

"*Fusilado?*"

The soldier nodded at his question.

"*Si, señor.* Looters . . . The order came from General Alquila, who has declared martial law."

A new terror . . . What had become of that safe, happy world of only a few hours ago? Hardly daring, he glanced up the Calle Bolivar in the direction of the *Ingleterra*. But it had vanished. A great chill came creeping over his heart, and his knees shook . . . A cordon had been stretched across the street, and he saw that soldiers were holding back a hushed, hatless crowd. Somehow he pushed his way through the gathering; reached the cordon. He spoke to a strutting fellow with gaudy epaulettes, a sword dangling from his womanish waist. Would *el capitano* let him pass within the lines? He had lived at the hotel. He had dear friends there . . . And presently, with a doubtful look at Alexander, the man lifted the rope, and led him to a small tent.

"Where were the *señor's* friends at the moment of the earthquake?" the soldier asked.

"In the patio," Alexander told him. "All of them."

The man lifted the flap of the tent, glancing out toward that huge tangle of plaster and iron. Then came that exasperating and inescapable Latin shrug of the shoulders.

"It will be several days before anyone is able to reach the patio. It is buried in the center of the building. The *señor* can see for himself. I am afraid there is no hope . . ."

Out in the street the young captain who had allowed him to pass the cordon stepped up to him swiftly, and saluted with mechanical precision.

"The *señor* is an *estranjero?*"

Alexander nodded.

"I am an American."

"*Hager usted el favor de ir commigo.*"

He nodded toward a comparatively intact building opposite the *Ingleterra*. Following him Alexander was assailed by a singular premonition of danger. He detected a change in the officer's manner. What had previously been an air of sympathy had now given place to a brittle military formality. At the same time he noticed that the street, the whole town, was now filled with infantrymen standing in little groups, bayonets fixed.

In a small and sour-smelling room he was brought before a desk between two flaring oil lamps. A young officer sat there, one of those pale, efficient young men who carve a career out of life unhampered by human sympathies. His head was entirely shaven, his hairless countenance devoid of expression. His chin, slightly overfleshed, rested in a double fold upon his high pale green military collar.

"Your name?"

The sound of his own language, precisely spoken, made Alexander jump.

"Alexander Todd—of New York."

"Age?"

"Fifty-four."

"Your passport?"

"Lost in the *Ingleterra*, I'm afraid."

"So."

Pale, almost colorless eyes surveyed him through pince-nez from head to foot, with a kind of slow insolence. Alexander saw his name being written in precise characters upon an imposing white document.

From a desk drawer the officer produced a rubber stamp, and began to pound it upon the document before him. Alexander recalled something that Ramon O'Reilly had once said about the Calaguan army being trained by Europeans . . . He faced that stiff, expressionless figure, those inhuman eyes, squarely, boldly.

"What does all this mean?"

The lieutenant answered him with a faint mixture of boredom and annoyance, continuing to write as he spoke.

"You sink I owe you an explanation? Very well. A military government has taken power some hours ago. Zere are no longer civilian rights. Zere iss a shortage of food, a pozzibility of famine and plague. Ze Commandant hass made orders zat all foreigners be deported at once. We cannot be troubled . . . Zere happens to be a British tramp steamer sailing for Panama in a few hours, and so I am doing you ze favor—on account of your age—to giff you place on ze first ship."

He wrote his signature with a fine flourish at the foot of the document: *Otto Von Balke, Ajutante.*

"Your *laissez-passer*. You shall embark at dawn."

Alexander contrived to straighten his dazed faculties.

"But look here. It's impossible. You can't deport me. I have friends here. Dear friends. I must find them."

The officer drew himself up stiffly. Once again those inscrutable eyes were focussed upon Alexander, who had a strange, fleeting fragment of thought: to be stretched upon an operating table under eyes like that . . .

"About your friends, I regret. Already you haff had ze privilege of passing ze cordon. We can do no more. Zere iss, of course, no hope for zose caught in ze hotel . . . Yet I shall say ziss. You may perhaps return in a montz time to ziss country. Sings shall be better by zen, and you may look for zose bodies. Yess. To zat effect I shall make a *dossier* for you."

He wrote something in a book; pounded upon a little bell. A soldier appeared.

(Continued on page 170)

The Lady Diana makes her confident young bow

Slender and lovely and utterly feminine, The Lady Diana, newest of Towle patterns, brings to precious Sterling Silver the youthful spirit of your own Today.

Not the reckless sort of Today that borrows from uncharted tomorrows . . . not the cautious sort of Today that clings to outgrown yesterdays. *Your* Today—and The Lady Diana's—is the swift-running "ever-present" of eternal youth, in which life courses, like a joyous torrent, between banks of romance and adventure.

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Spoken of Lucien Lelong, of course. His the artistic consciousness, the understanding of how much the *right* parfum adds to the totality of feminine attraction. His, too, the superb creative art which brought into existence the three distinctive odeurs of Lelong parfums.

Lucien Lelong parfums, compacts, lipsticks, lotions
at the smarter shops and department stores.

PARFUM
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PARIS

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 168*)

saluted; and took Alexander's arm with a firm grip. The adjutant rose to his feet, clicked his heels together and directed toward him a stiff bow. He had a whale-boned waist . . . "Compliments," he murmured. The soldier led Alexander away.

They mounted a dark staircase to a small, bare bedroom. Through a barred skylight he could see the night-sky of Calagua, a rich square of blue patterned with the eternal wonder of those trembling stars. The same stars that had smiled down upon a happy world twenty-four hours—or was it years—ago. He heard the sigh of that same gentle night wind that had caressed Greta's throat and arms while they had stood in the patio upon their return from Ramon O'Reilly's, that had whispered lovely little messages to her through the lazy-stirring palms. Greta . . . He knelt at the bed, sobbing, praying, while behind him a key rasped as it turned in a rusty lock.

For a night and a day he stayed, locked in that room. A soldier came at intervals; unlocked the door, and passed frugal meals to him. He protested, argued in the manner of all helpless foreigners illegally imprisoned in an alien country. But these protests were of no avail. The soldier would only stare at him stupidly, or perhaps grin.

IN THE middle of the second night a soldier with a lantern stood over his bed, shaking him. He arose, flung on his clothes, and followed the man down-stairs. Outside in the Calle Bolivar there was a confused glimmer of moving lanterns, a sound of hushed voices from a shivering group of men, but it was too dark to see their faces. They were lined up in several ranks; a command was given; and they began marching silently through the dark, quiet streets.

In ten minutes they had reached the harbor, and here the night air was suddenly and agreeably fresh. They were led stumbling over a network of railway tracks to a wooden shack at the end of a jetty. To Alexander the whole proceeding had an unreal quality. It seemed to him that he was moving through a timeless, incoherent dream . . . They waited, shivering in a salty breeze, while unseen Calaguans disputed volubly in Spanish. At last they were taken into the shack, and lined up before the Harbor Master, a bearded old man with sleepy eyes who squinted at their papers, scribbled his signature illegibly upon each document. Alexander's fellow travelers were an odd mixture; half a dozen negroes; a stolid Dutch commercial traveler; a pair of frightened Venezuelan half-castes. At this point he decided to make his final protest.

"I will not leave," he announced. "My friends must be found before I go. They were in the patio of the *Ingleterra*."

A silence fell upon the group. The old Harbor Master looked at him blankly. An enormous black fellow with the face of a child, spoke up in the pompous, dignified English of the West Indian negro:

"Ah am familiar with Spanish, sah. Ah will be pleased to translate for you."

Patiently the Harbor Master heard him; then replied in a swift flood of Spanish. The negro turned to Alexander; a gentle, childlike sympathy in his eyes.

"They will not permit you to remain, sah. These are not British persons, sah, lahk myself. These foreigners have no intelligence, sah . . . But he has a piece of news for you. A soldier, a volunteer, crawled through the débris of the hotel and reached the pahtio some hours ago. He reported, sah, coming up on several bodies, mangled beyond description. I am deeply sorry for you, sah; but such is the will of the Lord. In the midst of life——"

He groped his way out of the shack into the cool black night. It wasn't gorgeous, spectacular, like most of those tropical nights. It had, rather, a healthy, normal quality to it that was soothing. He could almost imagine himself at home, up North. The stars were faint now; the moon veiled by racing clouds like thin gray smoke. From the smoke of the harbor there came a steady breeze. Alongside the jetty a small steamer was rising and falling upon the harbor swell, a lamp swinging like a yellow pendulum at her masthead. Clouds of acrid smoke swirled down from her funnel, and upon her forward deck a windlass grumbled unceasingly at its work. These details impressed themselves upon him with a singular and sharp distinctiveness, an importance out of all proportion to their significance . . . They weren't real, he whispered to himself. None of it was real. A nightmare . . . *Mangled beyond description . . . In the midst of life . . . Greta, where are you? . . . It isn't true* . . . He remembered dimly being led aboard the ship, stumbling across the tiny gangway.

WHEN, just before the earthquake, Alexander went to get his hat in the annex of the *Ingleterra* so that he might accompany her to the post-office, Greta strolled out to the front door of the hotel to wait for him. It was then a few minutes after three o'clock, and the streets of Natividad were hot and deserted. Only one person was visible, an old blind woman seated at her accustomed post on the *Plaza de las Indias*. Greta had often noticed her there before, a forlorn creature in rags, propped up in the shade against the empty bandstand, with a tray of greasy little cakes balanced upon her knees. Now, looking out across the glare of the Plaza, Greta saw that she was in trouble. She had dropped her tray. One of the leather straps which supported it had slipped off her weary shoulders, and the cakes were scattered all over the asphalt in front of the bandstand. The old woman was on her knees, searching for them, with pitiful, groping movements of her hands.

Greta immediately started out across the Plaza. She would, she told herself, give the poor creature a dollar or two, so that she might forget the cakes and go home for the day.

Half-way across the Plaza the earth began to tremble beneath her feet. Then came that terrible, long-drawn roar of falling things, and the great cloud of blinding dust . . . She went forward, staggering, reeling . . . Through the swirling gray haze she saw the pastel-tinted houses across the Plaza, pink, yellow, apple-green, folding in upon themselves, collapsing with a slow and fantastic deliberation. Something impelled her, against her will, to look back, toward the *Ingleterra*. She stood there dazed, powerless to move while the whole building crumpled up like a piece of paper. And all the time she was thinking: Mother's there, and May, and Toddy, and Charles . . . She swayed; gripped the twisted side of the iron bandstand for support. At her feet the blind woman lay motionless.

And then came the awful silence, when the earth had stilled itself. Greta stood, frozen, looking at that mountainous heap of plaster which had been the *Ingleterra*. It no longer seemed to have any meaning. It had lost all semblance of a building. Suddenly she heard herself screaming; found herself running toward it, crying, wringing her hands. Her clothes were torn; her throat parched, her eyes smarting with the waves of dust that came rolling over the Plaza like an incoming tide.

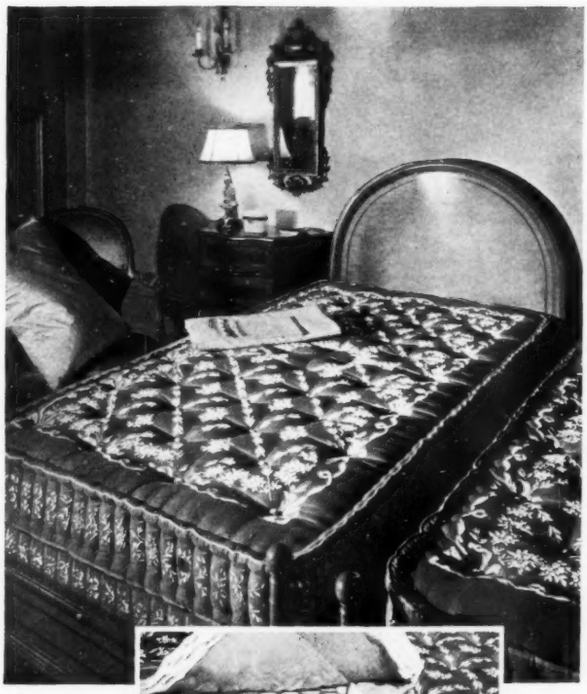
In front of the débris of the hotel it occurred to her with a dreadful suddenness, with an impact that made her heart stand still, that there was no use trying to reach the patio. No human being could possibly have survived under that deluge of plaster and iron. She was alone. All alone . . . In a single, catastrophic moment the little world in which she lived had been forever swept away from her. The truth dawned upon her as she stood there, sobbing, in that great, silent waste of wreckage, with the sun beating down upon her, the sky above still placidly blue, as if nothing had happened. She knew, suddenly, a craving for someone to talk to; someone to comfort her. And, almost subconsciously, in that delirious moment, her mind directed her to-

(*Continued on page 172*)

Mrs. Robert R. McCormick

from a portrait by an eminent painter. Mrs. McCormick treasures pictures, owning one of the finest Cezannes in the world, an exquisite Matisse, and other splendid moderns. Extremely versatile, she is, as well as a distinguished Chicago hostess, a painter of some note, and the breeder of a prize Guernsey herd on her place at Wheaton.

In her Beautifully Appointed Town House
Mrs. ROBERT R. McCORMICK
has these Luxurious Mattresses and Springs



THE DAMASK-COVERED BEAUTYREST MATTRESS AND MATCHING ACE BOX SPRING. The Beautyrest has a center of hundreds of small, individually pocketed coils that insure lasting buoyancy. The splendidly constructed box spring has the same taped edges and stitched sides, making a comfortable, pleasing pair. Rose, light blue and lilac in this pattern and a medallion design in sea-foam green, beige and Venetian blue.

ELEGANCE and luxury characterize the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick. Each smallest detail has been exquisitely thought out, from the Chinese brocades that hang in the entrance hall to the marvelous Aubusson rugs richly carpeting the floors.

There is an entire Adam room which came intact from England, and the garden was done by Vitale, who makes those charming Chinese shadow trees of iron.

And for this house of treasures Mrs. McCormick chose these most luxurious mattresses and springs—the damask covered Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring!

In this bedroom, done in the French and Venetian manner, their rose damask covers blend beautifully with the rose and apricot hangings. Mrs. McCormick, who is delighted with them, says:

"I can't say enough in praise of these buoyant Beautyrests and the new Ace Box Spring. They are the last word in comfort. The rose fits the color scheme of the room perfectly, and completes the harmony of color and comfort."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1581 $32.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

THIS EXQUISITE BEDROOM in Mrs. McCormick's home, has soft green walls, light rose organdy glass curtains with deep peach taffeta hangings, and a handsome Aubusson rug. In this setting of elegance, Simmons Beds No. 1581 fit perfectly, in green with apricot trim. and rose damask covered Beautyrests and Springs. This bed also comes in peach, mahogany, and walnut finish.

Already, 655,487 Beautyrests in American homes*

Every 54 seconds, one more Beautyrest in someone's home!

*These records are for the U. S. only.

SIMMONS

BEDS · SPRINGS · MATTRESSES BUILT FOR SLEEP

Marie Earle

Basic Treatment is obviously the simplest

AWFULLY smart women are too busily engaged to indulge in involved facial ceremonies every day. Knowing this, Marie Earle has always kept her Preparations extravagantly good, so that her Treatment might be extremely simple.

You begin with the Essential Cream. It is the most luxurious cream in the world, with a texture surprisingly like honey instead of grease. The first application cleanses. The next, with a dash of Cucumber Emulsion (right on top of the Cream) to increase absorption, is to be stroked and smoothed into the skin to nourish the tissues. When the skin has accepted all it can, wipe away what remains, and tone with Soothing Freshener Lotion.

That is the simple Marie Earle Basic Treatment. If you were to practice it daily for a month, you would understand why women of the class who can afford literally anything, use only the preparations of Marie Earle. You will find them (including the new Marie Earle Powder!) on sale at the toilet goods counter in your own favorite smart shop.

A treatment at the Marie Earle Salon does wonders to your looks and your spirit. The measured stroking of creams into your skin (without stretching!) releases all the nerve centers in your face, neck and back (It is tension that causes wrinkles, you know) and makes you feel deliciously relaxed and look encouragingly young. The Salon is at 660 Fifth Avenue, bet. 52nd and 53rd Streets.

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 170*)

ward the single human being she knew in Natividad outside the hotel. She found herself crossing the Plaza, turning up the Calle Ventura—toward the Consulate. Her mind didn't seem to function properly. It was hard—oh, immensely hard—to think of anything. She couldn't make any definite plans. She only knew that there was someone—a shadowy person whose name she could barely contrive to remember, with a prodigious effort—who represented some form of security, who might help her. She dared not look forward, ahead of the actual moment in which she was living. The whole future was black, impenetrable. A great fear of the unknown clutched at her heart . . .

To the east of the Plaza the town, on slightly higher ground, had not suffered so badly. The shock had been milder. She turned a corner in the street, to find the Consulate practically unharmed. The American flag still fluttered in a desultory fashion over the door. Only the flagged pathway in the garden was cracked, split asunder, revealing the dark, damp earth beneath it, and several palmettos lay grotesquely uprooted. In the doorway she saw, through a blurred haze, the white, hatless figure of Ramon O'Reilly. She moved slowly toward him, inarticulate, unable to cry out to him, while the image of him grew all at once fainter, more blurred. She stretched out her arms toward him, like a tired child appealing for assistance, dimly aware that he was now running down the path to meet her, through a rising vapor of darkness . . .

FOR perhaps two hours she remained unconscious. And then, opening her eyes, slowly emerging from that pale borderland on the very edge of life, she found herself upon a sofa in the drawing-room of the Consulate. The first thing that she recognized was the bowl of pink pomegranate blossoms, which she recalled having seen on the night she had dined at the house. An elderly woman, a wrinkled native servant, was bathing her brow with a wet handkerchief. Suddenly she sat upright, realizing that the room was dark but for a single oil lamp burning feebly upon a table. The wooden shutters at the windows were tightly closed. Fear again gripped her heart.

"Ramon!" she called. "Ramon!"

The native woman smiled; made a motion toward the hall. At that moment he entered the room. From his expression she at once knew that he was facing some desperate, perhaps critical, situation. He came over to the sofa.

"You are all right?" he asked anxiously. "Uninjured? I have been much worried for you."

She stood up; began automatically to arrange her hair; to smooth her crumpled, torn dress.

"Yes," she told him. "A little shaky; that's all. But don't bother about me—Tell me, why is the house dark?"

He raised a finger to his lips.

"Our only chance is for them to think that the house is empty. They are not at all sure that I am here."

Bewildered, she passed a hand over her forehead.

"Who are 'they'?" she whispered, in new terror.

"Soldiers. Paid hirelings of Alquila, the military leader. Things have happened with great rapidity since the earthquake. He seized the moment to make the coup which he had been planning for many months."

The earthquake . . . In an overpowering flood of memory all the details, the horrors, of the early afternoon came back to her. Until then, since her return to consciousness, the whole catastrophe had remained an elusive shadow in the back of her mind—something terrible which she couldn't quite grasp. And now, in the rush of realization, she seized his arm, trembling.

"Ramon! Tell me quickly. The *Inglaterra* . . ."

He shook his head slowly.

"I am afraid that there is little chance. It is better for me to be frank with you. While you were unconscious I was obliged to leave you—to go to the *Intendencia*, and I left you in care of the servant here. On my way I passed the hotel—what remains of it——" he paused, again shaking his head. His dark eyes looked down tenderly upon her. "It has been completely destroyed. No one could possibly have lived."

She began to sob softly.

"But—but, do you know what this means to me? My mother, my friends, my whole world—blotted out. Oh, it can't be true! I have no one—absolutely no one left. That is why I came—here."

HE SAT down beside her. His brow was wrinkled; he looked utterly weary. At the same time he dismissed the servant from the room. Then, turning to Greta, he said:

"I know. I realized all that when you came into my garden. The whole thing was apparent—in your eyes. They told me the story. I am too sorry for words . . ." With a gentle movement of his hand he barely touched her shoulder. Then, all at once, his mood changed. His attitude toward her became more impersonal.

"Please listen to me now. I have things to tell you. Much has happened this afternoon. Our own situation is, at present, extremely serious. Alquila, taking advantage of the disaster and the stunned condition of the people, has already seized the government buildings and has assumed a dictatorship. The old president—my good friend—died in his palace during the earthquake, they say. Personally, I believe that he was murdered. Now, you may not understand, but this Alquila is my mortal enemy. Here is exactly what happened this afternoon:

"I went down to the *Intendencia*, after leaving you in care of my servant, because I had to send a cabled report of the earthquake immediately to Washington. That was my duty. I was astounded to find the building full of soldiers, and was told by an officer that no cables could be sent. I protested violently. At that moment Alquila himself came strutting into the place, and I—angered beyond caution—told him that his military occupation was a piece of treachery which none of the great nations would stand for. I told him I would see that the United States heard of it, and if that failed to produce any results that I, personally, would lead an opposition rebellion among the people of Calagua. Under Alquila's rule the progress of this country, you see, would be put back a hundred years. There would be no liberty; no safety for our citizens.

"Alquila, furious, replied that I could consider myself a virtual prisoner; that I had forfeited the privileges of a foreign consul by the political bias I had expressed. That was very clever of him. He had me there, and he knew it. He was about to have me locked up, but some rioting broke out in the streets just then, and in the excitement I managed to escape from the *Intendencia*, and to return here. However, you see that my life is not worth so much—" he snapped his fingers—"in this town."

There was irony in his voice as he continued:

"So here you are, in the house of an outlaw, who may be seized, perhaps shot, at any moment. God forgive me for bringing such danger upon you. I spoke my sentiments too recklessly. But I cannot surrender to Alquila. If I did, it would mean the end of all safety for you. Throat cutting is not the only pleasure of Alquila and his followers . . ."

He buried his face in his hands. And the sight of him, in despair, almost a broken man, filled her at once with a new strength.

"I would help you in your defence, if they should attack," she said calmly. "I am not afraid—of that kind of thing. We can at least make a fight for it."

He looked up at her, amazed. It had perhaps never occurred to him that a woman could possess initiative, individual bravery. To him her suggestion, her courage, came in the nature of a revelation.

(*Continued on page 174*)

TO RID ARMS AND LEGS OF HAIR WITHOUT BRISTLY RE-GROWTH

Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly; coarsened re-growth banished forever

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way

An Utterly New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly—But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW WAY of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

What it is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt. *And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to obtain

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

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NEW YORK

MANGONE MODELS ARE FEATURED BY THE BETTER STORES IN OVER TWO HUNDRED CITIES.

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 172*)

At first he didn't understand her. He told her, somewhat curtly, that there was absolutely nothing she could do He appeared, even, to suspect her of attempted humor at an inappropriate moment. She crossed the room, and presently returned to his side with a .45 Colt, which she had observed lying upon his desk.

"If you will teach me to fire this," she said evenly, "I could help. Because if you die, I go, too. You see, my dear Ramon, there is only you left in the world . . ." That was all she said. She made the simple statement of the facts quietly, dispassionately. She had made up her mind. For an instant he stared at her blankly, his features white and strained. And then, swiftly, he knelt at her feet and kissed her hands. "You have given me new courage," he told her.

THEY sat there for a while in silence, he gazing upon her with a faintly puzzled expression, in which the light of a new and tremulous admiration was slowly dawning. About seven o'clock he left her.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To find some supper," he answered.

A few minutes later he returned, with a plate of cold chicken, some bread, and a bottle of dark red wine.

All the remainder of her life Greta remembered the picture of Ramon O'Reilly at that moment. Now calm, self-possessed, he stood there setting their two places at the table, pouring out the wine, moving about in his peculiarly graceful, leisurely way. As if this were the most natural. normal occasion, he had reverted to his exquisite manners of a host. He bowed to Greta; offered her a chair with a gallant and polite sweep of his arm. They sat down in silence, facing each other.

It seemed to her that she had been transported to a new existence. Outside there wasn't a sound in the deserted streets. Only the occasional tinkling of their knives and forks broke the stillness. Under the flickering yellow glow of the lamp she could observe Ramon's dark, handsome face, a somber and conventional mask covering the chaos which, she knew, must exist within his mind. Sometimes he would lean forward, with a little smile, to offer her more bread, more wine, accompanying the act with some formal, everyday remark. He was now, entirely, the gracious and dignified host. The centuries of indomitable Spanish ancestry prevailed, holding in check any untoward display of emotion, any tendency to refer to their plight as long as she was his guest. She began, then, to understand some aspects of his complex character during that quiet, still hour; and, strangely, she felt almost as if she had been with him always. She was no longer afraid. Yet, all the time, echoing and reechoing through her mind was the ever-sharpening realization, the stunning fact, that her mother, Toddy, the others were gone—forever. She gripped the table; choked back a sob, aware that Ramon, his dark eyes full of compassion, was raising a slender glass toward her in a wordless toast. And slowly she lifted hers in return . . .

AFTER supper Ramon made an inspection from the roof, to ascertain whether the house was being watched by Alquila's men. When he returned to Greta he reported that the street was clear. Then he told her his plans.

She was to go up-stairs to the attic, to rest in safety until midnight. He had to go out into the town, to see a friend. He would lock the house. There would be no danger, as she would be well hidden in case of marauders. He would return at midnight promptly, and then she must be ready to leave Natividad.

"You must trust me," he said. "That is all I can tell you now."

He was preoccupied, perturbed, paci ig up and down the room with a frown upon his brow. But Greta, dreading to be left alone, clung to him and implored him not to leave her.

"You must trust me," he repeated. "I have an appointment—at a house not far away. It concerns my plans of escape. With Alquila in power my life in this town isn't worth a *peso*."

"Please," she finally begged him, "find out if there is news of any survivors from the *Ingleterra*."

This he agreed to do, shaking his head as if he feared to raise any false hopes within her. He escorted her to the attic; bade her good-by. She locked the door, as he had instructed, and sat down upon an old chair, in darkness. Mercifully, in spite of the terrors and miseries she had undergone, she was so tired that she soon fell asleep.

She was awakened several hours later by his return. He came into the room with a lantern, and there was a bundle under his arm. He was pale; quiet; very serious. "I found out what you asked me," he said. "You might as well know . . . I am sorry to tell you that a salvaging party has reached the patio of the *Ingleterra*, and there is no hope—at all. Please do not ask for details . . ."

For a little while she wept silently. Then she turned to him; asked him where they were going.

"My friend did well," he replied. "He has made all arrangements for us. We are going up into the hills, for safety. I cannot stay here, and I cannot leave you alone. Alquila's band are no better than murderers. One of the sentries shot at me a few minutes ago, down the street. If he had gotten me, there would have been a written apology to Washington stating that it was the error of a stupid soldier. That is a sample of Alquila's methods . . . Now tell me: will you come with me, and trust me?"

She turned to him with grateful eyes. "I will go anywhere with you, Ramon," she said. And once again he seized her hands, and kissed them in turn, in a fashion that quickly reached her heart because she understood all at once his idealism of her.

He then unwrapped the bundle which he had brought with him; displayed to her a khaki shirt, a pair of corduroy breeches, and tall, shining boots.

"These will be more suitable," he said, glancing at her white dress. "We will be obliged to lead a rough existence for some days, until we can reach the Ecuador frontier."

He became brisk and businesslike. The gentle quality in his voice departed.

"Please hurry now, and change. We must leave at once. Everything has been timed to the minute." He left the attic, and she heard him clumping down the steep stairs. By the light of a candle she changed into the rough, sturdy clothing he had brought her. And when she saw her white dress lying on the attic floor, all torn and soiled and crumpled, the tears came into her eyes, because the dress was symbolic of that old existence which was now irrevocably gone; because it recalled to her memory all things which were now of the past.

She joined Ramon, and they left the house by a back door. The moon had not yet risen, and it was dark outside. In a narrow alleyway they came upon a peon, a rough unshaven fellow, waiting with three horses, thin and wiry little creatures, cinnamon-colored. Two of them had high Mexican saddles of scarlet leather; the third carried a bulky pack. The peon saluted Ramon, tightened the girths, and adjusted Greta's stirrups. Everything was done in complete silence, a grim little pantomime . . . They began picking their way through a network of alleys, carefully avoiding the larger streets. Greta felt that the whole thing must have been very carefully planned, observing that the horses' hoofs had been padded, to deaden sound. Once or twice they were compelled to dismount, and to lead their horses over heaps of plaster and wreckage.

At last they reached the city walls. The peon went ahead of them, and opened the gates. Not a soul was there. It was not one of the two principal gates, the *Puertas del Sud* or the *Puertas del Norte*, but even then she whispered her surprise that the military had neglected to post a sentry there. For the first time that night Ramon smiled, and whispered back that even Alquila's hirelings were not above earning a hundred *pesos* in a discreet way . . .

(*Continued on page 176*)

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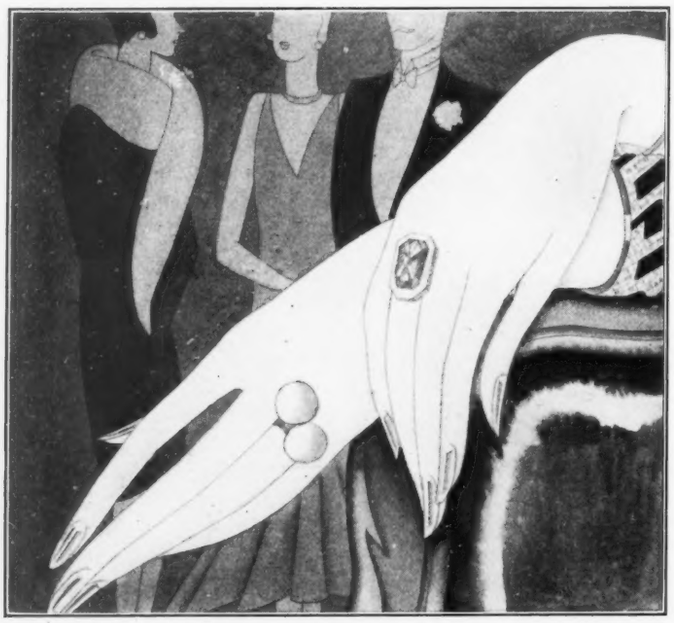

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GLAZO

HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 174)

THEY rode all night, and it was nearly six when they began to approach the foothills of the Andes. So far the road had been flat, through sugar fields and along a desert shore. The night had been cool, with a clouded sky, but they had ridden slowly in order to spare their horses for the arduous climb which lay ahead of them. Ramon had been silent, in an uncommunicative mood, and nothing had broken the silence but the agreeable rhythm of the horses' hoofs. Once, when she had looked back and discovered that the lights of Natividad had disappeared, she had experienced a fleeting pang of terror . . . There was, she had felt, a sort of crowning finality in that ultimate severing of all connection with the past.

In the first glimmer of dawn, with the dark ramparts of the Andes soaring into a pure amethyst sky ahead of them, Ramon at last broke the long silence.

"You must forgive me," he began, "for not explaining my plans. I have had so many, many things to think of . . . But my intention is to take you to Merida, in the mountains near the Ecuador frontier. I have there an old aunt, a Dona Martina, who will look after you as if she were your mother—until the situation clears and I am able to take you over the frontier."

Now that they had left behind the chaos of that ruined city, were in the sane stillness of the countryside, a change had come upon Ramon. He had reverted to an inflexible formality. He appeared to be avoiding any act, any form of speech which might imply a touch of intimacy. An invisible wall was being erected slowly, brick by brick, between them. At first Greta was puzzled; then—she admitted it frankly to herself—nettled. She couldn't reconcile the stilted politeness he now assumed with his tender interest in her during the long hours they had passed together at the Consulate. It was, probably, the first time in her life that she had been a witness to that extraordinarily tenacious sense of convention which is inherent in the average male, that obstinate clinging to the symbols of conservatism in the most impossible situations. She hadn't before realized that although a woman rarely desires to reassume the shackles of convention, once she has flung these aside, a man in his peculiar, blind way, will keep reverting to the traditions upon which he was nourished, trying to chain himself up again. What had happened was that Ramon, brooding over his saddle during that long night ride, had come to an astounding realization of his exact position in relation to her, and of what the implications of their flight would be in the eyes of the world at large; whereas Greta had been able, at his first suggestion of the plan, to grasp these things in one of those instantaneous feminine flashes of comprehension; had weighed the consequences; had made up her mind. But Ramon had only arrived at understanding through the slower and more complex building-up process of the male mind. He had been unable to soar directly to conclusions . . . And now, comprehending the completeness, the finality with which she had been placed in his hands, he was slightly staggered at the revelation and sought refuge in a protective silence.

WHEN they paused to take breakfast under a clump of pepper trees by a roadside crucifix, paintless and battered on its wooden pole, Ramon assisted her from her saddle with a mute and punctilious gallantry. With the peon's assistance, he proceeded to collect aluminum utensils from the pack and to prepare the coffee. They had, also, a tin of goat's milk and some dark, thick bread.

"I suppose," she remarked presently, "that I am to stay with your aunt until you can get me down to some port, to embark for America."

She was seated on a rock, watching his preparations. He turned to her, surprised apparently at the challenging note in her voice.

"That is, roughly, what I had planned," he admitted. "Do you object?" As he spoke, he continued pottering about the blazing fire, avoiding any direct encounter with her eyes. She saw that a dark flush had mantled his features. He looked extremely handsome, standing there in his khaki breeches, his shirt open, revealing the tanned muscles of his neck. She had—for some obscure reason—a sudden and sharp impulse to mount her horse, gallop away, leaving him alone. She was in a mood when his seeming male obtuseness irritated her. She herself now faced the facts squarely; and couldn't any longer deny to herself the exalted state of her heart. The realization was intermittent, ecstatic, clouded by other issues at hand; but it was undeniably there. And while he moved about methodically, with that little frown of preoccupation, she contrived to distort the truth, and to blind herself to the real motives of his behavior. She even made herself believe that he now regretted what he had done, and was perhaps endeavoring politely to make her aware of this. In her hypersensitive state she barely answered him; replying to his questions in colorless monosyllables. The breakfast was consumed in a mood of uneasy silence. Only hours later did she come to comprehend his point of view, and understand the relentless idealism which he had built up around her.

Throughout the morning this state of affairs continued. They rode side by side, in silence, pretending . . . They might just as well, she told herself, have been riding in Central Park. Thinking it over, as they turned inland toward the mountains, she found herself amazed at the independence of her own trend of thought. Twenty-four hours—and she had become a self-managing unit in the cosmos. Her actions, her future, no longer depended on what others planned, or thought best for her. And how swiftly she had adapted herself to this new point of view . . . Her dependence upon Ramon was, after all, superficial, a surrender to the conventional ideas of protection. And, obtaining this point in her self-analysis, it became clear to her that she had placed herself entirely in his hands not through fear or desperation but because she wanted, actually, to be in his keeping. The idea of protection had been, then, purely nominal—a sop to her maidenly conscience. This Spartan examination of her own mental processes left her elated, with a new and easy consciousness of freedom. She felt, suddenly, as if she had at last become a definite entity, her actions and thoughts disentangled, clear . . . The high walls, which her father had spoken of years ago, when she sat on his lap, a little girl, no longer overshadowed her. She could now look fearlessly over them; could perceive the limitless expanse of bright country beyond . . .

By eight o'clock the sun was high, and the road had degenerated into a narrow, stony trail winding up the mountains between boulders of red basalt. They climbed steadily all the morning and most of the afternoon, giving the horses an hour's rest at midday. Toward five o'clock they passed through a narrow gorge, cutting through the outer wall of the mountains, and emerged suddenly upon a narrow ledge high above a cup-shaped valley. They looked down upon a wide green amphitheatre surrounded by snow-covered peaks. In the center of the valley Greta observed a lake, about two miles long and perhaps a mile in width. The trail, now wet and slippery, veiled in coils of white mist, descended steeply beside a roaring, rock-strewn torrent. The sun was setting when they at last attained the valley, left the trail, and rode toward the lake.

AT THE water's edge they came upon an old rowboat. Ramon, indicating to her an island covered with tall cedars, in the middle of the lake, said: "We had better spend the night there. It will be safer than staying on the mainland, because there is just a chance that Alquila may have sent a party in pursuit of me."

The peon, a grim, silent old creature, with a face like wrinkled black leather,

(Continued on page 178)

THERE is a finer touch to the operation and control of the new Nash "400." ¶ Perfect confidence, even in severe traffic, is yours. Nash brakes stop the car comfortably, instantly. Gears shift smoothly, noiselessly. Clutch pedal yields to the lightest pressure. You've never driven an easier car to steer and park. ¶ Drive the new "400," and then you will know that, here indeed, is the *World's easiest car to drive.*

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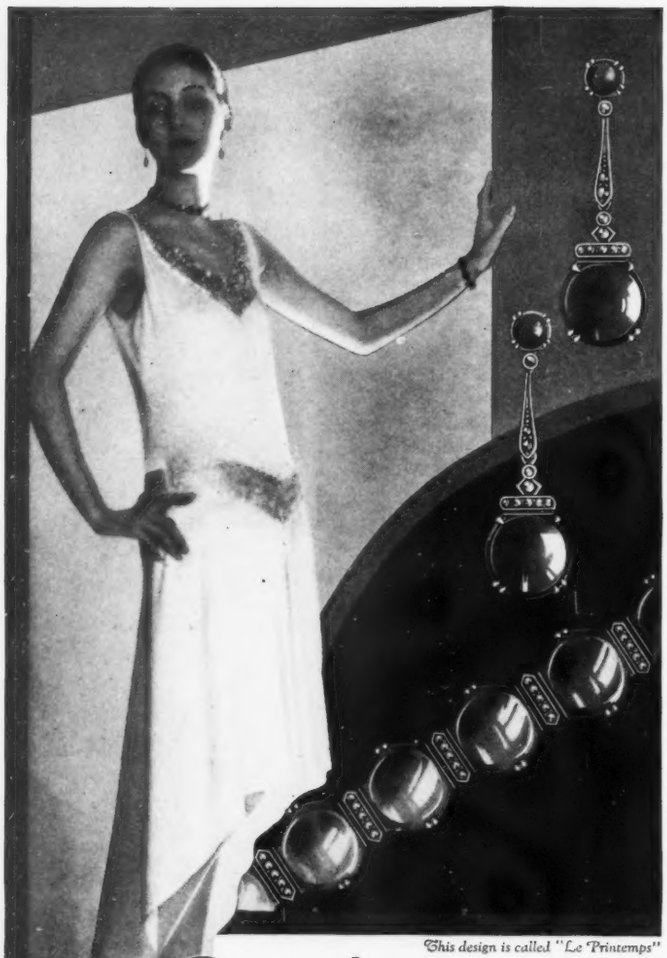

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HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 176*)

who hadn't spoken a word all day, then became voluble, pointing to the horses. Ramon replied in Spanish. Greta, who didn't understand, asked him what the man had said.

"It is about the horses. Let me see . . ." Apparently he had encountered an unexpected obstacle in his plans. Then, quickly finding the solution, he told her: "We will all row over to the island, and pitch the tent for you. After that the peon and I will return here, to guard the horses."

He himself appeared satisfied with the scheme. But Greta, tired and overwrought, glanced across the lake and was all at once unnerved at the prospect of passing the night alone upon the island.

"That is absurd," she told him decisively. "If you came back here you would be defeating your own purpose of securing safety on the island during the night. The peon can come back, if necessary, to look after the horses. But you can't leave me alone over there."

He directed a significant glance toward the peon. She understood the process of his thoughts, and laughed with a slight trace of irritation.

"Oh, Ramon. Do you really believe I care what that wretched peon thinks of us, after all I've been through in the last twenty-four hours? I want protection from actual dangers; not protection from the thoughts of peasants."

He looked at her in surprise. Any display of initiative on her part, she had noticed, invariably aroused his astonishment. The impractical attitude of his race toward women became apparent to her. He was still struggling, she knew, with those ancient traditions of his, inherited from his Spanish-American mother. Then, apparently turning over her words in his mind, admitting the sensibleness of her reasoning, he nodded slowly. Almost reluctantly he tethered the horses; and motioned to her and the peon to enter the boat.

They rowed across the still mirror of the lake to the island, and here, under the tall, dark trees, Ramon and the peon pitched the square canvas tent. At sunset the native, with a perfunctory grunt, apparently intended for a salutation, climbed into his boat; rowed back to his horses. For a while Greta and Ramon sat in front of the tent, watching the craft until the outlines of it became vague, disappeared in the violet shadows that were deepening over the lake.

Away off in the distance there were faint, intermittent flashes of lightning above the mountains; but to these she paid little attention. She was preoccupied, absorbed with the astonishing situation in which she now found herself. Alone with Ramon, upon an island, in the wilderness of the Calaguan mountains . . . Compared with the careful routine of her previous existence, it was incredible. The completeness with which all traces, all connections with the past had been swept away, suddenly appalled her. He, sitting beside her, toying with a stick, seemed also to be surrendering himself to a maze of thoughts. She found it all at once terribly difficult to think of anything adequate to say to him.

"HOW long," she asked, with an effort at conversation, "do you think we will be here—on the island?"

He jumped slightly at the sound of her voice; said, with a curious little laugh: "So you are real—after all. I was wondering if this couldn't perhaps be some strange dream of mine . . ."

There was a wistful quality in his voice which disturbed her. She wanted him at that moment to be matter-of-fact, businesslike.

"You haven't answered my question."

"Oh—that." He rose; began to gather pieces of wood for a fire. "I suppose a day or two—until I'm assured that Alquila isn't on my trail. And then we will go on to Merida." He proceeded to build a small fire; to cook supper. Darkness came on. The flames cast his profile into sharp relief against the black background of the trees while he stood there, humming to himself the fragment of some Spanish song. He seemed immensely at ease. Unreasonably, exasperatingly so. She wished that she had the power to penetrate the barrier of his mind, at the same time thanking heaven that he could not see into her own mental chaos. She was at once elated, yet with a sharp undercurrent of unhappiness. An incomprehensible mixture of emotions surged at her heart. Her body, her muscles, were actually weary, stiff, with tension. She felt that at any moment she might surprise him with tears, for no particular reason . . .

"My aunt," he continued, "will chaperone you heavily and seriously, as if her very life depended upon it, while you are staying with her. She was born to be a chaperone. Motherly, but without children of her own, she will fold her soft wings about you, and your reputation at Merida will be unassailable."

She wondered whether he was attempting to tease her; or merely manufacturing a stupid brand of conversation to cover his own emotional state. There was a forced facetiousness to his tone which she resented.

Almost bitterly she blurted out: "All of that will be rather futile, won't it, after this experience?" And instantly she bit her lip, at the possible implication of her words. He made a half-step toward her, dropping the cooking utensil he had been holding; then halted, and returned to his work at the fire, frowning.

"That was not a necessary remark," he reproved her. "My whole aim is to protect you. Isn't that clear? And forgive me if I remind you that I am here, to-night, on the island, at your own request."

SHE recognized the Latin quality in him prompting that self-justification. No Anglo-Saxon, she told herself, would have reminded her. It was the dangerously feminine streak of psychology in him that made him dare to reprove her on precisely those grounds. She rose, angrily; strolled off toward the shore of the lake, aware at the same time that her irritation was not altogether justified. At her feet the waters lapped lazily with the sweet cadence of a lullaby. The stars had come out overhead, with their usual yet ever-surprising brilliance. For a long time she remained there at the water's edge, striving to disentangle the intricate pattern of emotions within her, striving to attain a reasonable calm. Since they had been together on the island, it seemed to her, the personality of Ramon had grown to outlandish proportions, approaching nearer and nearer to her, until now it fairly towered over her, dominating her every thought and action. Or was it, perhaps, her own disordered mind which imagined this? Anyway, during the past hour, she had been acutely aware of every single movement he had made; had felt imprisoned by the fact of his presence . . . She returned slowly, thoughtfully, toward the fire, in a less tensioned mood, determined to make herself more agreeable company to him. The fire, she discovered, had not diminished to a dully glowing heap of embers. Ramon wasn't visible. A sudden fear gripped her, and she hurried into the tent. By the light of a small lantern she found a slip of paper, pinned conspicuously to the central wooden pole. "I have gone"—she read—"to the other end of the island to sleep, and to allow you to sleep. I will return at seven in the morning. Ramon."

On the floor of the tent there was a narrow mattress and a pair of rough, scarlet Indian blankets. The careful manner in which these had been laid out, obviously prepared for her, and the thoughtfulness which lay back of his note, wrenched her heart. She extinguished the lantern; and in the darkness, in an excess of loneliness, she found herself reaching out her arms toward an imagined and blessed vision of him . . .

(*To be continued*)

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Then it is that Amor Skin brings you new life. Right through outer layers of skin its youth hormones penetrate and enter the tissue cells beneath. Revitalization begins! Dying cells live, living cells multiply! The tissues grow stronger—firmer—younger! They taut —shove up from beneath, and *push* the wrinkles out of the skin!

Amor Skin was perfected by a famous German specialist in organotherapy.

Compounded originally at enormous cost, it was until recently available only to a few women of European nobility. Gladly they paid exorbitantly for its priceless boon of youth.

Now it is formulated on a slightly larger scale, and is being offered to a limited number of women in America.

Watch wrinkles fade and youth return

Avail yourself at once of this European discovery. It is sold in two formulae. Amor Skin Number 1, of single strength, and Amor Skin Number 2, of double strength, for more obstinate cases.

Its application is simplicity itself. Its success depends upon its daily use.

The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp-shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

Do not, when you buy Amor Skin, expect overnight results. Slow starvation of the cells put those wrinkles and sags into your face. They will not disappear until life is returned to the cells by the youth hormones of Amor Skin.

But start Amor Skin treatments at once. Be faithful in your night by night application. Little by little the tissues will firm, the wrinkles will fade . . . Look now into your mirror! It is a flawless, fair face that shines back at you, radiant with glorious youth!

Our present source of supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

AMOR SKIN

AMOR SKIN NUMBER 1 (SINGLE STRENGTH) $16.50

AMOR SKIN NUMBER 2 (DOUBLE STRENGTH) $25.00

Amor Skin Corporation H. B.-3
113 West 57th St., New York

I should like to know more about the scientific way in which Amor Skin erases wrinkles and returns youth to the skin.
Please send your descriptive booklet to

M.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

This New Facial

—a delightfully different experience!

A Contouration Facial is totally unlike those which you may have known before. It combines the soothing sensations of massage, electricity, fragrance—and gives the pleasurable *certainty* of looking years younger.

In your beauty shop, a trained attendant twirls the *Contourator*—an electrically heated roller—over your face and neck. Urged by this warm wand, beneficial oils and emulsions seep into the depths of your skin, nourishing starved cells, refining open, coarsened pores, invigorating fatigued muscles—thus bringing back to your complexion and contour the flaw-free loveliness of its youth.

If you would outwit Time, Worry and Weather, reserve for yourself one luxurious hour each week for a Contouration Facial. Never will your skin experience a more delightful, more soothing sensation. It is not to be wondered that Contouration is the modern way to add years to youth!

Contouration Treatments are rapidly becoming the favored facials of those who appreciate—and want—the best. If your own beauty shop has not yet installed this service, we will gladly direct you to one nearby where these treatments are now being given.
Contouré Laboratories, Inc., 6 W. 48th St., N. Y. City

contouration

Treatments—at your Beauty Shop
Contouré Products—for your use at home

These new products

for a really professional home facial!

Contouré Preparations will give you an easy-to-apply, *really professional* home facial that takes but five minutes – yet accomplishes years of good! Fastidious women, who know the necessity of caring for their complexions at home, have chosen these *same* preparations that professional beauticians use and endorse!

Contouré Products were first created *for* professionals and *for* beauty shops. Then, at the insistent demand of beauticians and their patrons, boudoir sizes were made obtainable.

These are the invisible helpmates of lovely complexions everywhere:—*Rapid Cleansing Cream*, quick as the tick o' the clock in its thorough action—remarkably efficient—delicate—delightful. *Contouré Skin Food*, eagerly and easily assimilated by starved tissues and hungry cells. *Contouré Finishing Lotion*, decidedly unusual, with a gentle, persuasive power over skins that just won't hold powder—and a most refining effect on coarsened pores.

Contouré Cleansing Cream . .	$1.25
Contouré Skin Food	1.25
Contouré Finishing Lotion . .	1.50
Contouré Reducing Cream . .	2.00

Your favorite beauty shop will tell you about these professional products now available for home treatments. Or write us for an introductory sample tube of cleansing cream, which we'll forward with a very frank book on the care of the skin. Contouré Laboratories, Inc., 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Refreshing as May—the Airplane Feel of Air-Cooled Motoring!

To the man who has owned twenty or more automobiles—a challenging new motoring experience is now offered. ¶A motor that has conquered all the major road and hill records from coast to coast—keeping its top speed undiminished after long hours of continuous driving. ¶A second gear as silent as high, from a standing start to 55 miles an hour—permitting quick, easy shifting and noiseless operation throughout all the ordinary range of traffic conditions. ¶Riding ease that brings you home fresh and relaxed after an all-day drive—doubly assured by the flexible, light-weight construction and the famous full-elliptic springs. ¶As to body lines, interiors and appointments—exactly what you would expect in the one car with the driving feel of the airplane—the world's fastest road car. An interesting demonstration awaits you.
Franklin Automobile Co.,
Syracuse . . . New York.

The new Franklin prices range from $2180 up—at the Factory

FRANKLIN

UNDERTHINGS IN THE MODERN MANNER

skillfully fashioned in rayon

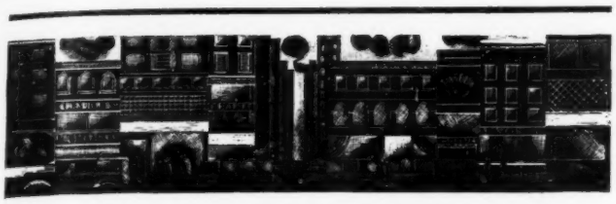
IN these modern days, when Fashion chooses rayon for so many exquisite purposes, it is scarcely surprising that she offers rayon underthings with a new loveliness, a dainty wearability distinctly their own!

Cleverly these new rayon garments are designed to serve every feminine need, from frivolous dance sets to the practical one-piece garments that are so easy to launder and to pack. All the new sun-tan shades, all the favorite pastels — in Patou shorts, athletic shorts and panties — in night frocks delicately lacy or sternly tailored — in pyjamas for sleeping, for lounging, for beach wear.

Slim, smooth, feminine, these rayon underthings are yet amazingly durable. Through repeated tubbings they neither fade nor lose their lustre, but hold the clear beauty of their colors and the trim perfection of their lines.

You will find these new garments in your favorite shop—some modestly priced, some frankly expensive! You will find them delightful to look at and to handle, and—because of their new strength and practical advantages—decidedly economical to wear. Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RAYON



Ilonka Karasz

ADVENTURES IN SHOPPING

By FRANCES ALEXANDER WELLMAN

SURELY, no city in the world has such fascinating shops as New York. Rare jewels, splendid furs, clothes of the latest models at all prices, entrancing novelties sometimes for sale a few days after they are conceived, magnificent objets d'art, motors, delicious foods—in fact the world at your feet.

Often under one name, a huge building contains hundreds of different departments, many of them arranged like separate little stores. Then, there are many large stores given exclusively to one type of thing, and also tiny shops containing infinite variety.

We feel that we tell our readers very fully about the places on the great avenues and principal side streets, but we also want to mention the particularly successful small shops difficult to find. Their name is legion and we will never be able to tell you of all well worthy of mention, but every few months we will give a short, helpful list.

At 14 East 48th Street, you will find a hat shop, called Marimay, that has four things in common with the great Reboux of Paris. First, it is always crowded with smart women; second, the hats are fitted to the head; third, with a sweet smile you are told that they will be with you in a minute, and then you may have to wait; but, fourth, you will certainly find it well worth the time when you receive the result of your labors. There must be a mysterious psychology in the making of hats, for one often discovers a strenuous atmosphere in hat shops.

Next door at 16 East is Gervais, a most successful dressmaker. This is probably due to the fact that there one finds both excellent models and excellent values. This winter it has looked more like a tea-party on Long Island than a dressmaking establishment. It is always filled to overflowing with pretty and chic women. The clothes are made to order from French models and they are not only youthful styles but the successfully simple type that make older women look like their own daughters.

AT number 42 East 48th Street is Rose Clark, a very smart woman who makes exceptionally smart clothes. She gives her personal attention to all fittings and is like a super-vendeuse that you might find at one of the best French establishments. She goes to Europe several times a year and always has a collection of excellently selected clothes, most appropriate for the woman of taste. Her shop is also quiet—a virtue rare to find.

Mary Howard Inc., although on 57th Street is at 108 East, on the second floor, so we mention her, to be sure you will not miss her. She has many unique, very delightful things. Among them taffeta week-end sets made of two-tone taffeta and monogramed, consisting of a large case of four compartments for lingerie and other small articles, a soiled clothes bag, sponge bag, these two rubber-lined, and a pin case. She has patented a wonderful beach bag, made of rubberized tweed, trimmed with pigskin handles and strap, that has three compartments, fastened with zippers—one compartment for fresh clothes, the second for wet bathing suits and the center one for miscellaneous articles. Among her other unusual articles is a cigarette-box made of Russian tuya wood with enamel monogram that has an interior divided into six compartments for six different kinds of cigarettes.

Also on 57th Street at number 20 East, on the 16th floor, is the shop of Mrs. Maughan, called Syrie Maughan, Inc. She has a tremendous flare for the combination of beautiful old pieces with a modern treatment in decoration. She does no decoration herself but gladly gives her marvelous advice to those who wish to get their furniture from her. She is bringing over wonderful pieces of English and French furniture, particularly choice samples of the eighteenth century.

At number 41 West 56th Street is H. H. Hornfleck & Sons, a furrier who makes a speciality of selecting superlatively good skins. In case you want a fur coat of particular beauty for next winter, we suggest that you go to him at this season and that will allow him sufficient time to make you something outstandingly successful. Mr. Hornfleck, himself, says that straight-line coats continue to be the best. The collar is the happiest place, in his opinion, for elaboration. He believes ermine will still be splendid next winter, and natural gray broadtail a novelty of this season that will continue in popularity. Of course, mink coats are an established classic; he has been outstandingly successful with this fur.

ON the second floor at 29 West 56th Street is a delightful dressmaking shop, called Billie Kaye, owned and run by a wonderfully smart woman. She has a great sense of true chic and attends personally to all the fittings. This is an attention so many women are beginning to feel a charming necessity.

At 18 East 49th Street, you will find Vendome, a superb grocery shop. When you have once been there, it will become a habit, because it is filled with the most luscious things to eat. They make a great feature of their caviar which they pack on ice to send to steamers and trains. They have the best of French *paté* in tins and crocks, and also *en-crute*. This latter makes the *paté* retain its subtle flavor. They have many imported delicacies from France, Germany, and Hungary. One of their unusually successful things is their cooked, real Virginia hams all ready to be sliced and served. Among their many good cheeses is one called the "Vendome". It is an imported Stilton, specially treated. They have a fine selection of all nuts, and, of course, many excellent things in tins, and heaps of delicious fruits in glass jars.

ANDANTE: IN THE CITY

RED lights! Green lights!
All the lights together!
God's too big to hide Himself
In any kind of weather!

Martha Roberts

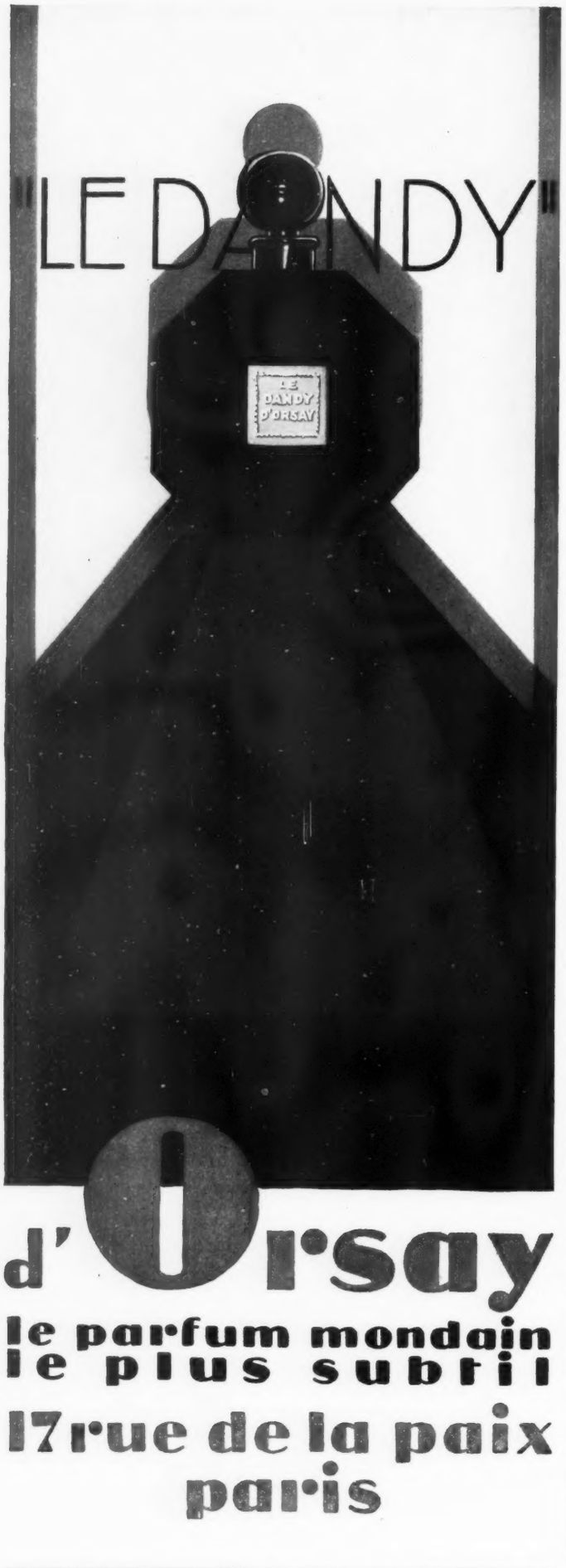
The Ensemble Mode

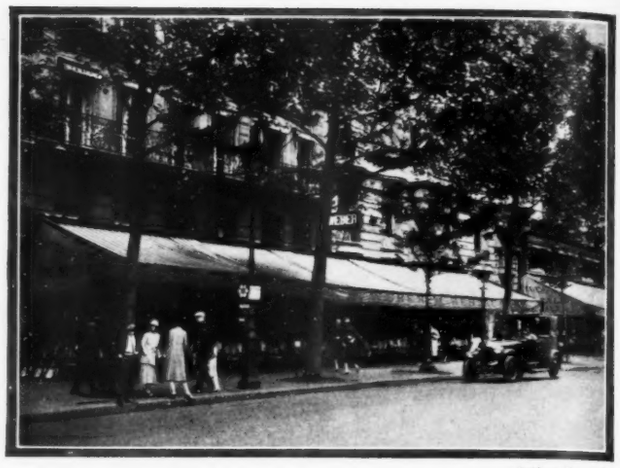
Bruck-Weiss interprets the ensemble mode in costumes for sports, afternoon and evening wear

Hats, Bags, Hosiery Jewelry and Accessories

that are perfect complements to the ensemble effect

Bruck-Weiss
20 West 57th Street
New York





Arthur Samuels

Restaurant Weber on the Rue Royale, near the Madeleine.

THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE prosperity of a jest has never been greater than that of the *mot* from which the title of this ensuing article is derived. Such a *mot* is the crowning achievement of the humorist's art, and such universal achievements of wit are rare indeed. Even the greatest professional humorists have toiled all their lives at their arduous calling, with no such luck. There are perhaps scarcely a dozen such *mots* on record. One is enough for immortality. But such immortality is all too likely to be anonymous, and had it not been for his friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes (to whom, indeed, his *mot* is often erroneously attributed), Thomas Gold Appleton, the wealth of whose father, Nathan Appleton, the successful merchant and politician of New Hampshire, had enabled him to live a genial life as amateur and patron of the fine arts, might well have been "forgotten in the immortality of his epigram", to quote from a pleasant account of him by Mrs. John Lane, who also describes him as "the Sydney Smith of the Boston society of his day, a big, round-shouldered man with heavy somber eyes behind which his audacious humor lay in ambush and enlivened the transcendental seriousness of the Boston of that time." Yet while the authorship of his famous *mot* is thus on record—it is to be found, indeed, duly recorded in the Encyclopædia Britannica—it is, I imagine, not so universally well-known as to make it superfluous once more to give him credit here for a saying, which, like most great witticisms, is not merely amusing but cuts deep, with its insight into the American character. There is, indeed, a striking affinity between the French and the American temperaments, which only seems paradoxical till we recall that the Pilgrim Fathers were not the sole settlers in America, but that such important States as Virginia and the Carolinas were settled by cavalier gentlemen, who were far, indeed, from being Puritans.

THEN the American climate has to be taken into account. Its dry, rarefied air, its sparkling sunshine, which long ago, in pre-Volstead days, I was permitted to describe as "aerial champagne", seem to generate gaiety; and so mysterious is the chemistry of climate on character that no visitors to Paris seem to possess a gaiety so akin to that of the French as the American descendants of that British Anglo-Saxon, who, in the form of the present-day Englishman, if, indeed, no longer hostile to France, still takes his pleasures sadly, and is quite unable, in the famous phrase of Anna Held, to "come and play" with Paris, as the American has done for over a century. "When good Americans die, they go to Paris." Yes! Thomas Gold Appleton was right. Paris is the Valhalla of the Americans, where, at the present moment, it might be figuratively said, they drink champagne out of the skulls of the Prohibitionists!

BUT while this mutual spirit of gaiety has always been a bond between the American and the Frenchman, their long friendship, it goes without saying, has been based from the beginning on a community of serious interests, too. Is not each country a republic, because of the inspiration as well as the material help they gave each other, when each was fighting into existence? And all along the interaction between both countries has been close and constant, and left its marks on both. While France has helped to mold America, America also has helped to mold France. This, doubtless, is well-known to the reader. Books have been written about it. Yet, there are so many books to read, and such deep relationships between nations, particularly at the present time, cannot be too often recalled. There are many good reasons why good Americans come to Paris, and I shall deal with some others of them later on—surely Paris itself, that masterpiece of Time and Human Nature, is enough—but one particular American interest I would urge as a form of entertainment for the American visitor, or, in this connection, pilgrim: that is, the part played by famous Americans in Paris, what they did here, the places in which they lived. As we all know, France, with that reverence for its great men which is perhaps the most valuable form of religion—a very practical and fruitful ancestor-worship—places medallions on the façades of the houses once lived in by any man or woman who has contributed in whatever way to its greatness—poets, painters, priests, soldiers, statesmen, scholars, men of science, inventors; none, even the smallest, is forgotten. On the side of a house a few doors from where I write this, one reads: "Victor Hugo Habita cette Maison en 1821."

A block away is a statue to Diderot, a little further, one to Danton. Then up a street nearby is a medallion to the inventor of the microphone, and anyone who has walked up the Boulevard Saint Michel will remember two imposing stone figures in sweeping doctorial gowns—the discoverers of quinine! No one, as I said, is forgotten. Distinguished strangers also have their memorials, streets named after them, like Benjamin Franklin, for instance; and thinking of him, and other famous Franco-Americans, would it not

(*Continued on page 184*)

Film Discolors Lovely Teeth

and then destroys them

Dental science is awakened to the danger of a new-found menace—film on teeth. Serious bodily ills are indirectly traced to it. The new way dentists urge you to remove it.

The Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders

THE misfortune of cloudy, unattractive teeth might be accepted if nature were to blame. But dull teeth and pale gums softened by disease are not natural conditions.

In a startling number of cases dental science now traces the chief cause of discolored teeth and serious tooth and gum disorders to a film that forms. When it is removed a marvelous change takes place. Teeth become dazzling white and are less subject to decay. Gums grow firmer and regain their rose-like color. By all means test its powers for 10 days free.

Film—its dangers

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dreaded coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—thus invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Glorious white teeth that gleam and sparkle come when dingy film is removed this way.

How new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now the world of science produces a special film-removing agent. First it curdles film. Then light brushing easily removes it.

Teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay is removed. The source of pyorrhea and bleeding gums is combated. And many of the ills that appear in later life are immeasurably lessened.

Try this way for 10 days—Free

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon below to nearest address for free 10-day tube to try. Do not delay.

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 243, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Ont., Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . **London**, S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Av. **Sydney**, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3151

"LE FERRONNIER"

a new

ORINOKA GLASS CURTAIN

inspired by

the exquisite tracery of

modern ironwork

GUARANTEE

These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to sunlight or from washing, merchant is authorized to replace them with new goods or refund purchase price.

FROM the forge-studios of modern metal-workers came the inspiration for this new Orinoka glass curtain. We name it, "Le Ferronnier." It suggests the exquisite grille work so much in vogue today. The motif, authentically modern in itself, is reproduced in gleaming, lustrous threads on a sheer background, clear as crystal. The fabric may be had in a variety of soft, charming tints which will not fade. For, according to the smart idea, glass curtains need no longer be neutral in shade. They harmonize with the color scheme of the room.

This is but one of the new Orinoka light-weight casements, but its smartness and quality are characteristic of the whole line. Inspired by the new art and designed to conform to the new formality in decoration, they are wholly modern and sophisticated. Yet it is not necessary to have a modern room in order to use them.

"Le Ferronnier," pattern No. 9627, is transparent, double-faced and does not lose its pattern when hung against the window.

It is an amazing thing that overdraperies and casements as outstanding in design and color and texture as these should be so very practical. *Yet Orinoka fabrics have proved their beauty is lasting*, and are guaranteed sun-and-tubfast. Ask to see the many new Orinoka fabrics. At your windows they add the touch that beautifies. Mail the coupon for our booklet of new Orinoka fabrics, handsomely illustrated in color. It is full of practical suggestions for draping windows.

THE ORINOKA MILLS, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York

Please send me, without charge, the new 24-page Orinoka booklet, "Color, the Secret of Beautiful Homes."

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____ 1418

Orinoka

THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

(*Continued from page 182*)

be a good idea for Americans to make it their business similarly to distinguish the houses with which their famous compatriots are associated? (Oscar Wilde, by the way, is already commemorated by a tablet on the façade of the hotel in the Rue des Beaux Arts where he died.)

The other day, for example, I was walking with a friend, down the Rue de Tournon, the top end of which sweeps with stately breadth to the gateway of the Palais de Luxembourg. My friend stopped me in front of a distinguished looking building, now the Hotel. On one side of the great old doorway is a "Cours de Danse", on the other a learned bookshop, with illuminated manuscripts in the window. "Look up there," he said, pointing to the third floor, "Paul Jones lived in those rooms, and it was there he died." The number is 19.

A FEW doors below is a house with a tablet telling that Gambetta lived there. Higher up is Foyot's, one of the most famous restaurants in Paris, well-known to gourmets. But I had passed number 19 many a time, all ignorant of its dramatic significance, for there is nothing to tell that one of the most romantic figures of a romantic time once strode in his nonchalant, conquering fashion through that old doorway. And how many more distinguished ghosts, had one but the clairvoyant eye, one might see passing in and out of that doorway, for Jones's exploits as a "sea-wolf" against England had made him the idol of Paris. King Louis himself had presented him with a gold sword at Versailles, and at the opera the house rose at his entrance with stormy enthusiasm. Nor were his own countrymen behindhand in doing him honor. How often Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris and Tom Paine have passed through that old doorway, but best of all, and oftenest, his friend and mentor, "the American Socrates", Benjamin Franklin, who had taken him under his wing from the start—Franklin's own earliest dream, it will be remembered, was the sea—and welcomed him to his pleasant home in Passy. There in its quiet garden, Jones and the canny philosopher would walk to and fro together with noble French ladies, with whom Jones was particularly *persona grata*, for their companions, especially the spirited Duchesse de Chartres, wife of him who was afterwards known as "Philip Egalité", she with whom his relations seem to have been decidedly tender, and who showed her love also by financing him in his harrying of the common foe across the channel.

At a dinner given to him by her and her husband, she had presented him with a watch that had belonged to her great sailor ancestor, that Count de Toulouse, who was the son of Louis XIV. by Madame de Montespan. It was on that occasion, that in his gallant fashion, he had promised to lay an English frigate at her feet, a promise he kept when, after his immortal fight in the "Bon Homme Richard" (named in compliment to Franklin and his "Poor Richard's Almanac") he had brought her the sword of the English captain, with one of those speeches which, in dealing with women, were ever ready on his tongue. "The least I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago," he said, "is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded the English forty-four. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest men—the sword of Captain the Honorable Richard Pearson, of his Britannic Majesty's late ship, the *Serapis*." How often "the girl duchess" must have stepped out from her sedan-chair and passed under that old portal at number 19 Rue de Tournon. And the hoop-skirts of another lovely young girl, still closer to the sea-wolf's heart, often rustled past there too, again the love-child of a King, Aimée Adéle de Telison, daughter of Louis XV.

An unsupported legend says that she became Jones's wife, and it is certain that he was faithful to her for fourteen years; that he left her a third of his fortune, and a house in the Rue Vivienne, and that in his last illness his friends used always to find her seated by his hammock, slung in the little garden in the Rue de Tournon. She had begun by assisting him with the French language, translating his official papers for him, an occupation which prompted Franklin, who had smiled on their attachment, and whose common sense was not diminished by prudery, to remark that "the best master of languages is a mistress."

Franklin, for all his simple republican ways, was, as we know, no little of a lady's man himself; and though his relations with his friends, Madame Helvetius and Madame Brillon, were, doubtless, platonic they included quite a dash of warmth, particularly, perhaps, in the case of the young Madame Brillon, who used to sit on the philosopher's knee, call him her "papa", corrected his French, and tried to turn him into a good Catholic. Both these ladies lived in Passy, where Franklin made his home for eight years (1777-1785) occupying a house offered him by a rich French admirer, M. Le Ray de Chaumont, who would take no rent from him, counting the honor of his residence there sufficient return. The house had a charming garden, in which at one time or another nearly every great or famous person of the day must have talked with perhaps the most popular plenipotentiary by whom America or any other country has ever been represented. In this garden he experimented with his famous lightning rod, while he talked science, politics, philosophy and everything under the sun, and capped witticisms with such formidable immortals as Turgot, Buffon d'Alembert, Condorcet, La Rochefoucauld, Raqual, Beaumarchais, Lafayette, Mirabeau, Marat, and was even visited by the Papal Nuncio. Needless to say, no American of importance, or even of no importance, came to Paris without calling on Dr. Franklin. That house and garden, alas! how long since disappeared. A school now occupies the site, with this inscription:

Ici s'élevait un pavillon
Dépendance de l'hôtel de Valentois
FRANKLIN
L'habita de 1777 à 1785
Et y fit placer
Le Premier Paratonnerre Construit en France
Société Historique d'Auteuil et de Passy
8 Mars, 1896

THERE is also a statue to "*le sage qu'a deux mondes réclament*" (the words are Mirabeau's) close to the Trocadero, at the beginning of the Rue Franklin. Other Parisian houses associated with Franklin are the Hôtel de Hambourg in the Rue de l'Université, and 26 Rue de Penthièvre, but it is at Passy where, if he ever revisits the glimpses of the moon, we are surest to meet him. It is strange to think that the terrible battle-cry of the French Revolution, which one associates most grimly with the Terror and the guillotine, "Ça via", was originated by Franklin, who used to say in reference to the American Revolution, "Ah! ah! ça via, ça via." (It will go, it will go.)

Another intrepid American whom both Paul Jones and Franklin would have taken to their hearts has a monument in Paris like none other—no less than the Seine itself; for surely no good American can watch those powerful little toy boats, with their train of barges, ducking their smoke-stacks as they pass beneath the bridges, without thinking of that August 9, 1803, when the Seine banks were black with spectators watching a young American "dreamer" making the first trip ever made in a steamboat between the Convent des Bonhommes (now the Trocadero Gardens) and the Place de la Révolution (now the Place de la Concorde). For four hours the strange craft puffed and belched between those two points. So Paris and the whole world became acquainted with Robert Fulton. Napoleon had said of Paul Jones that, if only he had lived.

(*Continued on page 186*)

"If you want to keep slender—
and who doesn't these days—
avoid sweets and
smoke Lucky Strikes!"

Paul Poiret

"Reach
for
a
Lucky
instead
of
a
sweet."

Miss Jean Ackerman, of Ziegfeld's success "Whoopee"

PAUL POIRET

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

KAPOCK
GUARANTEED
Silky Sunfast Fabrics

Tested over 18 years at sunny windows, on furniture, etc.

It pays to be particular when you are purchasing fabrics for window curtains or for furniture. SUNPRUF KAPOCK FABRICS—tested for over 18 years—have fully proven their value, in actual use and economy, at sunny windows and in spite of frequent washing.

KAPOCK saves you time and money and gives you the *utmost* in satisfaction.

See SUNPRUF KAPOCK at your dealer or write us direct.

Send 5c in cash for sample
AQUAPRUF—KAPOCK
Spot—water—mildew proof

A. THEO. ABBOTT & CO.
2301 W. Allegheny Avenue
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Make sure it's KAPOCK—name is on selvage

Visit the KAPOCK HOUSE of 22 completely furnished rooms by many firms—2011 Walnut Street, Philadelphia—"Nothing like it in the world."

This is the
FLAVOR SEALED
Idea

***1st*—A selected, mildly cured ham is packed in its individual, sterilized container.**
2nd*—The container is vacuum sealed; *all natural flavors and juices are locked-in.
***3rd*—The ham is vacuum cooked the special Hormel way. No flavors can escape.**
Thus, still sealed, it reaches you — fresh, flavorful, tender. An ideal reserve food. No bone, no skin, no waste—all ham.

Whole Ham, *6 to 10 lbs.*, Bakes in *60 minutes.*
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GEO. A. HORMEL & CO., AUSTIN, MINN.

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

Arthur Samuels

Moulin Jancey, built about the ninth century, and now a restaurant, fifteen or twenty miles from Paris, on the road to Meaux.

THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

(*Continued from page 184*)

France would have had an admiral. Had he only been able to give closer consideration to two propositions Fulton presently put before him, that of transporting troops by steamboat across the British Channel, accompanied by a flotilla of submarine torpedo-boats (an invention which he had already brought to considerable efficienty), there might have been no Saint Helena.

Paris still retains another memorial of Fulton's many-sided genius, in the name of the Passage des Panoramas, on the Boulevard Montmartre. Fulton's first dream was to be a painter and there still exists a portrait by him of his friend Joel Barlow, poet and American ambassador, with whom he lived in Paris at 50 Rue de Vaugirard. Then he conceived the idea of painting panoramas, and for this purpose constructed two rotundas, on the Boulevard Montmartre, in one of which he painted the burning of Moscow (in the 17th Century) following it with others. These remained till 1821, and the present Passage des Panoramas is a curious reminder of the odd twists and turns which genius sometimes takes before finding its true path.

NOTHING has been more significant of an essential affinity between the French and American peoples from the beginning than the part played in France by American ambassadors and diplomats. They have always been far more than official representatives of their government, and have been regarded by France, whether under royal, imperial or republican rule, as friends of the family, their advice sought and their assistance welcomed, entirely *ex officio*. If, perhaps, it was Benjamin Franklin's uniquely comprehensive and comprehending character which first evoked this cousinly accordance between the two countries, it would seem to have been a natural relationship, for all those Americans who as Jefferson graciously, and truly, said, merely succeeded him—for "no one could replace him"—have, so to say, instinctively carried on the tradition he originated.

Jefferson himself conspicuously did so, and, friend alike of Louis XVI., and the Revolutionary patriots, his advice was sought by both sides, and the National Assembly at Versailles invited him to assist at their deliberations as though he had been a fellow Frenchman. As a sympathetic third party, his counsel was welcomed by both sides, and had the proposition of compromise which he suggested to Louis been accepted, the Revolution might have been accomplished without the Terror and the guillotine. He was able to act as friend alike to King and people without abating one jot of those ardent revolutionary principles which had so great a share in creating the American republic. His satisfaction in the Fall of the Bastille was fearlessly outspoken, and his lodging in the Rue Taitbout was the rendezvous of many French officers who had fought in the American Revolution, and whose political opinions, largely influenced by American example, did much to bring about the Revolution in France.

Gouverneur Morris, again, temperamentally more of an aristocrat than a republican, considering that France was not ready for a republic, did all he could to save the King, sketching out the outlines of a constitution for him, planning his escape with the Queen, and taking charge of his money, in trust for his daughter, when the guillotine had come to seem inevitable. During the Terror, he befriended Americans and the French noblesse alike, rescuing Lafayette and his wife from prison, assisting them with large sums of money, and also financing the Duc d'Orleans, afterwards King Louis-Philippe, during his exile in America. Morris took great risks in these royalist activities, and on one or two occasions narrowly escaped the mob. Driving in a fine coach one day, he was surrounded, and assailed with cries of "Aristocrat!" Thereupon, with witty courage, he exhibited his wooden leg, declaring that he had lost it in the cause of American liberty. The story saved his life, and he drove off, chuckling to himself, for, of course, the story was an opportune lie, his wooden leg actually having no more patriotic explanation than an ordinary carriage accident in Philadelphia. The American pilgrim desirous of "locating" this aristocratic American ghost must visit 65 Rue de Richelieu, where Morris lived, the house being called in his day the "Hôtel du Roi".

JAMES MONROE, again, whose dreary immortalization by the Monroe Doctrine makes us forget what a vivid, handsome fellow he was when he came over to Paris to negotiate with Napoleon the sale of Louisiana. Unlike Gouverneur Morris he was an ardent revolutionist, and when Rousseau was buried in the Pantheon, an American flag which he had given to the Convention was carried by his nephew at the head of a little company of the American admirers of Jean-Jacques. He lived at 95 Rue de Richelieu, then known as the Hôtel des Patriotes, and it was there that he gave refuge to Tom Paine, after effecting his release from prison in the Luxem-

(*Continued on page 188*)

THE RAMADA
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THE MANHATTAN
Marron glacé kid vamp and trim; wide one strap button; Beige suede quarter.

Most Models $10 to $15

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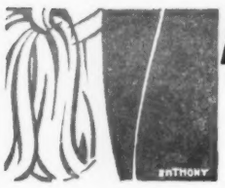

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Tales of new and delightful dots on the map you may have overlooked, and news of the more familiar pleasure places, are waiting for you in this room with world-wide walls at 572 Madison Avenue.

HARPER'S BAZAR TRAVEL BUREAU
572 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK CITY
(Regent 7160)

THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

(*Continued from page 186*)

bourg, Gouverneur Morris having refused to raise a finger to help him. Few fighters for freedom have been so ungratefully treated as Tom Paine who did so much for both the American and French Revolutions, "The Father of Republics" as he has rightly been called, and posterity has continued to be as prejudiced against him as was Gouverneur Morris. His reputed atheism seems to be his chief offence, though in dying, he declared, "I put all my confidence in God, my Creator"; and it was the tenderness of his heart which had prompted him to plead against the execution of Louis—"Kill the King, not the man," he had said, which brought him within a hair's breadth of the guillotine. Narrow indeed was his escape. Well-known as the story is, it is worth recalling.

It was the custom of the gaoler to mark with chalk the doors of the victims for the daily holocaust. Paine's door was open as he passed, and carelessly the gaoler marked it on the inside, so that when Paine closed his door it was not visible when the time came to round up the condemned. Paine had many Paris addresses, but that most associated with him is 144 Rue du Faubourg Saint Denis. The house had once been occupied by Madame de Pompadour, and Paine has himself described "the old yard full of poultry and the garden full of fruit, where apricots and green grapes, the best he had ever eaten, grew." It may be recalled that it was to Tom Paine that Lafayette entrusted that great key of the Bastille to be delivered to General Washington, which is still to be seen at Mount Vernon.

FROM those early Republican times up till our own day, when we all know how it has been sustained by Ambassador Herrick, the tradition by which the American minister has always been even more a helpful guest of France than a mere official has continued. The noble work done by Elihu Benjamin Washbourne during the siege of Paris, and the horrors of the Commune needs a separate chronicle to itself. To him, as he said, was entrusted "half the nationalities of the earth," including thirty thousand German citizens, no less, shut in along with their French foes, within those walls of Paris which their own armies were engaged in besieging. Nor, of course, among all these good Americans in Paris, will the name of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, who engineered the escape of the Empress Eugenie, be forgotten. Heroism has been found among all conditions of men and women, but the American dentist as knight-errant was a novelty in heroes. Dr. Evans, too, was an example of the American as public-spirited Parisian, and it is to his suggestion that we owe the stately Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. His "hotel," since demolished, stood where the house numbered 41 now takes its place.

LET us now trace the footsteps of those Americans who came to France in no official capacity, but were drawn to Paris as the modern Athens, the intellectual and artistic capital of the world, the city of Abelard and Robert de Sorbon, the confessor of St. Louis, the city of great writers, painters and sculptors, the city of the Académie Française, the Comédie Française, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the student city of the Montagne St. Genevieve, Montmartre, and Montparnasse, the city that, indeed, has been largely made by its scholar population, and is even ruled, in no small degree, by students to this day. Among these Americans have played, and are still playing, leading parts, dominating the colleges and the cafés alike. Such early masters of American letters, who still hold their own in spite of momentary revolutionary fashions in writing, as Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Longfellow, Emerson and Poe, found themselves inevitably drawn to Paris as the city which then, as now, was the Alma Mater of all those who dreamed with a pen in their hands.

Washington Irving had just finished his "Sketch-Book" when he came in 1821 to lodge at 4 Rue du Mont-Thabor (running parallel with the Faubourg Saint Honoré) next door to the house in which Alfred de Musset was to die thirty-six years later. There is a tablet on de Musset's house, but good Americans have still to place a tablet on number 4. Later Irving was to write to a friend: "Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montigo, Emperor and Empress of the French! one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other, whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada. It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my life-time."

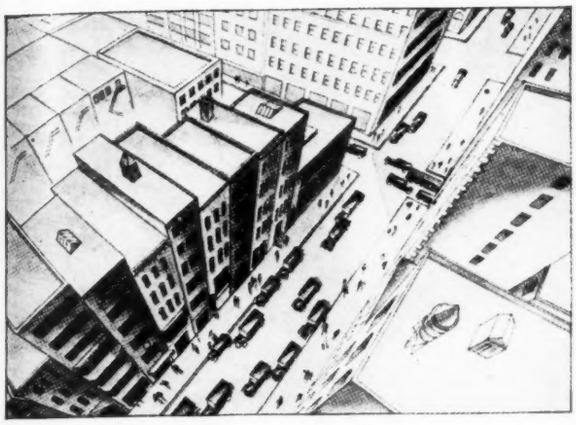
N. P. WILLIS, whom I suppose no one reads nowadays but who both as a man of the world and as a man of letters did excellent work toward the civilization of his provincial fellow-countrymen, lived in the Rue de Rivoli (1831) where he was frequently visited by Fenimore Cooper, an ardent Parisian, who, like his hero, Paul Jones, continued with all his rugged strength the gift of saying courtly things to royal ladies. Asked by the wife of Louis Philippe, a daughter of King Ferdinand of the Two Sicilies, "Of lands visited which do you prefer, Mr. Cooper?" he promptly answered, as to the manner born, "That in which your Majesty was born, for its nature; and that in which your Majesty reigns, for its society."

A meeting at which one would give much to have been present took place when Cooper was living in the Rue Saint Dominique, a meeting with his great master Sir Walter Scott. Cooper, by the way, used to declare that the execution of Louis XVI. was the fault of Gouverneur Morris, whom, like the French mob, he regarded as too much the "Aristocrat!" Cooper, one reads, (in a delightful book on "Famous Americans in Paris" by John Joseph Conway, to which I gladly acknowledge much indebtedness) "admired the polish, grace, elegance, and wit of French society." In this he differed with Emerson, who is rather tiresomely "transcendental," and almost boorish, in his comments on Paris, which he called "a loud modern New York of a place," remarking too, that "there was more fine society in his own little town than he could command" in Paris. Also, after hearing a lecture at the Sorbonne, he declared that "a lecture written by himself would be more useful to him," a modest comment worthy of Mr. Bernard Shaw. On his last visit in 1873, he was a little more genial, praising "the good breeding of the French," declaring them to be "the most joyous race," and admitting that "Paris enjoyed the largest liberty of any city in the whole civilized world." Emerson's habitats in Paris do not seem to have been recorded. The young Longfellow, with his love of all European culture, found himself much more at home in Paris, being adopted as one of her student "sons" by the motherly keeper of a boarding-house at 49 Rue Monsieur-le-Prince, Madame Potet, who charged him but five shillings a day for his board and lodging. He was a true lover of Paris, delighted to wander through its old streets, with their memories of great Frenchmen.

The Luxembourg garden was one of his favorite haunts, and he has left charming records of his summer days at Auteuil. He had none of Emerson's contempt for Sorbonne lectures and took every advantage of the opportunities to learn those various languages which he was afterwards to put to such charming use. He countered Jefferson's censorious remark that "only vice and modern languages were taught better in Europe than in America" by the sensible retort that a man was no more forced to seek vice in Paris than anywhere else.

THOUGH it is evident from "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" that Poe was well acquainted with Paris, there is no record of his visits there. William Cullen

(*Concluded on page 190*)



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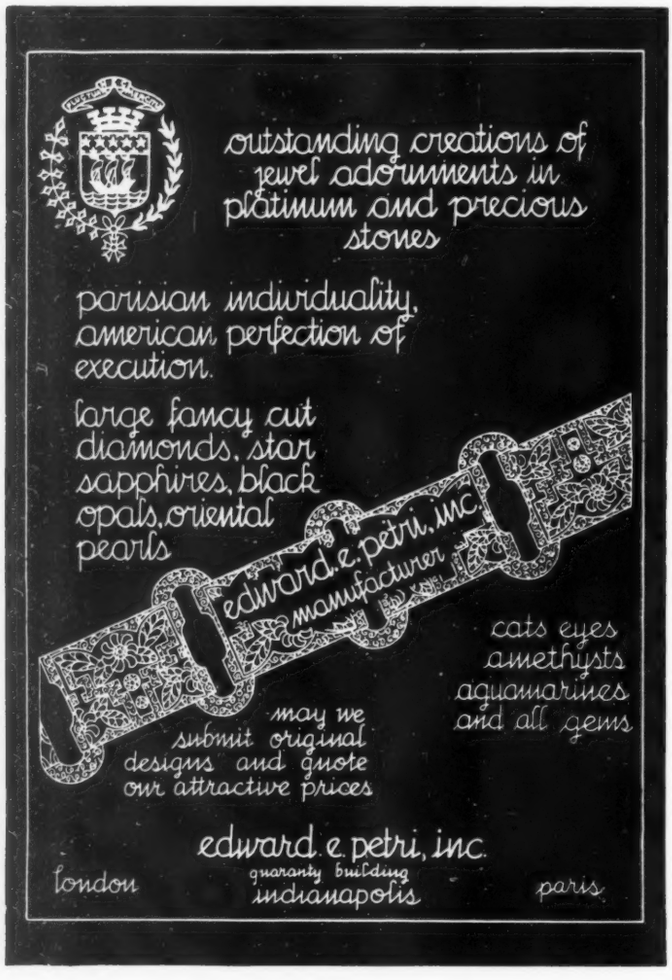
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THE GOOD AMERICAN IN PARIS

(*Concluded from page 188*)

Bryant liked Paris so well, for all his rural simplicity, that he paid no less than six visits there, and he has left a piece of delightful pastoral prose descriptive of his journey from Havre to Paris. Hawthorne, too, was a lover of Paris, his favorite haunt being the banks of the Seine, with its anglers and its old book-stalls along the quais. Parkman, the historian, also made himself much at home in Paris, a familiar of its libraries, and he refreshed himself from his learned labors by jogging along on the tops of omnibuses, or making excursions on the river boats. Nor must Margaret Fuller, the Egeria of Brook Farm, be forgotten. She was a great admirer and valiant champion—even of the morals!—of George Sand, also of Rachel, the great actress, and no American writer has shown more sympathetic understanding of French life and character. She lodged in the Boulevard Poissonière, at number 4, the Hôtel Rougemont, now a tailor's shop. John Howard Payne, who perhaps wrote "Home, Sweet Home" because he lived so much abroad, dying at Tunis, where he was twice American consul, had many addresses in Paris, addresses difficult to identify, one of them being in the Rue du Colombia, now Rue Jacob. Washington Irving used often to write to him at 89 Rue Richelieu, which seems to have been his last Paris address.

Many and deep as are the associations of Paris with American men of letters, American painters and sculptors have in recent years made the Paris of the Latin Quarter and Montmartre peculiarly their own. The first American painter who came to study in Paris was John Vanderlyn (1775-1852) whose picture "Married in the midst of the ruins of Carthage" won a gold medal from Napoleon I., and was the first canvas by an American painter to be hung in the Paris salon. But there was a picture in the salon of 1847 by another American painter of greater talent, the "Décadence Romaine" of William Morris Hunt, then a young man of twenty-three.

Hunt's significance in the history of modern art is not only that of his being a fine painter, but comes of his being the first to lead his fellow American artists to the study and discipleship of French masters. French painting itself owes much to him, for he was the earliest champion, and even "discoverer" of the barbizon school. His admiration of Millet was regarded as so singular at that time that he was nick-named "the mad American" because of it. He bought that painter's masterpiece "The Sower" for sixty dollars, when no Parisian dealer would look at it; and Corot, Courbet and other Barbizon painters, now classics, owed no little to his prophetic appreciation. Mr. Conway tells how Carolus Duran at a reception in Washington asked to be introduced to Hunt's daughter, that he might say to her: "I wish to know the daughter of the great American to whom France owes a deep debt of gratitude for having recognized and brought to our notice that splendid bouquet of our own painters who formed the Barbizon School."

The home of the great portrait-painter, John Sargent, for many years was 41 Boulevard Berthier, though when he was the pupil of Carolus Duran he found a lodging near the latter's studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, in which Whistler had a studio also, at number 86. Not far away, one of the vine-trellised studios in the Rue de Bagneux, (number 3 bis) running down from the Rue de Vaugirard, has many pleasing memories of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. There his famous pupil, Frederick MacMonnies, used to work with him, and his modeling stand made a rendezvous for all the great American sculptors and painters of his day. Sargent, John W. Alexander, Lafaye, Alden Weir, George Barnard, and Paul Bartlett, whose fine equestrian statue of Lafayette at the side of the Louvre sorrowfully reminds us of one of the best of good Americans, who literally went to Paris to die an untimely death there.

Here is but a very cursory retrospect of the history of the good American in Paris, and there are more good Americans there than ever, nor, in spite of occasional differences of opinion, do the bonds of fraternal affection that have so long united the French and American peoples show any signs of weakening. France is always generously ready with its laurels for any American achievement, as it showed in its reception of Chevalier Lindbergh: one of those characteristic attacks of that "American Fever" to which it has been subject since Louis XVI. lent several million dollars to the struggling American republic, and, for the first year, refused to take any interest.

Arthur Samuels

A tame duck—a strutting habitué of the Paris market places.

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WHY SO MANY WOMEN HATE MEN

By ADA PATTERSON

IF MEN knew what women think of them human males would crumple. There might be a fatal epidemic among them. For when you slay a man's vanity you have dealt him a deadly blow. His vanity is as necessary to him as oxygen.

In joint gatherings of that half of humanity termed "stern," and that other half called "fair," we hear at most whispers of woman's dislike for her brothers, her husbands, her lovers. "Aren't they ugly?" a divorcée asked me in safely lowered tones at a dinner, refraining even from nodding at the black clad, white linen fronted group that had gathered near a fireplace after a holiday meal for converse about what should be done to secure a paragon for president in 1932. "So coarse! And every one as horrid as he looks." That she was engaged to marry one of them next month made no difference in her low-toned comment.

She was addressing one of the sisterhood, one who knew, one who had heard the murmurs and the mutterings of the mental war between women and men. One who would not deem her eccentric. One who would not be shocked by the individual comment because she knew how general, how nearly universal is the attitude she represented.

The majority of women hate men—including their own. They do not say so, everywhere and at all times, for business or social reasons.

Feminine criticism of the human male at the fireside has spread to criticism of him in business, in society, in politics, in his bungling conduct of human affairs that permitted turning of earth into that great slaughter house, the World War. Women of the United States, believing that they determined the presidential election, have grown bolder in their fault finding with the deposed lords of creation.

Wherever women congregate, after a brief time the scent of roasting male ascends. We gather from clear statements that women hate men because they are unmanly. A full browed, wistful eyed young woman tossed the observation across a luncheon table, "Isn't it strange how much more manly women are than men? I mean it. More women than men possess the characteristics that we have bracketed as manly. More women than men are brave, have physical endurance, can march on smilingly when their feet and hearts are bruised—are faithful, and move grimly on, without complaint, to the solution of a problem that seems baffling. I don't know any men who are really manly."

Women dislike men because they are illogical. Women have been called the illogical part of humankind, but it was man who hurled the adjective. Men profess to worship the good woman and they patiently love the bad one. They shout their preference for a girl who is modestly clad, but they dance oftenest with the girl who most nearly approaches the nude. They compose blank verse about the mellow light of the fireside and seek the mellowed emotions that may be secured at the cabarets. They agree with their country's enormous economy, in the home, but buy the best of whatever they wish, from cigars to automobiles.

She may observe silently, she may look on mutely, but every woman sees men as children strutting as adults. She is growing tired of her work of centuries, of stilling his sobs, of healing his bruises, of salving his wounded self love and of sending him forth, renewed, to acquire more wounded vanity and punctures of the ego. With a curl of the lips distinctly unflattering she impatiently makes ready the next bandages for his blows. Like an actress who has played one character over long she is afraid she will "dry up" in a long speech some day. She fears that she will sprinkle some salt of truth into his wounds. Every woman is infinitely tired of sharing a man's sorrows.

Woman's sharing of former business secrets with men have stripped the gauze of illusion from their mates, or those who might have been their mates. Mrs. Black, incensed with the stock investments her husband had insisted upon her making, against her outspoken protests that she did not believe in them, regards her companion with unloving glances the morning she reads the rating that tells her they have "been wiped out." Her admiration for him is nil.

A woman who is trying to manipulate without loss her inherited real estate told me that she was shocked at the recklessness of one, and the gross incompetency of the other contingent of the board of directors with which she sits in conference. If women "went to business" every week day for two years, sat side by side with men in offices, beheld them in their mental shirt sleeves, saw them tremulous at fear of losing their job, be it that of a chairman of a board or third assistant bookkeeper, the marriage market would drop ninety-five percent. For hero worship no longer would be possible.

A woman cannot love the average man if she knows him. Wily old Mother Nature, who often behaves more as a stepmother than a mother, tries to create illusion. She throws dazzle dust into our eyes to give to a humdrum individual the semblance of a god. Daily propinquity tarnishes the dazzle dust, then destroys it. To be the man complete that schoolgirls, and those grown into women who are still students in the school of life, fondly imagined most men to be, he must be brave and strong and loyal and kind and in all things adequate. Which unhappily Miss Everywoman must discover that Mr. Everyman is not. And great is her unhappiness at the discovery.

A GRADUATE of many social seasons is supremely content with her athletics, her apartment in town, her dogs, her cars, her place on Long Island, her two trips to Europe a year, and an occasional visit to her camp in the Adirondacks. Someone dared to say, "I can't but wonder whose husband you are waiting for, dearest. Most bachelor maids are waiting for someone's husband, you know."

The bachelor maid's answer was clear as the tinkle of ice in a glass. Like it, unmistakably sincere. "Your mates are all safe from me, darling," she answered. "Pardon me for saying that I never look at one of them with a moment's interest. Every man I know is a man minus the qualities every woman has a right to expect in her husband. The candidates for my hand were either weaklings or brutes. I despised the weaklings and loathed the brutes. Since this is an hour of frankness, I can't understand how any of you endure your husbands. Half of them I should want to strangle. To the other half I would play the Borgia, and poison. Again, because this is the frankness hour, I tell you that I have no husband of my own because I have been busy keeping the husbands of my friends at a proper distance."

"Did she mean it?" asked one of her guests from whose face the glistening smile that accompanied "Such a delightful afternoon!" had scarcely faded.

She did. And so do other possessors of their own and sole latchkeys.

Lady Astor said, at a banquet: "They call us the weaker sex. But men are the weaker sex and every woman knows why." The American woman in the English Parliament hinted at woman's chief reason for woman's hatred for men. His extreme susceptibility. Extreme emotional instability, in the presence of any woman from sixteen to sixty, is the major fault that most women find in men and that stirs in them primitive hatred and modern scorn.

Men have been weighed in the scales, social, domestic and economic, by feminine hands and adjudged wanting.

Is the situation hopeless?

No. But it may require many conclaves, small and large, social and sociological, psychological and therapeutic, to establish friendship and tolerance.

Men haters are legion. Women haters, at least frank ones, are rare. Perhaps one of them will ventilate his opinions as freely as I have ventilated mine.

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ON LOVE

By CHARLES G. SHAW

I HAVE heard, in all, 2,347 definitions of love, but am unable to agree with any of them. I believe that love means something different to all of us. Like pleasure, I do not think it can be found by those who continually seek it.

I believe, contrary to the opinions of certain professors on the subject, that the average man infected with the love germ, presents to the world a picture of dulness or absurdity. A woman in love, on the other hand, I believe shines at her brightest. I do not believe anyone capable of turning love on or off at will. I have found in many cases the most effective lovers to be the greatest liars.

I believe it quite possible for one to be in love for a considerable period without being aware of the fact. I regard one's amatory views as highly variable between the ages of twenty-five and thirty. I consider no age wholly immune to the condition of love. I believe the most burning of loves is rarely the happiest.

EVERY so often I am sought out by a friend to give a few words of advice on love difficulties. I am happy to give such advice, but do not believe it to be worth a tinker's dam. I am not of the opinion that one is able to be really in love but once in their lives, just as I, too, am of the opinion that there is no such thing as love at first sight.

I believe that the greater portion of any romance takes place in the minds of those concerned. The happiness of any love, I am convinced, depends mainly upon trust. I do not regard the love of the Latins as more intense than that of the Nordics. I consider jealousy to be love's most corrosive influence.

In order to forget an old love I do not recommend the practice of plunging headlong into a new love. Nor do I subscribe to the theory that the most sincere lovers are always the most effective. I believe that there is nothing in the world capable of reviving a love that has died. I think the real reasons for anyone falling in love are seldom those that are advanced.

I look upon love and logic as opposite extremes. I believe there can be no great happiness in love without a certain amount of pain. I feel that fully three-quarters of the joys of any amour consist of one's anticipations plus one's memories. I do not consider marriage necessarily the inevitable result of a perfect romance.

I view love as the greatest serio-comedy ever written. I believe it highly idiotic to be forever analyzing our emotional reactions. That a romance never ends for both parties simultaneously I regard as one of Cupid's cruelest pranks.

I have known some of the most successful love affairs to have involved seemingly the most ill-mated couples. I am of the belief that there is no mystery on earth equal to the mystery of love. I believe each romance to be much like another and, at the same time, wholly unique. I regard love without humor as a house without furniture.

I am unable to understand why because two people fall madly in love with one another, they should remodel their entire lives. I believe many a lasting love has been born in a single smile. I consider, next to jealousy, a constant association to have separated more couples than any other factor. I know of nothing so faded as a faded love.

I believe the most robust loves thrive upon difficulty. I further believe too much sentimentality to be fatal in the end to any love. Each day I am more and more inclined to conclude that no intelligent reason exists why most people fall in love with those they do.

I regard, in all affairs of the heart, sympathy more essential than cleverness; companionship more vital than beauty. I have beheld some of life's most glamorous romances sprout in the dullest of surroundings. I look upon a love built upon deception as a sorry business for all concerned. I do not agree with the notion that the physical side of love is of relatively small importance.

I do not believe that love *per se* has undergone a very drastic change within the last several centuries but that the chief change has been in the technique of lovers.

I do not think it possible for one to be truly in love with more than one other at the same moment. I am bored with the eternal love and infatuation discussion. I feel that a really interesting romance should embrace a certain element of danger.

I BELIEVE that women fall in love for entirely different reasons than men. I consider no love greater than the lovers concerned. In the cup of amour I regard sacrifice and illusion among the prime ingredients. I believe many of love's crassest stupidities to have resulted through the kindest intentions.

I do not think any love can endure without nourishment on the part of both parties. I consider the actual business of love slight when compared with the infinite joys and sorrows of any really great affair. I regard Cupid as an old, old man disguised as a little boy. I believe chuckles have saved more nearly-wrecked romances than tears.

I believe that many a minor love has bred a major hate. I believe the sturdiest of loves is unable to survive continual disappointment. I do not believe a romance ever existed in which each side loved equally.

I think it is far easier to fall out of than to fall in love. I regard Time as life's most effective love balm. I maintain that every love encounter should contain a touch of surprise. I look upon love as the most wonderful and most terrible thing on earth.

NONE SO BLIND

HE SIGHED for golden Carcassonne
That gleamed so bright in years agone,

He wept for castles of Cocaigne
And ruined citadels of Spain,

For past romance and vanished glamor
"Lost in the modern dust and clamor."

And as he sighed—across the street
Loudly the rivet-hammers beat

Upon a tower which would arise
In soaring beauty to the skies

Lovelier than the rosiest dawn
Had ever bathed in Carcassonne.

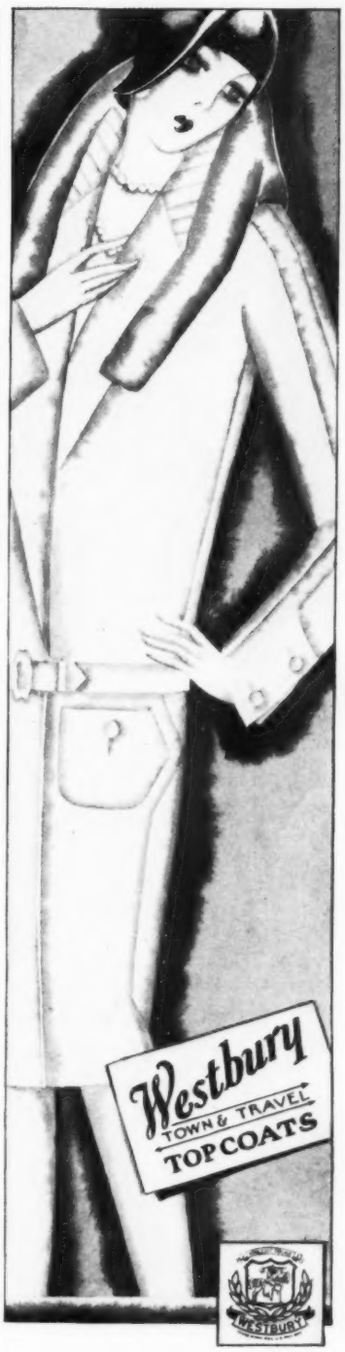
And as he wept—brisk, busy men
Built, and tore down, and built again

Structures that would have seemed but vain
Enchanted visions—in Cocaigne.

High rose steel castles of Romance,
He viewed them with unseeing glance

And sighed and wept and babbled on
Of lost Cocaigne and Carcassonne!

Berton Braley



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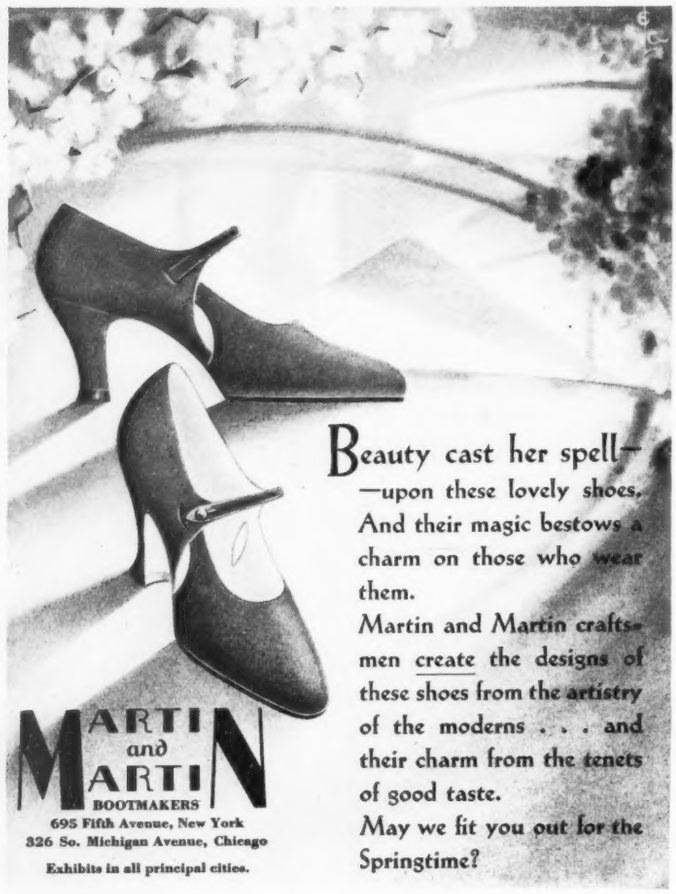
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THE DUTY OF BEING AGREEABLE

By FRANK SWINNERTON

A WRITER of genius has just been condemning the pernicious modern cult of kindness and considerateness toward others, which he angrily calls "tolerance." This repulsive habit of mind, he says, is growing more and more popular in England, until it threatens to destroy everything that is worthy of the crusader's zeal. The genius is perturbed. The spectacle of an agreeable—that is to say, a tolerant—world appals him. He is for the rudeness, the impatience, the healthy offensiveness of other days.

"What then? 'You lie' and doormat below stairs
Takes bump from back."

as Mr. Chesterton parodying Robert Browning, once wrote. He is for the giant among the pigmies, the autocrat among the groundlings, dealing cuffs and blows where he pleases, savage, peremptory, and above reason. He is for strife and quarrelsomeness, for insult and injury. In a word, he is for intolerance, as some people are for war, upon the ground that civilization is a mistake, and that we all ought to try to be little barbarians. Is it any wonder that he is annoyed by the tolerance—which is mental good-behavior—which listens kindly and with sympathy to his own fulminations?

I wish I could believe that this general passion for good behavior—as described by the impatient genius—had lately seized the population of these islands in its firm grip. But, judging by the conduct of a good many persons whom I see, the evil habit of kindness, even though it may be increasing, has not yet sapped all the brusque impulses of hatred and tyranny from our national character. Many people are still rude to those who dare not hit back, and quarrelsome with those who *can* (and do) hit back, and provocative to all others whose combative resources are unknown. They continue to stalk through life as though other folk are merely impertinent or grotesque.

With haughty stare
And nose in the air,

they continue to be bad-mannered and disagreeable. Foreigners have for so long seen these intolerant ones parading Continental streets during holiday times, that they have come to believe that the English are all conceited, imperious, and ill-behaved. Hence the popularity of the English in other countries.

I HAVE never been able to understand why the bad-mannered are bad-mannered, as it were, on principle. There are some who are even conceited about their bad-manners. I have seen motorists "cut in" unforgivably, and signify the utmost complacency over their feat. I have seen and heard snubs administered by well-dressed women in shops, as a result of which the snubbers were quite elated by their own skill in the art of vanquishing the defenceless. Such snubs, also, have been repeated to me by the snubbers, always with deep self-satisfaction. More than this—in days gone by, when I was an inoffensive young man, I have myself been affronted by those who believed rudeness to be in some way clever and necessary. I wonder what is the cause of this strange perversion of the human spirit. What does Mrs. Switch, upon one side of the counter, really think of herself when she insults Miss Nobbs, who is upon the other? What she *says*, of course, is that these girls are getting quite too dreadfully impertinent, and need constantly to be quelled; but is that what she believes? I do not suppose it can be. I think Mrs. Switch is probably unhappy, "nervy," a sufferer from indigestion. I think she probably, at times, hardly knows what she is saying. And yet Mrs. Switch, in administering the snub, must have considered that she had something more than the mere power to affront. She must have felt sure that she had the *right* to snub, as well as the duty of snubbing.

And what, when insulted, is Miss Nobbs to do? Is she to "answer back?" If she does, she will lose her situation. Is she to smile satirically? If she does this she will almost certainly be accused of further impertinence. She may, in fact, become impertinent; but only if she is a potential Mrs. Switch and already has a little pink nose as a result of gobbling her food, or a little sore heart as the result of some private trouble with Mr. Blank or Miss Dash, or with Mrs. Nobbs (her mother) or a dozen other Mrs. Switches.

For her livelihood's sake, Miss Nobbs will be more likely to submit than to protest; and when Mrs. Switch, with one last stern, self-complacent glance of power, has left the shop, Miss Nobbs will tell her companions about the scene. "That old gel," she will say. "That old cat . . ." I am sorry to say that she will probably invent a marvelous retort by means of which she will claim to have crushed Mrs. Switch. And, as a writer of fiction, I regret still more to say that Miss Nobbs's masterly retort will at once be dismissed by her friends as a fabrication. "*She* never said that," they will whisper to each other. "She made that up!" A lie that convinces nobody—not even the teller of the lie—is ignominious. "As thrilling as any novel," as the critics frequently say about books of memoirs; meaning "And as little to be believed."

Well, now, here we have malice, pride, resentfulness, the worst kind of falsehood (the incredible), and sophistication, all arising from a little scene which need never have occurred if only Mrs. Switch had been able to hold her tongue. Mrs. Switch's heart and tongue have been blackened by wickedness. Miss Nobbs's day has been spoiled, and her view of life and humanity has been soured. An "impossible situation" has been created. Two courses are open to Mrs. Switch—the course of contrition or hard-heartedness. Either she can feel ashamed of herself, in which case she will stay away from the shop in which Miss Nobbs is employed, and give her custom elsewhere, which will not mend matters (or manners); or, as is more probable, she will glory in her own brusqueness and evil tongue, and be confirmed in the belief that in salutary rudeness she has discovered the key to good living.

With this notion firmly fixed in her mind, she will go out of her way to administer snubs in every quarter. She will generally—it is an instinct—choose as her victims those who are most inoffensive. She will attack the tender, the forgiving, the innocent, knowing that they can be wounded to the heart, and that they cannot effectively counter. Mrs. Switch's arrogance will increase poisonously with every easy triumph. A passion for snubbing will seize her. "Oh," she will say, archly, to her friends; "have you never been able to think of an answer to people who say 'Pleased to meet you?' I always say 'Not at all.'" Spoiled by the laughter which this reported answer provokes, and by the consternation which she can plant in simple hearts, Mrs. Switch will become the slave of her tongue. If the fancy persists, she will become like King Gama, in *Princess Ida*, who is surprised, when, after boasting that

"To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes,
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise,"

he finds himself described as a disagreeable man. He says he "can't think why"; but I am sure he knows; and I am sure Mrs. Switch knows why she is occasionally shunned, although the shunning angers her and increases her habitual ill-behavior.

WHEN I was in America two or three years ago, I stayed in one of the big Middle-Western cities at an hotel the proprietors of which had drawn up a list of instructions for their employees. I do not recollect what the instructions were, and I have forgotten the wording of the note

(*Concluded on page 195*)

THE DUTY OF BEING AGREEABLE

(*Concluded from page 194*)

which caught my attention most particularly; but it was to this effect:

> Be courteous to all. That modest, unassuming man may be a millionaire.

I will not dwell upon the fact that I waited vainly to be treated as a millionaire; but will pass to what I believe to be the notice which we should all—within the limits of self-respect and anti-priggishness—carry in our minds. It is:

> Be courteous to all. That modest; unassuming creature *is*, quite certainly, an immortal soul.

"What!" cried Mrs. Switch, at this point; "am I expected to turn the other cheek to all and sundry? I won't do it! Unless you keep these people in their place (or is it places?) they'll take advantage of you. I know them. You poor simpleton. Learn a little of human nature, I implore, before you turn wiseacre!"

The term "human nature" is the key to the whole situation. There is not a Mrs. Switch nature and a Miss Nobbs nature, as Mrs. Switch supposes ("Ourselves" and "Those others"); but one nature common to Mrs. Switch and Miss Nobbs. Would Mrs. Switch like to stand behind a counter all day? She would *not* like to do so. To her, a whole day of such work would be torture. "Oh, but fish *like* to be caught," says Mrs. Switch; "and girls such as Miss Nobbs have no finer feelings. They're not brought up to expect anything different!" Stupid Mrs. Switch, who cannot escape from herself by imagining what other people feel. Rather ridiculous Mrs. Switch who knows nothing of Miss Nobbs's equally remorseless eye for the weaknesses of Mrs. Switch. Old-fashioned Mrs. Switch, for ignoring all the signs of the times—the clothes of Miss Nobbs, her hair-dressing, her extraordinary gift for—in the evenings and at holiday-times—looking exactly like all the Mrs. Switches in England. And, in the end, wicked Mrs. Switch, for going about the world, as she does, blaspheming against human nature.

I AM now going to reveal a great secret to all who have suffered from the ill-behavior of Mrs. Switch. It is, that just as midges cannot endure the scent of lavender water, so Switches cannot bear to be treated with tolerance, or good manners. When, full of rudeness, she is met by agreeable calm, she is instantly deflated. I once heard a hysterical nursemaid weeping and shouting to a sympathetic friend: "And after I'd said I was *going*, she come downstairs as cool as *cool!*" I imagine that the victor in this content may have been a disagreeable woman; but what if she were not? What if her coolness were but pride, but tolerance? Picture to yourselves the havoc created by such good manners in a Switch of the nursery! Picture how rudeness was checked by courtesy and composure! Imagine Switch—for Mrs. Switch may be a bad-mannered nursemaid as well as a bad-mannered mistress—behaving rudely. Bring yourself to the thought of Mrs. Switch, back at the counter, insulting an imperturbable Miss Nobbs. I know it is difficult to do this. The Miss Nobbses of the world are very sensitive and are easily fluttered. But it is not impossible. Dignity is to be found in every class and in every calling. And I say that dignity and calm and good temper will always check rudeness—even in a person who can be checked by no other means.

THE explanation is that it is impossible to be disagreeable without knowing that one is disagreeable. And to be met by agreeable manners when one knows that one is being disagreeable is in itself a severe lesson. The disagreeable person is quick enough in the wits to perceive the end of power. Quick enough, also, to make a comparison and feel a sense of inferiority to the agreeable person. Anger gives way to respect, and respect to emulation. Just so, I imagine, does a naughty pony sense mastery in a new pair of hands upon the reins. The disagreeable person, conscious at last of infirmity, becomes apologetic. I have seen it happen. Tolerance, kindness—call the response by any name you will—are all indications that the possessor has attained to self-mastery. The disagreeable person, however cultured, is savage; and the savage will always be controlled by that which is civilized. Even the genius to whom I referred at the beginning of this article is only angry at present because he knows he is going to laugh in a moment and become a good little boy again. He is, so to speak, at the kicking stage; but he is beginning to hide his face, to which uncontrollable smiles of shame and recovered good-temper, and a sense of his own ridiculousness, are rushing.

To be agreeable, it is not necessary to be slavish. It is most undesirable that one should be patronizing, as many good workers, district visitors, and the like, too frequently are. To be agreeable, all that is necessary is to take an interest in other persons and in other things, to recognize that other people, as a rule, are much like oneself, and thankfully to admit that diversity is a glorious feature of life. One must not be conceited. One must not flatter, because flattery is a condescension or a servility. One must merely recognize the existence of other personalities than one's own. The wisest man I have ever known once said to me: "Nine out of every ten people improve on acquaintance;" and I have found his words true. Nine out of every ten—what if one should oneself be the tenth?

To me, that is a very terrible doubt. It would be enough, at all times, to make me hesitate in delivering a snub, or in behaving disagreeably even under provocation. The world has grown so close about us, and we are woven into its texture so finely, that we are nowadays more than ever dependent upon the good-will of our fellow-creatures. Take away that good-will, that kindness, that love; and we cannot exist. In self-defence alone, if in no other interest, it is our duty to behave agreeably to others. But not only in self-defence. Rather, in recognition and repayment of all the good-will and all the love that enables us to live our short lives at peace with our neighbors. If they were hostile, we should die. They are not hostile. They are extraordinarily humane. An appreciation of that fact—and of course, since we have blood and not milk in our veins, we cannot love everybody—should make us, if not affectionate, at least cordial and sympathetic.

DEDICATION

TAKE then this phrase, the dewy spray
Which I have plucked for you at dawn.
Finger it, curious—in dismay,
Lo, withered is the dew thereon!

Seek not, O curious one, the how
Of love that brings to you first fruit;
Do apples on the orchard bough
Trace selves to blossom, tree to root?

Dorothy Bennett

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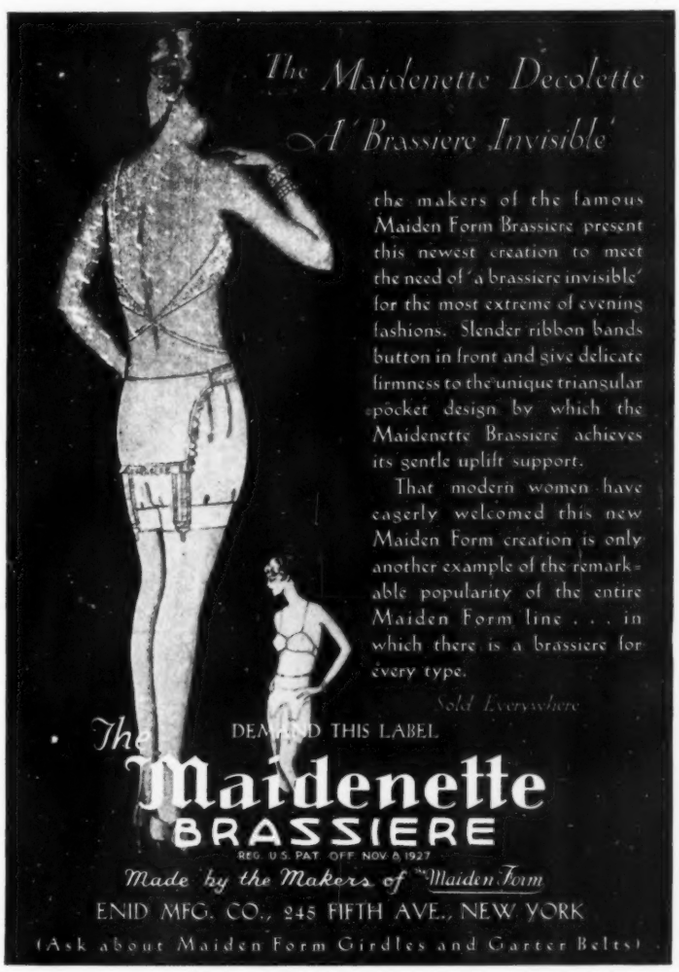
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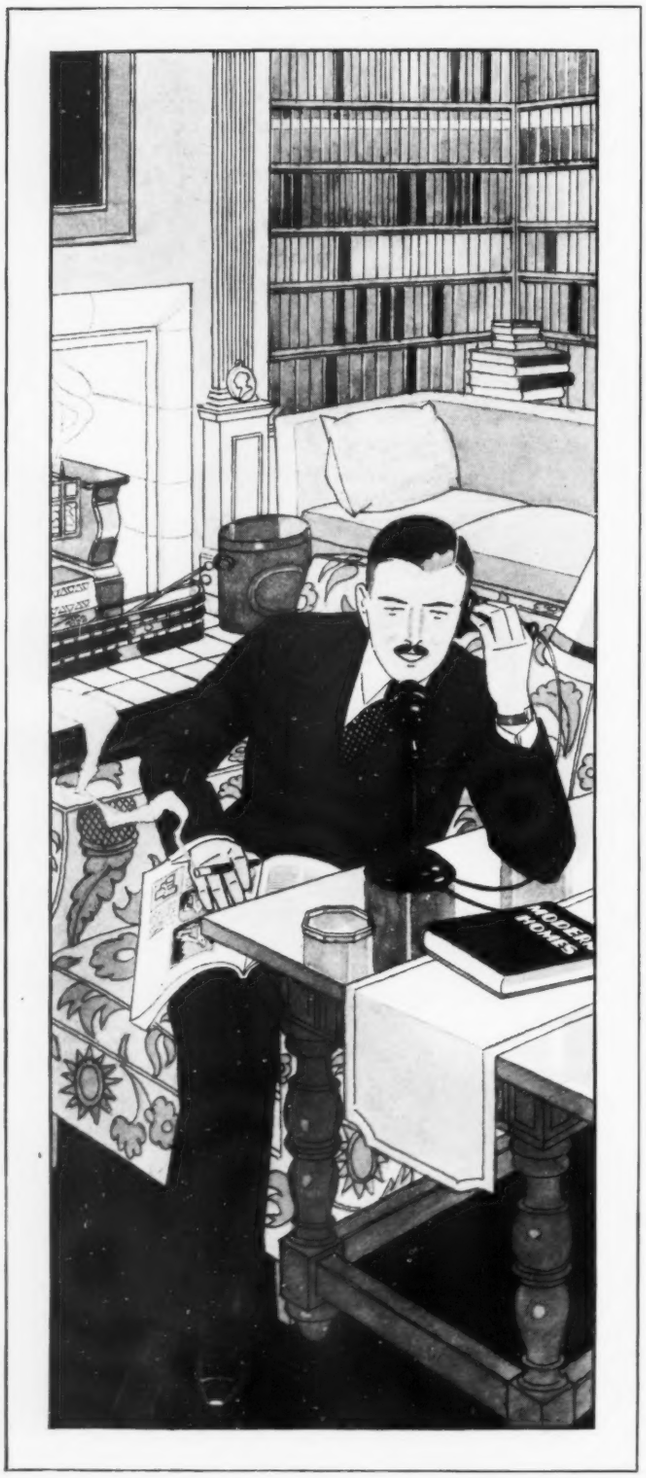

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